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LETTERS

ON

EGYPT, EDOM,

AND

THE HOLY LAND.

86148

BY

LORD LINDSAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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contrived a bed for him, as comfortable as circumstances could admit of, on the back of a camel. Hussein and Nuzzer, another of our Bedouins — kind attentive creatures — walked by his side the whole of both days, steadying the bed and taking care of him, but he suffered much, and groaned sadly; the shia drink, however, procured him some refreshing sleep. What with the wound, the camels' pace on uneven and rocky ground, and the heat of the sun, an European would have been in a high fever, but he arrived at the Convent as cool almost as he left it — most providentially, for no Dr. Mac Lennan had arrived, and no one knew how to bleed him, had that operation been requisite. Then for his entry— there was no possible way of effecting it except by the rope and windlass; it was a ticklish business. William stayed below, and I above, to direct proceedings; — he was hoisted up, secured by cords, in one of our iron bedsteads, William and Missirie steadying it by two ropes below. The projecting window-ledge was too narrow to admit of the bed's ascent to the level of the window, and consequently, to get at him, it was necessarily so much depressed at one end, that

I dreaded his slipping through, a fall of thirty feet. It was an anxious moment till we got hold of him, and when we did, poor fellow, he was obliged to twist himself, and we to pull him, out of the bed and round the cords it was suspended by, before we could land him. He bore it nobly, however; and never was I more thankful than when we fairly laid him down in the court of the Convent.

This is the twenty-second day since his wound, and, thank God! he has been recovering, I may say, from the very moment he received it. He has had no fever, has suffered no pain for many days past, and Dr. Mac Lennan, who arrived the day before yesterday, says he will be well, and able to return to Cairo by the end of the month.

Our Bedouin messenger rode night and day, and, resting only three hours at the convent, arrived at Cairo on the fourth day, and returned in five to Mount Sinai: extraordinary speed, when we reflect that the journey had taken us nine days and a half. Dr. Mac Lennan was on the eve of starting for Mount Sinai, and kindly undertook to prescribe for Abdallah; he was detained, however, on the road, and when he made his

appearance, we had almost given up all hope of his arrival.

Hussein, by the bye, unlike most Orientals, did not at all like our sending for a Frank *hakim*, or doctor, for Abdallah. "Let me take him to my tent," said he, "and I will soon cure him."

A hare had crossed the road when we were starting that morning, Abdallah cocked the pistol to fire at it; it was too quick for him, and he replaced the pistol in his belt without uncocking it. At night, when he was hanging it up, something caught the trigger, and it went off. Missirie was close to him; it was a mercy neither he nor any of the Arabs were hurt. A hare's crossing the road on starting, is as bad an omen among Mahometans, as among the Thugs of India, or our own Highlanders. The Arabs attribute the accident, not to Abdallah's carelessness, but to the unlucky animal. The only way to counteract its evil influence on such an encounter, is to shoot it.

This fortnight's or rather three weeks' residence in the Convent, has glided away, all things considered, very agreeably; we have been reading most industriously, the perfect stillness reigning

for hours together, no Franks being here, and the monks seldom leaving their cells, except to obey an occasional summons to prayer — perfect stillness, broken only, now and then, by the report of an Arab's gun, echoing among the mountains, and an occasional symphony from the Convent cats, wonderfully promoting our disposition to study. The garden has been my frequent resort, either walking under the shady olives, or sitting in a tree, reading Shakespeare. The Superior generally paid us a visit once a day, and a strange jargon we talked — a medley of Arabic, Italian, ancient and modern Greek.

He has given us two most extraordinary prints, engraved, I believe, in Russia, above a century ago; one representing the life and posthumous adventures of St. Catherine, the other — I hardly know how to describe it; Sinai and Gebel Katerin, (Moses receiving the Law on the one, and angels bearing the body of the Saint to the other), occupy the centre of the design — our Saviour's Crucifixion is represented between them — Alexandria and Cairo, the Pyramids, the Nile, the Red Sea, and Pharaoh and his host drowning, are seen in the distance — the Taber-

nacle, the Golden Calf, the brazen serpent, are disposed round the sacred mountain, while the foreground is occupied by the Convent and its garden, and a group of Arabs, aiming with guns, and bows and arrows, at the monk who is letting down their supply of bread. And all this, (alas for the unities!) forms one comprehensive tableau —not divided into small compartments round a central design, as in the old Italian and German pictures.

Having lost so much time, we have determined on sending our heavy baggage, under Styrio's care, (a Greek we have procured from Cairo, in lieu of Abdallah), across the desert, direct to Jerusalem, and riding, ourselves, the whole way on dromedaries, taking nothing with us but the necessary provender, consisting chiefly of rice, biscuits, dried dates, coffee, a few tongues, and water in skins, (19) our small tent, and the blankets and sheets of our beds, which will serve for saddles. Dr. Mac Lennan and Clarke join us, sending on their baggage the same way. Toualeb, another of Laborde's companions on his journey to Petra, accompanies them —a mild, pleasing-looking, quiet man; he bears as high a character,

I believe, as his noble clansman, Hussein. With these gallant *duineuasals*, (for that seems to be their rank—private Highland gentlemen) for our guides, we shall get on famously. Monday morning the dromedaries will be here, and then —high ho for Petra!

Adieu, my dear mother. Abdallah will take this letter with him to Cairo.

LETTER IX.

Route to Akaba—conference with the Alouins—Wady Araba—Sheikh Hussein's camp—Mount Seir—Petra—cross the desert to Hebron—Bethlehem—approach to Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, 3d May, 1837.

MONDAY morning, my dear mother, the 1st of May, we arrived at Jerusalem, after a long, prosperous, and most interesting journey through the wilderness, during which, thank God! I have enjoyed perfect health, and suffered, upon the whole, very little fatigue. Through the kindness of a French naval officer, a perfect stranger to us, who leaves Jerusalem to-morrow, you will receive this letter some weeks sooner than if I wrote either from Beyrout or by Cairo.

My last from Mount Sinai informed you how well Abdallah was doing, and that we hoped he

would be in Cairo by the end of April; he left the Convent, I find, the day after we did. I thought it useless to say any thing to alarm you, but, when we started on Monday the 17th, we were in considerable doubt whether or not we should be able to effect our proposed journey. News came on Sunday morning that war was proclaimed between the three Convent tribes and the Mezeine, on account of a claim preferred by the latter to convey travellers to Akaba as well as the former, in whom the monopoly is at present vested. Hussein arrived that evening in his holiday attire, and confirmed the tale; he said, however, that he and Toualeb would willingly take us to Akaba; they would not fight in the Mezeine country, "but if they attack us in our's," said he, "we will: — you must look on, and bear testimony at Cairo."

We started accordingly for Akaba on Monday, at half past two, and reached it about eleven on Thursday morning, having performed five camel-days' journey in thirty hours and a half — less than three of the dromedaries. The second night we encamped in the enemies' country, but our Bedouins, though they had come well armed,

seemed to entertain little apprehension of an attack. I fancy the tale must have been exaggerated to enhance the price demanded for the dromedaries, and that a certain Sheikh Islamaun, who had been very troublesome at our departure from the convent, was at the bottom of it. We resisted his demands, and left him in a great fright, Clarke having asked his name and written it down before his face, a ceremony that has a wonderfully quieting effect upon a noisy Arab.

But I must not run on quite so fast. Though we quitted the convent walls at half past two, on Monday, we lost half an hour at the entrance to Wady Sheikh, stopping to settle ourselves, and rearrange the baggage; the Arabs always like to do so on commencing a journey. We got fairly off at three, and at four passed the Sheikh's or Saint's tomb, which gives its name to this noble valley — a great scene of Arab pilgrimage and festivity at the date-harvest. Presently, leaving Wady Sheikh to the left, we commenced the long ascent of Wady Sahal —strange whispering voices, without any visible cause for them, echoing among the rocks, as I walked on in advance, and out of sight, of the caravan; it was easy, on

reflection, to account for them, still it was impossible not to think of Milton's

> " aery tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands and shores, and desert wildernesses." (20)

We halted at half past five, a little beyond the spot where we encamped the first time we attempted this road, and which commanded a most beautiful prospect of the Sinaite mountains.

The following morning, after hastily breakfasting on a rock, we commenced the eastward descent of Wady Sahal, which now narrowed into a long and picturesque defile. We reached its termination in about two hours and a half, and thence proceeded through Wady ul Meran and Wady Legebi (its curious sandstone rocks resembling the ruins of enormous buildings),—about one, we passed the spot where Abdallah shot himself, seventeen camel — nine dromedary hours from Mount Sinai; and then entered the district of Huddra — never did I see such a dismal wilderness! It is neither mountain nor valley, though the Bedouins call it both indifferently, but one vast mass of arid rock—sometimes split into deep ravines, presenting perpen-

dicular walls on either side, smooth as if cut down like a hay-rick, yet honeycombed in long, narrow, parallel lines, resembling at a distance friezes of Egyptian hieroglyphics — sometimes, a succession of isolated rocks, crumbling, as it were, with decay, jagged as if an ocean had torn its way between them, and generally shapeless, though one, as we passed it, singularly resembled a criosphinx. I have not a doubt that Burckhardt is right in his conjecture that this is the Hazeroth of Moses, where Miriam—nay, the very rocks look stricken with leprosy.

Beyond Huddra, we crossed the mountains on foot into Wady Resale (Rissah?)—I saw a few inscriptions there in the unknown character of Wady Mokatteb; and then, passing through Wady Ruhabiyeh, we encamped in Wady Semrhi, after above eleven hours' ride.

We had a long talk with Hussein and Toualeb that night, partly about the tribes of the peninsula, partly about our own situation, for, as I said above, we were in the heart of the enemies' country here. Toualeb told us, with a funny a.. of secrecy, that they had a Gherashi man with them, one of a tribe in alliance with the Me-

zeines, (21) and that, if they molested us, they would kill him. "Hussein and I," said he, turning to him with a gesture of affection, "are brothers, and if any man hurts me, Hussein will have his life." — "We are all brothers," said Hussein—and indeed I should love him as a brother, were I to take to the tent and turn Bedouin, as our friend C—— often threatens he will for a season.

Wednesday morning, we descended through Wady Saadi by a most romantic pass called El Boueb, to Nouebe (22) on the Gulf of Akaba, (23) a village of the Mezeines, surrounded by superb date-trees. From this place the road follows the shore almost the whole way to the Fort of Akaba, and the scenery is at once magnificent and lovely. The weather was beautiful, the breeze delicious, and I never enjoyed myself more. Numbers of diminutive crabs were running about on the sands, and little fish and small sharks in great numbers sporting in the shallows. The shore was covered with leaves and "scattered sedge" washed in by the tide.—

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Vallombrosa"—

if I may unyoke a couple of Milton's similes, and

make them tilt at each other, on the principle that things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. There too I tasted the red homr-berry — very sweet, but it made me thirstier than our scanty provision of water justified.

After eleven hours' ride and a half, the camels being quite knocked up, we halted in Wady Gheblee — five hours more on Thursday morning took us to the fort of Akaba.

The Turkish Governor here proved a most uncourteous dog. When Clarke spoke to him, he never looked up or took any notice of him, and when we all sat down under a verandah of dried palm-leaves, he offered us no pipes; on this Clarke and Ramsay asked for their's, and, after a few whiffs, offered them to Hussein and Toualeb, which much surprised the Turks; and our coolness, taking no notice of them in return for their incivility, and chatting and laughing just in our usual way, as if they had not been present, seemed quite to disconcert them. The consequence was that the next day the governor was all smiles and complacence. We parted with our friends Hussein and Toualeb that night; they offered to go on

with us, if we wished it, but said that the Alouins, (with whom we were to proceed to Petra and Hebron), were men with "big bellies," and they were nothing in comparison with them, and could be of no use to us: — they were evidently very unwilling to proceed, and we also, on further consideration, thought it would be better to make our own bargain, and trust ourselves wholly to the Alouins, when once it was struck. We kissed, therefore, and parted, and they went back to their own country the same night.

Bed-time came; the travellers' room absolutely swarmed with bugs; my friends went to bed, — I had not courage to do so, but sat up reading all night—they were kept awake too—grievous were the exclamations; — however I had a refreshing dip in the Red Sea next morning, which set me quite to rights. The second night we slept under the verandah — a most happy change. The fort, a very ordinary building, is embowered in groves of beautiful palm-trees.

On Saturday morning, the twenty-second, Sheikh Hussein, and Sheikh Salem, two chieftains of the Alouins, whom we had sent for on Thursday, arrived at the fort. The prices paid by

former travellers for conveyance to Petra and Hebron had been most exorbitant; one gentleman, acting on a generous, but, I think, mistaken principle, threw away £150, in order to prejudice the Bedouins in favour of the English; another allowed himself to be dictated to, and paid whatever his guides demanded, gave them whatever they asked for on the road, and his tent, dress, and all his camp-equipage, a double-barrelled gun, &c. on arriving at Hebron! We felt no inclination to imitate their example, more especially as two gentlemen, Messrs. Beek and Estridge, had passed a few weeks before for 4200 piastres, equivalent, including presents, &c. to about £50. We were *four*, and the demands of the Bedouins had generally been regulated by the number of travellers. We determined, therefore, to bargain merely with reference to the number of camels, — all of us agreeing in the wish to clear the way for future travellers by reducing to something reasonable the absurd price hitherto paid for passage through a most interesting country; — not that we did not also, as Britons, feel considerable dislike at the idea of allowing ourselves to be cheated, and travelling as servants instead of

masters. We took up our line, therefore, persevered in it, and were completely successful, having had our own way from first to last.

Accordingly, after seating our guests on the divan outside our apartment, and presenting them with coffee, &c. we asked them with very little ceremony, and as a mere every-day bargain, for what sum they would convey us by Wady Mousa to Hebron? Sheikh Hussein's first demand was fifteen thousand piastres, that is £150, for twenty three camels, alleging that number to be requisite for ourselves and a guard. We told them that two acquaintances of our's had gone through for four thousand two hundred, and that we had no idea of paying more, as we should not require more camels than they did. They then came down to ten thousand, and eight thousand. We left them, and retired into our den, leaving them to talk it over. Presently they sent in, to say they were going; had we any thing more to say? No.—On this, they came in themselves, and said the sum offered was too little; — a long discussion ensued, but without the fury we expected, — perhaps the coffee we assiduously plied them with smoothed matters. We told them we had

already sent our baggage direct to Hebron; if it suited their convenience to take us for four thousand piastres, it would suit our's to pay that sum, but no more; if you will take us, *taib!* if not, *taib!* We would pay what our countrymen had paid, though they had heavy baggage, and we had scarcely any. It ended by their proposing four thousand five hundred:—we wished to have a hold over them, and caught at it. "Well," we said, "Englishmen have one word; four thousand piastres is our word; if we are satisfied with your conduct on the journey we will give you five hundred more at El Halil, (Hebron), as bagshish." They agreed to this, and the bargain was struck:—three thousand, (as our predecessors had also stipulated), to be paid here, the rest at Hebron, and nothing whatever to be paid or given, either to themselves or any other tribes or individuals, on the road.

The camels were at the gate, ready to be let in, and we should have started immediately, had not a new difficulty arisen in a refusal on the part of the governor to let them in, or us out, unless we paid the soldiers two hundred piastres; this we positively refused, telling him that we had in-

tended giving himself 108, for his apartments, which we offered him; he would not take them, went off in a huff, and we saw no more of him.

Matters looked rather serious now; the gates were shut, the soldiers interested in keeping us in, our personal and national honour interested in getting out without submitting to this extortion. We produced the Pasha's firman, and threatened to write to Habib Effendi at Misr, (Cairo), unless the gates were opened. This did no good. The Sheikh, even Missirie, earnestly begged us to give in, but we were very unwilling to do so, though, to all appearance, there was no other chance of our getting out. At this moment, however, the topgi, or head-gunner, the man next in authority to the governor, and a nasty sneaking rascal, impertinently interfering in the conversation, Clarke told him, in plain Arabic, to hold his tongue; which produced a most unlooked for effect; he ran away in a rage, and, saying it was no use keeping the Franks in to insult him, ordered the gates to be opened, and the camels admitted; and presently came fawning up to Clarke like a beaten spaniel.

The difficulty was over and the point given up,

but, at the Sheikh's intercession, we gave a bagshish to the porter, and two or three similar fees, which redeemed our character from illiberality as effectually as our previous opposition had established it for English inflexibility. We experienced the good effects of our resistance all the rest of the journey. At its commencement the Sheikh was constantly begging for this and that in a most unchieftain-like manner; and so did some of his people; but I must do them the justice to say they were a far superior set to their Sheikh, a weak man apparently, greedy and encroaching, but infirm of purpose, so that, finding the English had one word always, he made no attempt latterly either to controul, frighten, or flatter us.

The Bedouins feel no shame in begging, and, unless met firmly at first, will prove very troublesome to a traveller. They are perfect children in their demands; fancy their asking us for kohol, or antimony for tinging the eyelids, in the middle of the desert! Thus much premised, they possess many fine and generous qualities, in which the *belladeen*, or town-Arabs, are very deficient;—they will cheat, lie, stoop to any meanness, to win

in a bargain, but, once struck, they will perform it faithfully; they will plunder without mercy the traveller they casually meet in the desert, but one might trust one's life to a Bedouin, after having struck hands and eaten with him.

So secure is property in the peninsula of Mount Sinai, that, on a tree going to Akaba, we found a cloak still hanging up untouched, which some traveller had left there more than three weeks before, when we first travelled that road. I have no doubt it is still hanging there, unless the owner has reclaimed it. The Sheikhs, like the Forty Thieves, have much wealth in rich dresses, &c. laid up in caves in different parts of the peninsula; the situation of these is well known, and they are merely secured by wooden locks, but no one, I believe, ever heard of their being violated. The vices of towns are said to be almost unknown among them. Like all mankind, they have much good and much evil mixed up in their composition, but their vices seem to be of a less debasing character than those of any other orientals.

Our guides were, for the most part, cheerful good-humoured fellows, very handsome, with a wild and fierce expression of countenance, quite

We rode on for four hours, and then halted to wait for the Sheikh, who had remained behind in the fortress. He came at last — the governor, when we were gone, shut the gates, and extorted from him five hundred piastres of those he had received from us! He sat down with "his children" round him in a circle, and drank his coffee, and we presently remounted and rode on for two hours and a half by starlight.

The description of one night's encampment will give you an idea of all. We halted usually on some spot where the camels could find shrubs for food, and we dry bushes for fuel; three fires were then lighted, one for Missirie and Hassan, Clarke's servant, one for the Sheikh and his children, and a third for the lower caste of his clansmen. Nothing could be more picturesque than the night-scenes these fires and the wild groups gathered round them exhibited. The first night two Arabs quarrelled and flew at each other with their drawn swords, but were held back by their friends, and with some (apparent) difficulty pacified. If a *ruse* to try our nerves, which I hope we were not uncharitable in believing it, it failed egregiously. — The Arabs, by the way,

when they *do* come to blows, always strike with the palms of their hands, as the soldiers struck our Saviour — never with the fist. Our tent was soon pitched and struck; our food was rice, bread, tongues, coffee, and occasionally mutton; a blanket and the sheets of our bedding took up little room, serving for saddles during the day-time, and we made easy shift with two or three changes of linen. And was not this faring like princes? We were off almost always before sunrise, and travelled about ten or eleven hours till near sunset, resting about half an hour, generally, at midday. We enjoyed the most lovely weather during the whole journey; excessive heat was what we expected, but it proved, on the contrary, delightfully cool and temperate.

Starting at four in the morning, we reached Sheikh Hussein's camp about one, on Sunday afternoon. The tents were ranged in a crescent, and very low, except the Sheikh's. We alighted before it, and were most gracefully received by his eldest son, a boy about ten or eleven, arrayed in his little *kefia*, or head-dress of the desert, red boots, &c., a Bedouin Sheikh in miniature; in fact, he bears that rank, and wields

a Sheikh's authority in the camp during his father's absence. Sheikh Hussein, determined that we should be his guests that evening, had ordered the camels that carried our tent to be kept in the rear; coming up presently, he renewed our welcome, and invited us into his tent, whither we followed, and sat down on the mat beside him, our backs towards the ladies' compartment, separated from our's by a thin partition only. We heard them chattering behind us at a great rate.

It was a bright, warm afternoon, and the fire in the centre of the tent, and the clouds of tobacco-smoke, were, at first, almost stifling. The wild Alouins gathered round us, and presently our dejeûné made its appearance; first *leban* was served—sour milk,—and then a mixture of butter, bread, sugar—I really do not know all its component parts, but it was excellent;—then pipes;—and coffee was repeatedly served by a slave who sat constantly grinding and supplying new comers with that truly oriental luxury. (24) Each guest, as he entered, was kissed by the principal members of the circle, except the Sheikh—hearty double kisses;—the Sheikh rose

when Sheikh Salem made his appearance. Little ceremony was observed, though much respect was shown to the Sheikh, who spoke and gesticulated with considerable dignity. It was a strange scene altogether, but one group was really beautiful,—Sheikh Hussein, in his robes of scarlet and red turban, widely different, both in dress and features, from his clansmen, with his young son, so fair and graceful, lying at his feet, and looking fondly up in his face. Many other children were admitted into the circle, or played outside the tent,—all of them, seemingly, much indulged. Others, quite black and stark-naked, were running about among the tents.

When we had had enough of it, we slipped away under the corner of the tent, and repaired to our own, where we found the little Sheikh Mohammed sitting at the door, watching Missirie's proceedings; we invited him in; he sat down very modestly, first on the sand, then on the bed. We gave him some preserved dates and nebbeks for himself and his little brothers. While dinner was in preparation, (for the Sheikh killed a sheep for us), we squatted before the tent with

the Bedouins, playing with a young wolf, and watching the evening occupations of the camp. Children were at play,—women, in their long blue robes, bringing in dry wood for the night-fires,—two others were grinding at the mill at the door of one of the tents; an animated talk was going on in the Sheikh's,—his horse was prowling about in its rich trappings,—goats, (the little Bedouin goat is a beautiful creature), smelling about our tent, and at the slumbering Hassan, not knowing what to make of him,—dogs barking, &c. &c., a happy, cheerful, peaceful scene as ever I witnessed!

At last, Sheikh Hussein made his appearance with a huge wooden bowl full of mutton, and we all gathered round it, the Sheikh and his son, ourselves, Missirie, and Hassan,—and commenced operations, dipping in the dish, and eating with our fingers in the eastern fashion. Large soft cakes of excellent bread, like Scotch scones, disposed round the dish, served at once for plates and food;—read this to Sir Robert Leigh, and he will quote Virgil.—The Sheikh came again to coffee, with Abdel-Hug's (M. Linant's) letter of introduction for Clarke and Mac Lennan, stuck in

his girdle; yesterday he carried it on his turban; I doubt whether he could read it.

The camp at night was a beautiful spectacle, a crescent of lights and fires flaming around us, the grinding still continuing. A lively confab was still going on in Sheikh Hussein's tent;—we were told afterwards that the tribe were much dissatisfied at his having engaged to conduct us for so little;—if so, it tells highly for him that he never mentioned it to us.

The grinding was still going on when we woke next morning; and a man churning butter in a skin, see-sawing it on his knee; two children were plaguing the poor little wretch of a wolf, pulling it about with a string—but it will bite soon. The little Sheikh Mohammed breakfasted with us on coffee, leban, and bread, and, before starting, we presented him with a pair of yellow morocco slippers and boots for his mother, who made her appearance in her finery at the moment of our departure.—And so we bade farewell to our friendly Bedouins.

After four hours' continual, but very gentle, ascent, we came in sight of Mount Hor, now called Gebel Haroun, or Aaron's mountain, whose

house, Hassan very gravely informed us, he had seen at Bagdad—mistaking him for Haroun Alraschid. An hour and a half farther, after passing the entrance to Wady Sabra, we quitted Wady Araba, and ascended eastwards into the dreary Gebel Shera, the Mount Seir of Scripture, (25) through Wady Hower—which appears to be the ancient name of the mountain transferred to the valley,—and Wady Abou-ghshebi.

We had seen nothing hitherto but sand, stones, rattam, and the usual thorny plants of the desert; it was very hot too, that day—"Shoof!" cried somebody—and imagine my thrill of delight at seeing, close to me, a large bush of oleander in full flower; Oh, for you and A——! the Arabs call it *defila*. We saw plenty more of it as we advanced deeper into the mountains; we encamped that night, I may almost say, in a little grove of it, at the point where the ravine widens, and the most difficult part of the ascent to Petra begins, —two hours and forty minutes from Wady Araba. The groups of Alouins that night, gathered round their fires, their arms resting against the oleanders that formed a flowery crescent round our tent,

were studies for Salvator. I caught a young fire-fly—the first I had seen since leaving Italy.

Next morning, the Sheikh and his people were unusually officious in packing up the baggage, as they were the evening before in pitching the tent; this, we knew, portended the birth of a difficulty, for we had private information that the Sheikh did not intend allowing us to remain more than an hour at Petra. We said nothing, determining, when there, to stay as long as we chose. Accordingly, as soon as we reached it, and had taken possession of a cave to sleep in, we came to an explanation with the Sheikh, reminding him of his own words at Akaba, that we should stay at Petra two, three, four days, or as long as we liked. We should have reminded him that our promise of the five hundred piastres was only conditional,—but it was enough; having learnt by this time that Englishmen had but *one word*, he soon gave in.

I pass over the beauties and sublimities of the three hours' ascent and descent to Petra; the scenery is wild and gloomy, but the ravines are full of those lovely oleanders; vultures and hawks soared above us, but the little birds were singing

sweetly:—the incessant calling of partridges was delightful to my companions' ears as sportsmen, and to mine also, as a lover of nature's mirth—though hearing it here I thought particularly interesting, as the fulfilment of the prophecy that that very bird, the cormorant of our version, should possess Mount Seir. But most delightful of all to the ear, as the first sight of the oleanders yesterday to the eye, was the gush of running waters as we descended from the hills, the little brook which flows through the valley of Moses, almost concealed by luxuriant laurels and wild flowers.

We started immediately for the ravine El Syk, the only regular approach to Petra, fearful lest we should be prevented examining it by the Fellaheen or villagers of Wady Mousa, who bear so bad a character both among the Bedouins and travellers.—I am not going to write you a description of Petra, its magnificent excavations, temples hewn out of the solid rock, and tombs; Irby and Mangles, in their charming volume, and Laborde have done it already, and to them I refer you. Two or three words only as to our own visit, and the impression it produced on me.—

Entering the ravine, and pushing our way through the beautiful trees and shrubs, that, fed by its waters, overhang the brook,—sometimes jumping from stone to stone, and sometimes wading up to our knees, we passed in a few minutes the theatre, and soon afterwards reached the Khasné, or treasury of Pharaoh, the wonderful excavation engraved by Laborde. Bestowing a hasty glance only of admiration on it, we made the best of our way up the ravine, our delight and wonder increasing at every step; I never saw anything so wildly beautiful; — the brook in many places entirely covers the road, laurels, evergreens, fig-trees, and willows, overshadowing it in the richest luxuriance; the rocks, tinged with every colour of the rainbow, tower to a great height above you, and sometimes dovetail, as it were, into each other, so as to involve the whole defile in shade.

We paused for a while on reaching the triumphal arch, where the ravine expands into the valley, believing the village of the fellahs to be very near, and uncertain whether it would be prudent to proceed any further. Our Alouin guides, however, asserting it was two hours distant, (in which they were certainly mistaken),

we went on, and explored the valley beyond the Pyramidal tomb, as far as a point from which we could see its termination. We met only one wretched-looking fellah.

The arch, thrown across the ravine, which disappointed us at first sight, had a very different effect, on approaching it on our return, seen, as it was intended to be seen, by the stranger approaching the town by the regular road.

The Khasné far surpassed my expectations; it would be impossible, indeed, to describe the effect of such a monument suddenly revealing itself in the wilderness—so chaste in its style, so beautiful in its details, so fresh-looking, and in such perfect preservation. The natural colour of the stone being that of the rose, you may imagine its loveliness when it first gleamed on our sight, bathed in the sun's rays.

The theatre, too, is grander than one would expect from Laborde's sketch. The seats, still almost perfect, are cut in the rock, which has also been entirely cut away, semicircularly, above them. The stage, &c. was built, and has been destroyed.

We did not visit the fort, as there are no re-

mains of consequence. It was a stronghold of the Christians in the time of the Latin kings of Jerusalem, and the first enterprize of the gallant young Baldwin the Third, then a mere boy of thirteen, was to rescue it from the hands of the Turks, who, abetted by the natives, had massacred the Christian garrison. Hearing of the king's approach, the fellahs shut themselves up in the citadel, with their wives and children, and for several days the Christians exhausted every means of attack without making the slightest impression, their retreat was so impregnable; nor was it till they set fire to the olive-trees, the only support and wealth of the poor people, and which then, says William of Tyre, formed a thick forest, overshadowing the country, that they surrendered. (26)

The grandest monument of the ancient magnificence of Petra, is the stupendous excavation, called by Laborde El Deir, or the Convent, a name often given by the Arabs to ruins, in their ideas nondescript;—the Alouins knew nothing of it, and we spent some time and explored several ravines in a fruitless search for it;

the magnificent scenery, however, well repaid our trouble.

We returned to our cave, and, after dinner and the discussion of two bottles of champaign, reserved by Clarke to be broached on this grand occasion, we started anew with two fellahs as guides, and, in thirty-five minutes reached the object of our quest, ascending a magnificent ravine, which we had partially explored in the morning; approach being facilitated by broad steps cut in the rocks, wherever they presented a difficulty in the ascent.

The rock has been cut away, twenty-four paces deep, on each side, to give relief to this wonderful excavation, at once stupendous and beautiful; so far from being fantastic, the epithet Laborde applies to it, it struck me as remarkably simple, though peculiar, in its architecture, and just in its proportions. A flight of steps, cut in the rocks, leads to the summit, from which we enjoyed a splendid view, Mount Hor directly in front, and the distant mountains towards the North hazy in the glow of sunset. Returning, William discovered a large altar, cut out of the top of a rock, and unnoticed by previous travellers.

It was dark ere we recrossed the stream of Wady Mousa.—I wish you could have stood with us that night at the entrance of our dormitory, and looked through the arch by which it communicated with the adjacent cave, occupied by the Alouins. A large fire blazed in the centre,—the Sheikh sat at the head of the circle,—his horse stood at the entrance,—the inferior clansmen watched by their fire at the foot of the hill, with the camels couching beside them.

It was a beautiful cloudless, starry night, and pleasant were our ruminations. In one day we had seen the whole of Petra. Days and weeks might be spent here if every excavation were visited, but we were quite satisfied with what we had seen, and willingly promised the Sheikh that we would leave the valley next morning.—We did so, after revisiting the Khasné, and exploring several of the excavated dwellings, for it is clear, I think, both from the language of Scripture, and the appearance of the caves themselves, that the majority, if not all of them, were the abodes of the living, not of the dead. Some of the oldest are almost filled with earth, decomposed from the fragments that are constantly flaking off from the

roof. I was surprised to find the stone so crumbling; it must have been as easy to cut it as chalk,—I could break it easily with my fingers.

Such is Petra—the Sela of Scripture, the Hagiar of the Arabs, each word implying the same.—"Thy terribleness hath deceived thee and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of THE ROCK, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou make thy nest as high as the eagle—though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord." (27)

Sheikh Hussein, who was in great alarm all the time we were at Petra, earnestly pressed our departure. Just before starting, some of the fellahs came to complain of his coming there; it was not his country, they said, and he had no business in it,—nothing could be more true, and good reason had the poor men to complain, for the camels, before we discovered it, had destroyed a whole field of corn, turned loose, as they were, the moment we arrived; it was none of our fault, but we wished to reimburse the owner;—the fellahs, however, saying nothing about it, it was plain the field could not be their property, and what then could we do?—These fellahs, it seems to me,

have been very much maligned; they have fire-arms, and know how to use them, but the only ground travellers have to speak ill of them is the report of the Bedouins, who hate all townsmen, and the resistance offered by them to Abou Raschid when he wished to bring Irby and Mangles and Mr. Bankes into Wady Mousa, without their consent,—their jealousy having been secretly inflamed, as it now appears, by Abou-djazi, a rival chief of the Alouins. Bedouins and Franks come into their territory, tread down their corn, and pay nothing, do not even apologize for their intrusion, and then go away and call them savages and devils, when the wonder to me is that they bear it so patiently.—They will not do so always, or I am much mistaken.

Sheikh Hussein, we had reason to suspect, was not on good terms with Abou Raschid, the chief of all the Alouins, who lives about four hours north of Wady Mousa; he was also at open feud with the Jellaheens of Kerek el Shobek, a few hours beyond Abou Raschid's camp:—he proposed, therefore, instead of conducting us by the Kerek road, to take another, more westerly, through the country of the Tyaha Bedouins,—a route un-

described, so far as I am aware, by any traveller.

None of the places he mentioned as occurring on the road being noticed in my large map, we had not the slightest idea how we were to get to Hebron, when we started for the desert on Wednesday morning, quitting Wady Mousa by a steep ascent towards the north, and proceeding for about three hours through a district called Brayitha, a succession of barren and uninteresting hills. From these we suddenly passed into Wady Sig, one of the most romantic defiles I ever saw; lofty crags, almost perpendicular, tower on each side, deep fissures yawning in their breasts, tufted with evergreens, and single isolated rocks guarding the pass like centinels; the road winds through a thick wood of sedder, arrah, oleander, and acacia-trees, besides others of which I know not the names—every shade of green; the sky cloudless, but the valley was delightfully cool. We we were twenty two minutes in passing through this singular pass.

We passed many ruins and excavations, both on this and on the other side of Petra, all uninteresting except two small pyramids springing

from the same base, sculptured on one of the rocks of Wady Sig, to the left of the road; a Greek inscription is cut slantingly on the base, but the party had ridden on, and Clarke and I had not time to decypher it.

All the scenery beyond Wady Sig to the immediate neighbourhood of Wady Araba, towards which we were now steering westwards, is very beautiful. The path, after entering Wady Nummula, runs between vast broken rocks, and among trees of the most lovely verdure; the rocks are in many places tufted with shrubs to their summits. Oleanders grow in some of the ravines in great abundance; few of them, however, were in flower.

After refreshing ourselves at a spring, an hour and twenty-three minutes beyond Wady Sig, we began crossing the ridges of Gebel Nummula, (as this part of Mount Seir is called)—and in half an hour came in sight of Wady Araba in the distance. Presently we met two Alouins with donkeys returning from Gaza, who informed us, on asking what news from below, that they had seen fresh tracks of a great number of horses and camels—they believed of the Jellaheens of Kerek,

bound for the south—they suspected, on an expedition against Sheik Hussein's camp. The Sheikh and his men were cruelly alarmed at this news; he shed tears in the evening, Missirie told me. At his request, we halted for that night, at the foot of the last ridge which we had to cross before the great descent to Wady Araba. The Jellaheens, he said, would probably have passed by on their return to Kerek, before we reached the plain in the morning. He seemed in great dread of meeting them, lest they should take his camels, and, perhaps, kill his people and himself.

We commenced the descent of Gebel Nummula about six next morning, the noble expanse of Wady Araba stretching out below us, vague and indistinct,—just such a view as Turner would have stopped to sketch. The Sheikh went on before, leading his horse, anxiously watching the Wady, and frequently entreating us to be ready with our fire-arms; our guides, indeed, seemed to depend on us for the protection we had a right to expect from them. The path, a very difficult one, wound through deep ravines, intersecting the irregular barren

ridges that descend in rapid succession, like giant steps, to Wady Araba. We halted about seven, at the opening of the ravines, to get out our pistols, load the guns with bullets, &c. The lower ridges of Mount Seir became, from this point, less and less precipitous, till they ended in low hillocks on the edge of the plain, like promontories jutting into the sea.

It took us about five hours to cross Wady Araba, during which we were continually on the look-out for the enemy, winding between undulating hills of drifted sand, and reconnoitring from hill to hill, as we advanced, creeping up and lying on our breasts, so as not to be visible from the other side. The reflected heat from the sand was intense, and, that every thing might be in character, the tale they told us was a dismal one about the burial of Antar. If in the neighbourhood, the most likely place for the Jellaheens to be at, was the well of El Webe, where we wanted to water our own camels, and replenish our skins, already nearly exhausted. Climbing up a hill that commanded a view over the plain towards the well, (a green spot in the desert), we ensconced ourselves in a hollow between the peak

and a detached mass of rock, and reconnoitred it through the telescope; no one seemed to be there, and we remounted, disguising our Frank dresses as much as possible, by assuming the long Arab cloak or abba; so as not to be recognised from a distance. In a few minutes we came to the camel's tracks, which had occasioned all this anxiety, and presently, drawing nearer to the well, two or three figures made their appearance at it which created a great stir among our Bedouins. The Sheikh rode direct to the well, and we charged up to the hills, to anticipate the enemy in taking possession of a certain cave as a point of vantage, from which our guides said, "you must fire and kill them all, or they will kill us." Presently, however, the Sheikh made signs that all was well, and, wheeling to the right, we rejoined him, and found that a few harmless shepherds from Gaza had occasioned all this commotion—which ended in our buying a sheep.

The shepherds, I am sorry to say, confirmed the apprehensions of the Alouins. The day after we left the Sheikh's camp, the Jellaheens attacked it, and carried off all the Sheikh's camels, seventy-five in number, and Sheikh Salem's mare. Salem

pursued and overtook them, but was struck by a pistol-shot in the shoulder, and disabled. How little we thought that the scene of happiness and peace we witnessed there would so soon be ruffled!

On leaving El Webe, (the water, by the bye, stunk and was full of worms,)—we entered the low barren ridges that skirt Wady Araba on the west, and, for several hours during this and the following day, traversed a country of the most utter desolation, hills succeeding hills, without the slightest picturesque beauty, covered with loose flints, sand, and gravel; sterility in its most repulsive garb;—it made the very heart ache, and the spirits sink—and such is Edom now, "most desolate," as prophecy foretold it should be, at a time when literature and commerce, arts and sciences, were still flourishing in the land of Job, and the palm-trees of Idume were as proverbial in men's mouths as those of Palestine; now, I believe, not one survives—at least, I saw none.

At seven hours beyond El Webe—four beyond our sleeping-place—we left the Gaza road, which we had hitherto followed, to the left, and, an hour afterwards, passing Hussaya Ulmedurra, a large,

singular-looking, isolated chalk-hill—under which God crushed a village (so say the Bedouins) for its vices*—also to the left, we began ascending the dreary ridges of Gebel Asufar; (*) the akiba, or principal slope, is a precipitous sheet of bare rock, alternately smooth and slippery—and covered with loose stones; the ascent was very difficult, and took up an hour and a half;—from the top we had a very extensive but most desolate view over the western desert, to the left,—Wady Araba, to the right, which hereabouts exchanges that name for El Ghor,—and Mount Seir in the distance. Beyond these hills, after a slight descent, we entered on an elevated plain called Atreibi;—heavy sand, covered with the usual plants of the desert,—a garden in comparison to the waste we had recently traversed; and, about three hours from the summit of Gebel Asufar, encamped in Wady Kournou, near the extensive ruins of an ancient walled town, bearing the same name. We saw fragments of pillars lying about, but no inscriptions; the town is, indeed, a mere

* The story was nearly the same as that of the Cities of the Plain.

heap of stones. We observed a large vaulted subterranean chamber near one ruined building, a small cell with a vaulted niche on the top of the hill, and a strong dam in a ravine to the south of the town. Doctor Mac Lennan thinks that a lake existed to the north and west of it.—I have no doubt that this is the Elusa of the Romans, the first Roman town on the great road from Jerusalem to Aila. Elusa is marked in the Tabula Peutingeriana, a curious old map of Theodosius's time, seventy-one miles distant from Jerusalem. We found the distance between Kournou and Jerusalem twenty-three hours and a half, in other words, seventy miles and a half—a very close approximation.

We crossed a great many ancient walls, and saw many vestiges of ruins the next morning; the country, henceforward, assumed the appearance of a down rather than a desert, being thickly covered with grass and shrubs.

At a place called El Melek, in the very extensive plain El Foura—nearly six hours beyond the ruined town of Kournou, and two beyond the dry bed of a small stream called El Gerara—(the brook of Gerar?)—we were surprised at finding

two large and deep wells, beautifully built of hewn stone,—the uppermost course, and about a dozen troughs for watering cattle disposed round them, of a coarse white marble; they were evidently coeval with the Romans. Quite a patriarchal scene presented itself as we drew near to the wells; the Bedouins were watering their flocks,—two men at each well letting down the skins, and pulling them up again with almost ferocious haste, and with quick, savage shouts,—and then emptying them into the troughs; the shepherdesses stood aloof, and veiled their faces, seeing the strange *howagis*. The several flocks, coming up and retiring in the exactest order, were a beautiful sight.

Crossing Gebel ul Gheretain, a range of stony hills beyond El Foura, numerous ruined garden-walls and terraces warned us of our approach to, if not entry into, Judea. As we proceeded, first here, then there, we observed patches of ground reclaimed from the desert, and carefully cultivated, and, ere long, the whole valley below us was green with corn, field descending below field, divided by regular terraces.

Five hours from El Melek we arrived at the village of Simoa, or Simoo, to whose inhabitants these fields belong; the hill above the village is crowned by a ruined castle, which shows imposingly from a distance, though poorly on a nearer inspection. We encamped in the valley below it; and presently the *Sheikh ul belled*, or head-man of the village, and a party of the townsmen, made their appearance, and sat down with us, contrasting most unfavourably with our Bedouins, who seemed to hold them in utter contempt. An air of oppression and slavery hangs indeed over all the village Arabs. We found these people unacquainted with any denomination of coin, except the nine-piastre piece and the old currency. This place I take to be the ancient Shema, enumerated in the book of Numbers among the cities of the hill-country of Judah.

I asked one of the natives if there were many ancient sites in the neighbourhood; he said Yes—and mentioned one, Daharieh, to the west; but, on my writing it down, refused to name any more. I could hear nothing of Beer Sheba; but in the morning, crossing the plain El Foura, they named

a village Assiba, to the left, which sounds like it. (29)

We were now fairly in the Land of Promise, described by the spies (who must have entered it nearly by the same road as ourselves,) as a land flowing with milk and honey;—we had cows' milk, that night, to our tea, the first we had tasted for many weeks; the cows that yielded it, a very pretty but diminutive breed, were the first we had since visiting Memphis.

We started next morning, at 25 m. p. 5, Sunday the 30th of April, riding through fields of corn between the rounded hills of Judea, covered to their tops with bushes of the prickly oak, a most beautiful shrub; the day was lovely, the birds were singing their matins most sweetly, no work was going on,—it was the stillness and repose of a Sabbath morning in England.

We saw the first olive-trees about an hour and 20 minutes before arriving at Hebron, descending into, and following the course of a long and broad winding valley, (once, doubtless, the pasturage of Abraham's flocks and herds,) till, at a turn of the road, Hebron stood before us, that Hebron so memorable in sacred story as the home of Abraham,

and the capital of David before his conquest of Jerusalem. The Arabs still call it after their patriarch, "El Khalil Ibraham," — "Abraham the Friend"—of God. (30) It is beautifully situated at the foot, and on the slope, of a hill,— a *city* after the mud-villages of Egypt. The large white mosque, containing the suppositious tombs of the patriarchs, which no Christian is allowed to enter, rises prominently to the west of the town. To the left, as we entered, we past a large and well-built tank, with two flights of steps descending into it at the opposite angles, possibly the "pool of Hebron" (repaired) where David hanged the murderers of Ishbosheth.

After establishing our baggage in two large recesses under the gate of the Governor's house, settling with the Sheikh, (our caravan breaking up here,) and engaging camels for Jerusalem, we visited the bazaars, substantially built, like the rest of the town, of hewn stone, and well-stocked. Hebron is, apparently, an improving place. The children called us pigs, as we entered; otherwise, we received no incivility,—the contrary rather; our arrival from the south seemed to excite both interest and respect among the people, who

hailed us as Hadjis or pilgrims bound for "the Holy City," as Jerusalem is still called in Arabic,—El Koddes—the Hebrew Kadushah :—it was from the Chaldaic form of this word, Kadutha, that Herodotus formed the Greek name of Jerusalem, Cadytis. We saw many Jewish faces, Hebron being one of the four sacred cities of the Talmud.

We started again at noon, following the ancient road, along the brae-side, and between corn-fields, olive-groves, and vineyards—each with its watch-tower, the stones carefully gathered out, and fenced in with a stone wall—as in the days of David, Isaiah, and our Saviour. At two, we stopped at a place called Derrwuh, evidently an ancient site, and continued for some hours winding among hills, presenting the same monotonous but pleasing scenery. It was a lovely evening, the birds were singing sweetly, and numerous flocks of sheep and goats were cropping their evening meal as we drew nigh to the city of David, who so often must have fed his flocks on those very hills,—the scene, too, just as probably, of that apparition of the heavenly host who proclaimed to the humble shepherds of Bethlehem the birth of the good shepherd, David's namesake—"The

Beloved" of God—in those blessed words, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth peace, good-will towards men."

About an hour and a quarter to the south of Bethlehem, coming to the brow of the hill, we saw the celebrated pools of Solomon below us, and a beautiful crop of wheat covering the slopes of the valley where probably once stood his palace and pleasure-gardens. These reservoirs are really worthy of Solomon. I had formed no conception of their magnificence; they are three in number, the smallest between four and five hundred feet in length:—the waters were discharged from one into another, and conveyed from the lowest, by an aqueduct, to Jerusalem. I descended into the third and largest; it is lined with plaister, like the Indian chunam; and hanging terraces run all round it. I wonder if Solomon ever walked there with the queen of Sheba.

At half past seven, that evening, we reached Bethlehem. (31) It stands on the slope of a hill, of difficult ascent, at least by night. The stars were out, but it was still unusually light as we entered the town, and proceeded to the Spanish Convent, a large fortress-like building, where we

were kindly welcomed, and ushered into a very handsome apartment. The venerable Superior presently came to see us, and grew very talkative. He honoured us with his company to breakfast the next morning, and we afterwards visited the church and the supposed Cave of the Nativity, gorgeous all—but what most touched me was the simple tribute of several little children, who, speaking in a whisper, and with awe in their faces, lighted their little bodkins of tapers at the large candles, and stuck them at their side. The solemn chanting, the procession of the dark-robed monks, the confessionals,—with all the pageantry I had been so familiar with in Italy — so strangely blended with the turbans and oriental costume of the Armenian, Arab, and Greek Christians — one might have fancied that the east and the west had met by common consent, to worship the star of Israel at its rising; but, alas! it was Saint Mark's worship they were celebrating that morning, and the prostrations I witnessed on the spot said to have been knelt upon by the Magi were to the Virgin Mary,—not to her Saviour.

We mounted for Jerusalem about eight — a lovely cloudless morning. As we were starting

from the Convent walls, a marriage party came past, or, rather, a crowd of women and children, some of them very pretty, all gaily dressed and unveiled, and singing a most discordant epithalamium—to meet the bride at the church door, and convey her home. While they awaited her appearance, two parties detached themselves from the throng, the one dancing round and round, hand in hand, as in some unsophisticated nooks of merry England they were probably doing at that very moment round the Maypole, for it was May-morning—the other, their arms linked, advancing towards them, and retreating, in regular measure; the song going on all the time. Presently the bride came out, veiled from head to foot, and mounted her horse; her companions closed round her, and the procession moved on. We sat on our camels enjoying the scene, and expended not a little gunpowder in her honour; to her death she will remember the nuptial honours paid her by the English.

You can scarcely imagine what a cheerful aspect the rich and varied costumes both of men and women, particularly the latter, impart to these towns of Palestine; the contrast is delightful to

us, so long accustomed to the dull blue cloaks and veiled faces of the Egyptian women.

Riding slowly on to Jerusalem, we met numbers of most picturesque-looking white-bearded old men, and many lovely children. One of them, particularly, a Russian boy, taking off his fur cap to return our salutation, with his flowing ringlets and sweet face, reminded me of one of Raphael's angels. We met many parties too of Turks, Armenians, and Greeks, pilgrimising—the former to Rachel's tomb, the latter to Bethlehem. Some saluted us with 'Bon viaggio,' and 'Benvenuti Signori!' others with the emphatic 'Salam,' 'Peace!' or by simply laying the hand on the heart in the graceful oriental fashion. It was delightful thus to be welcomed to the City of Peace by men of all creeds and countries, a sort of anticipation of the happy time when all nations will go up to worship One God at Jerusalem, and all will receive the welcome of the heart as well as the lip.

The view, looking back on Bethlehem, as you ascend the northern hills, is exceedingly beautiful; to the east it is bounded by the long unbroken

ridge of the mountains of Moab, hemming in the Dead Sea, which seems much nearer than it really is. The road winds, at first, between olive and fig gardens, but they soon give way to a succession of stony hills; in forty minutes, we passed a dilapidated Turkish tomb, called Rachel's,—"'As for me,'" said dying Jacob, "'Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way to Ephrath'—the same is Bethlehem." In all probability it marks the spot of her death; there are many Turkish graves around it. Soon afterwards, we passed the Greek Convent of Mar Elias, and came in sight of Jerusalem! Approaching nearer, and descending towards Mount Zion, the situation fully answered my expectations; the view from this point, embracing the Sacred Hill, the valley of Hinnom, the Mount of Olives, and the Dead Sea, is at once magnificent and beautiful, independent of the associations that render it the most interesting to be seen on earth, except perhaps that from the Mount of Olives, where Our Saviour wept over Jerusalem.

We proceeded along the western hills, and, entering by the gate of Bethlehem, presently alighted at the Latin Convent, where we are now most comfortably established.

Adieu, my dear mother.

LETTER X.

Jerusalem. Excursion to Jericho and the Dead Sea. Journey to Tiberias by Nablous, Samaria, Acre, Nazareth, and Mount Tabor.

Journey, East of the Jordan, by El Husn, Om Keis, Jerash, Ammon, Bostra, and other towns of the Hauran, to Damascus.

Visit to Palmyra.

Journey into Mount Lebanon, and return to Damascus.

Damascus, July, 1837.

My dear mother,

I sit down to redeem my promise of giving you some account of my journeyings since arriving at Jerusalem.

Of Jerusalem I have but little to say; we took no cicerones. There is no mistaking the principal features of the scenery; Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, down which the brook Kedron still flows during the rainy season, and the Mount of Olives, are recognised at once; the Arab village Siloan represents Si-

loam, and the waters of Siloa still flow fast by the oracle of God. A grove of eight magnificent and very ancient olive-trees at the foot of the Mount, and near the bridge over the Kedron, is pointed out as the Garden of Gethsemane; occupying the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture.—It was the only monkish legend I listened to. Throughout the Holy Land we tried every spot pointed out as the scene of Scriptural events by the words of the Bible, the only safe guide-book in this land of ignorance and superstition, where a locality has been assigned to every incident recorded in it—to the spot where the cock crew at Peter's denial of our Saviour, nay, to the house of Dives in the parable. Yet, while I question the truth, I would not impugn the poetry of some of these traditions, or deny that they add a peculiar and most thrilling interest to the scenes to which they are attached —*loca sancta*, indeed, when we think of them as shrines hallowed by the pilgrimages and the prayers of ages.

There is no spot (you will not now wonder at my saying so) at, or near Jerusalem, half so interesting as the Mount of Olives, and, on the other

hand, from no other point is Jerusalem seen to such advantage. Oh! what a relief it was to quit its narrow, filthy, ill-paved streets for that lovely hill, climbing it by the same rocky path our Saviour and his faithful few so often trod, and resting on its brow as they did, when their divine instructor, looking down on Jerusalem in her glory, uttered those memorable prophecies of her fall, of his second Advent, and of the final Judgment, which we should ever brood over in our hearts as a warning voice, bidding us watch and be ready for his coming! Viewed from the Mount of Olives, like Cairo from the hills on the edge of the Eastern desert, Jerusalem is still a lovely, a majestic object; but her beauty is external only, and, like the bitter apples of Sodom, she is found full of rottenness within,—

> "In Earth's dark circlet once the precious gem
> Of Living Light—Oh, fallen Jerusalem!"

But her king, in his own good time, will raise her from the dust.

Nor is there, thank God! any doubt about Bethany, the home of that happy family, so peculiarly our Lord's friends during his latter years,

his own home, indeed, during his last visit to Jerusalem. It is a sweet retired spot, beautifully situated on the slope of a hill to the south of Mount Olivet. The path to Jerusalem winds round the Mount, and through the Vale of Jehoshaphat, precisely, to all appearance, as it did when the Messiah rode thither in regal but humble triumph, and the people strewed their garments and branches in the way. They shew you the tomb of Lazarus, an excavation in the rock, to which you descend by many steps. It lies to the west of the town, and cannot therefore, I think, be the spot. When Mary rose up hastily and went out to meet our Saviour coming from Jericho, the Jews thought she was going to the grave to weep there; the sepulchre must therefore have been to the east of the city, and in fact I saw two or three ancient tombs by the wayside in that direction, one of which may have been Lazarus's.

The road to Jericho, beyond Bethany, runs between bleak stony mountains, dreariness itself, a fit scene for our Lord's parable of the good Samaritan. We emerged from them into the valley of the Jordan, about six hours from Jerusalem,

and presently passed a singular-looking tumulus, and many remains of walls, a fragment or two of a column, &c., the ruins, I presume, taken by Mr. Buckingham for those of Jericho; there has certainly been a city there, and the position agrees with Josephus's description much more than that of Riha, the miserable village commonly supposed to represent it, and which we reached soon after crossing a clear and sparkling stream that springs from the Diamond of the Desert,—the scene of Sir Kenneth's rencontre with Saladin, and—thought of far deeper interest, the fountain sweetened by Elisha. I saw one palm-tree at Riha—one only; the balsam-trees have been extinct for ages.

The guides led us to an old tower, the same, I take it, as that called by the old pilgrims the House of Zaccheus—now the residence of a petty military Governor; they wanted to make us sleep there, saying there were so many thieves abroad that it was dangerous to pitch at the river, and refusing to proceed further without a guard. Long used to Arab humbug, we laughed at them, and rode on by ourselves across a broad, arid, sloping plain — the plain of Gilgal! The heat, tempered

by pleasant breezes, was by no means so great as we expected; it is generally extremely oppressive throughout the valley of the Jordan.

Nine hours after leaving Jerusalem, we reached the banks of the river, concealed, till you are close upon it, by dense thickets of trees, reeds, and bushes, "the pride of Jordan," growing luxuriantly to the very edge of the water. The lions, hippopotami, &c. that formerly haunted these thickets, are extinct; wild boars are still found there. The Jordan flows very swiftly, indeed in a perceptible rapid below the open space on which we encamped; the water is sweet and good; the upper bed was still moist from the floods. We had pitched the tents, picketed the horses, &c. when the guides came up, silent and crestfallen; we took no notice of them. It was a sweet evening, and a most beautiful, cool, starlight night, the river murmuring along, and the nightingales singing from the trees. I walked on the bank till the crescent moon set; all was loveliness and delight.

An hour's ride, next morning, over a sandy barren plain, intersected by slimy bogs, (a few gazelles bounding over the sand-hills, were the

only living creatures we saw there), brought us to the silent shore of the Dead Sea, a grand spectacle; the lake lay perfectly still, save a gentle ripple; its waters tolerably transparent, but salt and bitter beyond bitterness. My companions bathed—I had not courage to do so; they found the water as buoyant as travellers have asserted, floating like corks, swimming with their hands only, &c.: no one dared to duck his head. Wood, all encrusted with salt, lies in great quantities on the shore, and we picked up many small pieces of bitumen. The Arabs call the lake Bahr Lout, or the sea of Lot, and the city of refuge, Zoar, at the south-west extremity, still retains its ancient name. To an unscientific eye the lake has not the slightest appearance of volcanic formation; instead of displaying relics of a crater, the mountains, between which it lies, run north and south, in parallel lines and at equal distances, to the Sea of Galilee and the Gulf of Akaba.(32) Mr. Moore, a scientific gentleman, who was very attentive to us at Jerusalem, was then surveying the lake, but has since, through the opposition, I believe, of the Government, been obliged to relinquish his interesting undertaking.

Wishing to visit the convent of San Saba, we struck in that direction into the barren and cavernous hills of Judea, following nearly the route of Sir Kenneth and Saladin in the Talisman; the scenery was sombre and dreary in the extreme, but sometimes very grand, particularly looking back on the Ghor, or Valley of the Jordan. The guides loitering behind us, we at last lost our way, and wandered among the hills for some hours, without knowing whither we were going, and without seeing a soul. The curse has indeed fallen on the land of Judah; I never, except in the very desert, saw such dreariness as during these two days. We thirsted for water, but found none; once we came to a reservoir of rain-water, but it was absolutely undrinkable; we have drunk water that stunk so that we could not keep it in the tent with us, so you may imagine how bad this was. Another time we past an ancient well, its mouth sealed with a large stone with a hole in the centre, through which we threw a pebble in —but there was no water, and we should have been sorry had there been any, for our united strength could not have removed the seal; I wonder how many centuries it has lain there!

At last, we spied the guides and Clarke's servant Hassan, on a distant hill, and, cutting across the country in that direction, reached the beaten road; we were momentarily in expectation of reaching San Saba when, coming to a fountain, (welcome object!) I recognized it as the one we had passed the day before, within an hour after leaving Bethany,—the "fountain of the Apostles" it is called—and doubtless they often quenched their thirst at it, and He too, who became man, and hungered and thirsted for our sake! Why might it not have been there, resting before the ascent to Bethany, that "Jesus said unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead?" Be this as it may, never were we more agreeably surprised, for we had wished all along to reach Jerusalem that night, and had been in doubts whether we should find any water at all; of course we thought no more of San Saba, but rode on and reached Jerusalem, shortly after sunset, after a good eleven hours' ride, which, notwithstanding our mishaps, we enjoyed exceedingly.

Three days afterwards, Thursday the 11th of May, we bade adieu to Jerusalem, still in company with Dr. Mac Lennan and Clarke, the kind

and agreeable associates of our whole tour from Mount Sinai to Damascus. It was our intention after exploring Palestine, (properly so called), to cross the Jordan, and visit Jerash; Mr. Moore, an enthusiast in architectural antiquities, confirmed us in this resolution by his praise of the ruins, and strongly recommended us to extend our tour to the Hauran, or ancient Auranitis, part of the Idumea or Arabia Provincia of the Romans—(whither St. Paul retired after his conversion), and where we should see more interesting specimens of Roman domestic architecture than existed even at Pompeii. He gave us a route through the country, to which I added copious extracts from Burckhardt, the first traveller who gave anything like a full account of that region. He is indeed a model for travellers, so accurate and precise — I wish only he were a little more enthusiastic. But he is such a thorough gentleman—his feelings are all so good and honourable —his conduct towards his employers so conscientious,—he is so cheerful, so uncomplaining under hardship and privation, that one cannot but love him—one cannot but regret that he will never be known as he deserves to be. (32)

All things being ready, as aforesaid, we started, —five horses for ourselves, ten mules for the servants and baggage, three or four muleteers, and two black slaves of their's. We were most fortunate in our muleteers, cheerful, active, willing fellows; we never had a moment's trouble with them. One of them, distinguished by his green turban, was a Said or Shereef, i.e. a descendant of Mahomet; the head muleteer had much of the appearance, and evidently aspired to the character, of Punch, and soon answered to his name, as the "Snowballs" did to their's, as if he had never been called by any other. We took no guard—for Palestine it is quite needless, and, from what Mr. Moore said, and our own Arab experience, we judged it equally unnecessary for the regions east of the Jordan. Mr. Moore had one when he travelled there, but intended dispensing with it on his next visit. The terror of Ibrahim Pasha is now the traveller's safeguard throughout these regions, so difficult of access till within these two or three years.

Every thing went to our satisfaction on this journey. We rode generally about eight or nine hours, or from thirty to forty miles a day, never

exceeding a quick walk, the usual travelling pace; starting with the sun, halting at mid-day for two or three hours during the heat, and then proceeding till sun-set. The weather throughout was delightful, seldom excessively hot even at noon, while the mornings, afternoons, and evenings, were delicious indeed. We followed the harvest the whole way; the corn was yellow at Nablous; we found reapers at work the day afterwards, and camels were bringing in the last crops, and gleaners busy in the fields, as we drew nigh to Damascus. I preserved my health and spirits the whole time, thank God! One night excepted, we slept invariably in our tent, and never had a difference of opinion with the friends who shared it; they were as anxious to see what was to be seen as we were, and most pleasant companions we found them. In fine, we saw more than we proposed at starting, yet arrived at Damascus a day sooner than we calculated, on leaving Jerusalem. Alas! alas! what a melancholy thread must henceforward be interwoven with these reminiscences!

All Judea, except the hills of Hebron and the vales immediately about Jerusalem, is desolate and barren, but the prospect brightens as soon as

you quit it, and Samaria and Galilee still smile like the Land of Promise. The road from Jerusalem northwards is, at first, extremely ugly—hilly and stony. At some distance to the left, as you leave the City, rises the hill of Samuele, supposed to be the ancient Rama; that name, however, was given by Punch to some ruins on a hill to the right, at two hours from Jerusalem. I cannot express to you my delight and surprise, when he uttered the word with the full intonation of his Arab lungs; it startled me like the firing of a pistol;—but the Arabs have, in instances innumerable, retained the Scriptural names of places,—and no wonder, for, both by blood and language, they are Hebrews. At three hours and a half from Jerusalem, we encamped at Beer, or Beeri, as the Arabs pronounced it—supposed to be Michmash, but is it not rather Beeroth? This is generally, and I think with probability, considered to be the place where the caravan halted, returning from Jerusalem, and Joseph and Mary missed our Saviour. Two hours beyond it, next morning, and near the village Anabroot, we entered on some of the loveliest scenery I ever beheld, olive and fig gardens, vineyards and corn-fields, overspreading the valleys

and terraced on the hills—alternating with waste ground overgrown with the beautiful prickly oak, and lovely wild flowers. One rocky vale struck us as particularly beautiful—We were in the neighbourhood of Bethel;—I anxiously inquired for it of the Arabs, but in vain;—I did not then remember the prophecy, "Seek not Bethel,—Bethel shall come to naught!" In fact, not a trace, not even a tradition, remains of its existence.

I took notes of all the distances on this journey, and of all the villages we passed; few figure in the maps comparatively with the hundreds that exist in Palestine. They are not, however, thickly inhabited, and the condition of the peasants is most miserable: The whole country was teeming with the richest crops when we passed through it, but the *enlightened* government of Mahomed Ali precludes *their* profiting by the bounty of nature, and the conscription, as in Egypt, has so drained the villages of men, that more than once, and in the most out of-the-way parts of the country, none of the peasants would act as guides, for fear of being impressed for soldiers.

After following the beautiful valley of Leban, (old Lebonah), which we entered about eight

hours and a half from Jerusalem, for rather more than three hours, it expanded into a magnificent plain waving with corn—the parcel of ground, there can be no doubt, which Jacob gave to his son Joseph, and the gathering-place, in every age of their history, of the Clans of Israel: we saw camels and cattle winding their way through the corn-fields far below us. Turning up a valley to the west, between the hills of Gerizim and Ebal, (on which the tribes stood in two divisions, when the book of the law—the blessings and curses, and the astonishing prophecies of Moses, were read to them by Joshua, "and all the people cried Amen!")—we reached Nablous, the ancient Sichem or Sychar, built at the foot and on the lowest slope of Gerizim, and embowered in groves of the richest verdure—figs, mulberries, olives — one solitary palm-tree towering over them, and hedges of the prickly pear, with its fantastic boughs and yellow blossoms, guarding every plantation. It was a sweet evening, the thrushes were singing merrily, and every thing smiled around us. Nablous was far too lovely for entrance—we rode round the town, and encamped beyond it under the olive-trees. A rem

nant of the Samaritans, about one hundred, still live there, and, at certain seasons, still go up and worship on Gerizim.

Two hours' ride, the following morning, through mule-tracks over the rocks, worn deep by the feet of centuries, took us to Subusta, the ancient Samaria, named by Herod Sebaste, in honour of Augustus; this and Nablous, (Neapolis) are singular instances of the Arabs' having adopted the Greek, and forgotten the original Hebrew, names. Samaria stood on an oval hill, stretching east and west, and separated from the hills that encircle it by a very deep valley. The miserable modern village is chiefly built of the remains of the ancient city. Our guide, a regular village antiquary, led us first along the southern side of the hill, planted with olives and fig-trees, through and alongside of the remains of a handsome colonnade, Herod's work probably, running east and west; near the town, the pillars are mostly overthrown; some have rolled off the terrace on which they stood,—others are scarcely perceptible above the ground; numbers, however, at the west end, retain their upright position, though without their capitals. The colonnade ends, at the ex-

tremity of the hill, in an open space between two mounds of ruins overgrown with grass—the ancient gate, according to our village oracle, of Samaria, and the two forts that defended it. We returned by the north side of the hill, for the most part through fig, as on the southern through olive trees; there are the remains of many fine pillars in a grove of fig-trees on the highest of the broad terraces into which the hill has been cut; and in the plain below are several more, forming two sides of a quadrangle. I have seldom been so forcibly struck with the fulfilment of prophecy as when walking over the hill of Samaria. An old ruined church, of barbarous, but richly ornamented, architecture, hangs picturesquely on the edge of the hill below the modern village.

Beyond Samaria, we struck across country towards Mount Carmel, by a route undescribed, so far as I am aware, by any traveller. We soon lost our way, but that was of little consequence, for the country is full of villages, well cultivated, and quite beautiful. We halted at noon in a grove of noble olives, swarming with little green leaf-hoppers—if I may call them so—shaped like frogs—the merriest little beings imaginable. You

will find the village Sili on the map, not so Cufr Ai, nor Ellar, which crowns the highest hill between Sili and Zeita—a village on the great road between Acre and Ramla, and which we passed a little to the south, the following morning. Six other villages, one of them named Baca, saluted us from the hills, as we descended from Ellar. We proceeded along a beautiful and very extensive plain, the prolongation, I take it, of the Vale of Sharon;—the scenery reminded Clarke of Kent. Nothing could exceed the richness of the soil or the beauty of its produce—even of the thistles, with which every fallow and uncultivated field was overgrown, of the deepest blue and most luxuriant growth, often overtopping my head on horseback; dear old Scotland can boast of none so beautiful.

Presently leaving the plain, we rode for two hours through a range of sloping hills covered with beautiful valonidis or evergreen oaks—regular English park-scenery; then, the trees ceasing, through a continued expanse of sloping downs, till we reached the southern prolongations of Carmel, and the banks of "that ancient river, the river Kishon;" henceforward, the hills on both sides

were again covered with valonidis, and prickly oaks. The road ran close under Mount Carmel, along the banks of the Kishon,—a rocky path, winding through oleanders in full bloom, reeds, and wild flowers of every hue—the birds singing sweetly—and wood-pigeons cooing,—and the temperature as fresh and mild as May in England.

We had already caught a glimpse of the Great Plain of Esdraelon to the east, and presently emerged into that of Acre on the north, a magnificent expanse of the richest land. We encamped that night in an olive-grove near the village Yajour; a wolf came down to reconnoitre us as we were resting under the hill, but ran off when Clarke went after him with his gun.

Grand was the roar of the surf, as we rode up to the gates of Caypha next morning—that miserable hole! We sent on our baggage to Acre, and turned westwards towards the Carmelite Convent built about half-way up the loftiest ridge of Mount Carmel,—to which, indeed, correctly speaking, the name ought to be restricted; it here descends in an almost perpendicular slope to the sea. The top and sides are covered with shrubs and flowers, but quite bare of trees; a few

olives flourish at its foot, and on the lowest slope, as if trying to get up and invalidate the prophecy. The "excellency of Carmel" is indeed departed.

Crossing the triangular plain formed by the mountain and the south-west horn of the bay of Acre, we ascended to the Convent by a very steep path, partly protected by a parapet. It is certainly the handsomest Convent I have seen in Palestine,—three stories high,—nine windows towards Acre, and thirteen towards the Mediterranean; the fathers have been rebuilding it for eleven years, and it is not yet finished, though quite habitable. Two monks only were there, but nothing could exceed the cordiality of our reception, and pressing were their entreaties that we should stay four, three, two, or at least one day with them. After coffee, they shewed us their lions;—think what a pleasant surprise it was, when, opening a side-door, they ushered us into a suite of no less than five small apartments, fitted up for visitors in the European style, and with European furniture, neatness itself,—window-curtains, tables, reed-bottomed and arm-chairs, beds with curtains and gilt corner-tops, (one room with a double bed,

for a gentleman and lady,) basons, looking-glasses, &c., &c., and such a lovely sea-view from the windows; these were all at our service, they said, for as long as we should like to stay there. Indeed I know no place, (except, theoretically, some of the Convents on Mount Lebanon,) I would sooner take up my quarters in for a month or two of repose and study.

The church, not yet finished, is built over the cave in which Elijah is said to have dwelt, but again I must ask, where is the proof of this? In a side-chapel they shewed us a beautiful wooden statue of Elijah killing one of the prophets of Baal. The view of the Mediterranean from the roof of the Convent, a boundless expanse, but unrelieved by a single sail, was very grand, but fatiguing from its uniformity; to the S. and S.E. lie Acre and its noble bay; to the S. we saw Castel Pellegrino, illustrious in the old crusading day, and Tortosa; immediately below us, on the edge of the bay, they pointed to a few ruined walls—the faint traces of Porphyrion, so named from the ancient purple dye of Tyre.

Acre is four hours distant from Carmel; we rode thither along the beach, frequently over

wrecks of vessels of considerable size, almost buried in the sand. We forded the Kishon in about half a dozen steps; here it had lost all its beauty, and the Belus, of about the same breadth, was equally uninteresting.—Acre looks nobly from a distance, but within its walls is most wretched—houses in ruins, and broken arches in every direction—reminiscences of Ibrahim Pasha. We could hardly believe we had arrived at the Convent, when our guides led us into the court of a large ruinous building like a Khan; the monks were as churlish as those of Mount Carmel were courteous, and the rooms they most ungraciously offered us swarmed so with fleas, that we reloaded the mules, and, walking back to the beach, encamped in peace and freedom, on a grassy plot, almost alive with grasshoppers, harmless little beings! I never was so struck with the truth of Pope's beautiful line—"the green myriads of the peopled grass."—And such a sunset! we should have lost it within the walls of the Convent.—Ibrahim Pasha! Ibrahim Pasha!—Why not a sigh for the olden day, when the standard of England streamed from St. George's Mount, and the chivalry of Richard encamped around it, and the

young knights stood and listened to Blondel's lay; but he that was to win on the morrow the honoured name of D'Acre sat apart from his companions, watching the sun setting in the far west, where dwelt the lady of his love—his casque lying on the grass, and his steed feeding beside him.

Tuesday, the sixteenth of May, we passed from the plain of Acre, through the beautiful vale of Bellin, or Abilin, into the rich and fertile plain of Zebulon; and thence ascended, through a vale of olives, to Sepphoury, the representative of Sepphoris, the ancient capital of Galilee. A few broken columns, sarcophagi, and excavated tombs, are its only remains of Jewish, and an old Gothic church with handsome arches, of Christian magnificence.

In about an hour and a quarter beyond Sepphoury, we reached the loftiest ridge between the plain of Esdraelon and the sea; the view on every side was superb—in front of us stretched the magnificent plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel, so interesting in the annals of history past—and to come, for there, according to the Apocalypse, will be fought the last great battle of Megiddon;

Mount Tabor was full in view; the snowy peaks of Mount Hermon rose in the distance, and at our feet lay Nazareth, embedded in its little vale like the infant Saviour in his mother's arms.

But the vale of Nazareth has no pretensions to the beauty ascribed to it by travellers; its hills are barren and uncultivated, and the grove of fig-trees we past through descending to the village was very scanty. We were hospitably received by the superior of the Spanish Convent, who gave us a very tolerable apartment, with a portentous crack, however, across the roof, the effect of the great earthquake of the first of January; have you ever heard of it in England? They *had* excellent rooms for visitors, but the wing of the house in which they were situated has been completely ruined. Only six persons were killed in Nazareth, and but few houses were injured.

The church is very handsome, but inferior to those at Bethlehem and Jerusalem; it contains two organs, one of them a very fine instrument. Expressing a wish to hear it played, the Superior sent for the organist, who surprised us by striking up a beautiful slow waltz, (there was no one in the church but ourselves), and then the grand

Constitutional March of Spain; many other airs followed, executed with much taste and enthusiasm; it was quite a treat, and did me much good. The church is built over a grotto, said to be part of the Virgin Mary's house, and the scene of the Annunciation. In front of the altar, (that is, where it now stands), stood the Santa Casa of Loretto, said to have been transported thither by angels from this spot.

Clarke and I visited the steep rock near the Maronite church, from which his father imagined the Jews wished to cast our Saviour; it may very possibly have been the spot; the rock is still twenty-five or thirty feet in height, and so much rubbish has accumulated at the bottom that it may have been fifty or sixty—eighteen hundred years ago. If I recollect right, one might now jump down the Tarpeian rock at Rome without much risk of broken limbs.

Every scene of our Saviour's life at Nazareth is marked by chapels and churches; there is a well, however, named after the Virgin, to the east of the city, which we gazed at with extreme interest; it still supplies Nazareth with water, and thither, without a doubt, came the Virgin

mother and her Saviour Son, day after day, to draw water, — as we saw the daughters of Nazareth coming while we stopped our horses to drink of it.

From Nazareth, sending on Missirie, with the baggage, direct to Mount Tabor, we rode over the hills to Kenna, the ancient Cana of Galilee, passing Reni, a village on the left, utterly destroyed by the earthquake. Cana rises on a gentle elevation, facing the south west. We stopped at a fountain of excellent water, flowing beneath the village through delicious groves of figs and pomegranates—the source, doubtless, of the very water that was made wine.

From Cana we struck into a narrow but most lovely vale, wooded chiefly with valonidis and prickly oaks, and carpeted with the most luxuriant grass and wild flowers, especially a flower resembling the holyoak, which, at this season, adorns every field in Palestine. The vale ended in a small plain, nearly triangular, formed by the meeting of several valleys, and covered with corn —the only cultivated spot we saw during the whole ride. Turning to the right, in the direction of Mount Tabor, we presently caught a

glimpse of the tent, and the union-jack hoisted on a tree as a signal. Missirie had selected a charming spot, about ten minutes up the mountain, commanding a splendid view over Galilee towards Nazareth and Saffet. Our guide from Nazareth, a benevolent-looking grey-bearded Christian, pointed out several spots sanctified by monkish tradition, visible from this elevation,—the mountain of the Beatitudes, the place where the five thousand were fed, &c.

After resting awhile, we started for the top in time to see the sun set beyond the Mediterranean, a most magnificent spectacle. The mountain being entirely covered with thick woods, and nearly level at the summit, we had some difficulty in discovering its highest point; once attained, the prospect north, south, east, and west, was almost boundless. The summit is covered with very extensive ruins of an ancient town and fortress mentioned by Josephus. The wall too that he built there in forty days, is still traceable. Dr. Mac Lennan and I discovered a very large and deep fosse at the west end of the hill, with part of a wall of very considerable height still standing. Clarke found his way there by himself, but

had much more difficulty in extricating himself from the maze of ruins; he encountered four deep fosses at four points where he attempted egress, and almost thought himself bewitched. We met with arches, vaults, and excavations in every direction, all overgrown with thick grass and trees; the soil is excessively rich. Of comparatively modern buildings, we saw a rude chapel near the castle, dedicated to the Transfiguration, with three altars, answering to the proposed three tabernacles:—that the Transfiguration took place on Mount Tabor, is, however, quite a gratuitous supposition.

The next morning, we rode to Tiberias, now Tabaria, across the great plain, leaving the 'Hill of the Beatitudes,' on which Our Saviour is *said* to have preached his Sermon on the Mount, to the left;—I should rather say, that, while the rest of the caravan went on to Tiberias, Clarke and I rode to the top of it; the view is lovely—the sea of Galilee lies before you, outstretched like a map, its northern extremity, broken by creeks, but circular in the main, is quite distinct, while the eye follows the eastern shore for many a mile, till the mountains close in and conceal the

southern extremity. The snowy ridge of Gebel Sheikh, the ancient Hermon, is the principal ornament of every view in this part of Galilee. Dr. Mac Lennan had not seen snow for sixteen years.

We did not enter Tiberias, but pitched on the banks of the lake; the earthquake had left the town in ruins, its walls cast down to the ground, its towers split in two, and their galleries and chambers laid open and yawning in mid-air. We all bathed and found it most refreshing. We spent a very pleasant afternoon and evening on the shore of this lovely lake—not, I hope, without thoughts of Him who dwelt on its banks and walked on its waves, and stilled them at his word, and whose will is still all-powerful to sustain us, when the winds wage war, and the waters rise against us, and faith, like Peter, sinks in the heart, even while it wishes to draw nigh to God, and we look around for help, and finding none, cry aloud, 'Lord, save us, we perish!'—and then, and not till then, is the hand outstretched, and the voice heard, that says to the winds, "Peace!" and to the sea, "Be still!" and there is a great calm, and the heart, like its emblem, recomposed

to rest, Faith walks once more on the waters, hand in hand, and in communion with her Saviour.

Thoughtfully and peacefully past that evening. A few hours' repose were very welcome after so many days' incessant march.(34)

Arrived at the sea of Galilee, I was very anxious to discover, if possible, the sites of Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida, &c., and to visit the eastern shore of the lake, of which I had never met with any description;—with the exception of Burckhardt, who only visited the south-eastern extremity, and a few other gentlemen who travelled as Arabs, dread of the inhabitants had hitherto deterred Frank travellers from venturing thither; but we were a numerous party, well armed—times too were changed—and we determined therefore on making the complete tour of the lake, en route for Om Keis and Jerash;—some humbug was talked to us, not about the inhabitants, but the roads, which our guide declared absolutely impassable: truth is a rare bird in this country;—there is as beautiful and easy a footpath along the whole eastern shore of the lake as across a meadow in England.

About an hour north of Tiberias, and at the bottom of a deep bay, unnoticed in the map, we entered the plain of Gennesareth, of which Josephus gives such a glowing description, nor do I think it overcharged. It is excessively fertile, but for the most part uncultivated; the waste parts are covered with the rankest vegetation, reeds, nebbek-trees, oleanders, honeysuckles, wild flowers, and splendid thistles in immense crops; I saw a stunted palm or two, and there *are* fig-trees, though I did not see them,—once they were numerous. A broad clear stream and innumerable rapid little rivulets cross the road. Medjdel, a wretched village, probably represents Magdala, the birth-place of Mary Magdalen, both names implying "tower," in Arabic and Hebrew,—but of Capernaum no traces remain, not even, so far as I could ascertain by repeated inquiries, the memory of its name. Truly, indeed, has Capernaum been cast down to Hades—the grave of oblivion. I think it must have stood on the northern extremity of the plain, close to the sea; its position on the shore cannot be doubted,—it was also very near the mountain on which our Saviour preached his sermon, for, descending from

it, he entered into Capernaum ;—the hills to the south of the plain are very rugged and barren—no one would for a moment dream of climbing them for such a purpose as our Saviour had in view,—those that bound the plain to the west are too distant from the lake to answer the conditions,—while that to the north, which we crossed on our road to the head of the lake, agrees with them in every point, the summit, an easy walk from the town, supposing it situated as I conceive it was, being perfectly smooth and covered with fine grass, though the sides are rocky.

Beyond this hill, in another small plain, flow several very copious streams of warm mineral waters, and there are extensive ruins of Roman baths and aqueducts. After traversing a succession of sloping meadows, and some of the finest thickets of oleander I ever saw, in full flower, we reached the head of the lake, in four hours after leaving Tiberias.

I could hear nothing of Chorazin and Bethsaida, though I named them to almost every one we met. Bethsaida, however, was discovered by Pococke in ruins, and call'd by the same name, rather out of this immediate district, but Chorazin

ought to be somewhere hereabouts. Dr. Richardson was informed that both Chorazin and Capernaum were near, but in ruins—no one, however, that we met seemed to know anything about them. Some future traveller may be more fortunate in this interesting inquiry.(35)

After riding up the Ghor, or Valley of the Jordan, about an hour, we halted for the noon-tide rest under two large branching nebbek-trees, laden with fruit, a thick grove of oleanders overspreading the moist plain below, wherever the Jordan flowed, or the little streamlets, that branch off from and reunite with him, find their way. The river was flowing very swiftly, and of considerable breadth, but not deeper than the horses' knees, at the point where we forded it; it was a charming evening, and I do not think I exaggerate in saying that thousands of birds were singing in the thickets as we crossed the Ghor—but the noise they made was horrible.

Reaching the foot of the Eastern Mountains in an hour and forty minutes, and turning southwards, we rode for nearly two hours and a half as far as the mountain El Hussn, beyond Wady Sumuk, where we pitched for the night near a

Bedouin camp. So far from finding the road rugged or difficult, it was far easier than that on the western bank, in fact, by far the best we had ever travelled on in Syria, lying entirely through meadows, covered with corn, that descend in a gentle declivity to the water's edge—and this description applies to the whole eastern side of the lake; the western is much more rugged and precipitous. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the lake and of the opposite mountains at sunset; the view from the west is quite tame in comparison, — though, 'tis true, you do see Mount Hermon.

Next morning we climbed up the mountain El Hussn, which, at a distance, so strongly resembles the hump of a camel, that I think there can be little doubt of its being the ancient Gamala, described by Josephus as resembling, and named after, the said protuberance. It has been a place of tremendous strength, and no slight importance. Valleys, deep and almost perpendicular, surround it on the north, east, and south. On the south side the rock is scarped angularly for defence; on the eastern, it is built up, so as to bar all approach from below; to the south-east a neck of land, of

much lower elevation, and scarped on both sides, connects it with the neighbouring mountains, and communicates by a steep descent with the southern valley; travellers from the east and west appear to have met at this neck of land, and thence ascended to the city; in fact, the southern valley is still the high road between the lake and the country east of it—but no one now, save the curious Frank, turns out of his path to visit El Hussn.

Ignorant of the shorter road, we ascended it in almost a direct line from the lake. If, as I conclude, the houses were built on the steep face of the mountain, Josephus might well describe them as hanging as if they would fall one on the other. All traces of them have been swept away, and the mountain is now covered with thick grass. The top is sprinkled with trees; we found many ruins on it, apparently of the citadel, but not very interesting.

Passing a ruined wall, and advancing eastward, we came to the picturesque remains of a gate, built of massive stones; granite columns were lying about,—one, at a little distance, partly erect,—and quantities of polished stone strewn in every direction. Farther on, we found

curious cone of black stone—then a well, and the remains of a bath—and another gate on the eastern brow of the hill, by which we descended to the above-mentioned neck of land, and thence into the valley. Many sarcophagi, part of a cornice, and the disunited stones of a water-course, were lying on the Isthmus; and in the face of the mountain to the south, overhanging the valley, are many tombs—the only ones I saw on the east side of the Sea of Galilee. Descending the valley towards the Lake, we met a party of Arabs, bound for Feik, the town which gives its modern name to all this district, the ancient Gadarene.

What the old name of El Hussn was—Gamala, or Gadara—I do not pretend to decide, but I felt the strong conviction, as I descended the valley, that this was the city of the Gadarenes, to which our Saviour had crossed from Capernaum, (just opposite), when, "immediately on coming out of the ship, there met him out of the tombs a certain man possessed with devils, exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass that way"—the high road of the country then, as now. Our Saviour, on the people of the city entreating his departure,

returned to Capernaum, his object in crossing having merely been to avoid the importunity of the multitude, though doubtless he had foreknown from all eternity the miracle of mercy there to be performed by him on the wretched demoniac. Moreover, below the hill, as you descend towards the Lake, are certain steep eminences, on which the swine may have been feeding when the devils begged leave to enter them; "running down a steep place into the sea" cannot imply a precipice immediately overhanging the lake, for there is none such on the whole eastern shore, and, if one of these steep declivities be not the scene of that stupendous miracle, I know of no place that answers the description. I was glad to find in conversation with my friend Mr. Farren, after arriving at Damascus, that the conviction of this being *the* city of the Gadarenes had struck him just as forcibly as myself.

After reaching the southern extremity of the Lake, and traversing for a short while the valley of the Jordan, we reached the banks of the ancient Yermuck, a fine swift-flowing river, about as wide as the Jordan, but considerably deeper, four or five feet at least, — but we forded it without

difficulty, and then struck into the hills to the east, which we ascended for about an hour and a half, and then, to our surprise, instead of having to descend again, found ourselves on an extensive plain, on which stand the ruins of Oom Keis—in all probability, Gadara.

These ruins are very considerable—besides the foundations of a whole line of houses, there are two theatres, on the north and west sides of the town —the former quite destroyed, but the latter in very tolerable preservation, and very handsome; near it the ancient pavement, with wheel-tracks of carriages, is still visible. Broken columns and capitals lie in every direction, and sarcophagi to the east of the town, where the tombs are,— and these tombs are by far the most interesting antiquities to be seen at Oom Keis. They are almost all inhabited, and the massive stone doors, that originally closed them, still move on their hinges, and open or shut at the option of the present owners. These doors are usually about five or six inches thick. The best specimen I saw was beautifully carved in four deep pannels, with a pseudo-knocker; a wreath between two roses was sculptured on the lintel, and the sarcophagus still

retained its place within. We saw numbers of stone doors afterwards in the Hauran, all the Roman houses there having originally been furnished with them, but no where any so handsome as those of the sepulchres at Oom Keis. Over one of them I was shewn a Greek inscription, purporting it to be the tomb of Gaius Annius Gaaniph, a curious mixture of Hebrew and profane names.

These tombs have been supposed to be those haunted by the demoniac of Scripture; but surely they should not be looked for at an inland town, some miles to the south-east of the sea of Galilee; besides, it is clear that, as our Saviour did not enter the "city of the Gadarenes," the tombs lay to the west of it; whereas these are to the east of Oom Keis.

The guide we procured here, after a great deal of difficulty, led us quite astray to a village called Melka, or Meltsha, where our arrival excited great astonishment and many *mashallahs* at our maps, guns, &c.; they probably had never seen Franks before. Taking another guide from this place, the following morning, we pursued our way through scenery, for the most part extremely

ugly, and void of interest, (but good soil, and not a little under cultivation), to Erbad, where we found the secretary and suite of an officer of Ibrahim Pasha, absent in the neighbourhood on duty; they pressed us most cordially to alight and drink their master's coffee, but we had not time, and declined their kindness. The secretary, however, obliged us in another way by procuring us a far more efficient guide in the Sheikh of the Christians of El Hussn, the next village we came to.

Sheikh Suleyman insisted on our resting in his house, and there was no evading his hospitality. It was the largest in the village, and every thing about it betokened him a man of consequence. A number of women and children were ejected to make room for us. Our carpet was spread on a raised dais, or platform, at one end of the large arched apartment of which the whole house consisted; he sat down with us, and the Christian villagers sat below and on the edge of the platform; some were old men, all wore the kefieh, or Bedouin head-dress, — the turban is very seldom seen east of the Jordan.

I asked after Mousa Hakim, M. Seetzen, the

first European who travelled in these regions, about thirty years ago; an old man replied that he had carried his saddle-bags: they inquired if I was his son, and another added I was very like him. He was here, they said, nineteen days, making El Hussn his head-quarters, and visiting the different places in the neighbourhood, — naming them in succession. Abdallah ul Ganem, "Seetzen's hospitable old landlord," as Burckhardt, who was also his guest, calls him, is still living; they talked in very high terms of Ibrahim Beg, — evidently a Frank traveller — can it have been Burckhardt? The Arab nom de guerre he commonly assumed was Sheikh Ibrahim.

Our host's coffee was very good; he had some difficulty, at first, in procuring water, and, to our surprise, we learnt that, except a spring which produced only two skins a-day, there was none drinkable in the village, and they were obliged to bring the surplus from a considerable distance. On our return to El Hussn, the Sheikh's son visited us, and inquired whether our English books mentioned the existence of any spring there;— such an opinion have these orientals of Frank learning.

In our ride that afternoon, the old Sheikh pointed out many fine fields as his property; the land, he said, was very rich, and, if the English would but come and take possession of it, they would join heart and hand with them, and drive out the Turks with the sword. This feeling is almost universal among the villagers east of the Jordan, and no wonder, for their state is wretched, scorched as they are by that iron furnace — Egypt.

Two hours beyond El Hussn, we encamped at the large village of Naimi. The moment we arrived, the Greek priest came down, and implored us to lodge with him; we excused ourselves with all civility, saying we always slept in our tent in the fresh air. After we had pitched and settled in it, he brought us a goat as a present; we told him we had killed a sheep the night before, and had plenty of meat; nothing would satisfy him,—he had given us the goat, he said, and it was impossible for him to take it back. Punch accordingly took possession. Nothing could exceed the hospitality of this good man; hospitality, east of the Jordan, is dreadfully embarrassing, and one is obliged sometimes to be

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almost rude in evading it, but the horrors acceptance would involve one in are too awful to contemplate with equanimity. We did not forget next day to recompense the priest for his goat through the medium of his child; he convoyed us some distance out of the town, and we parted.

The wood-scenery spoken of in such high terms by Buckingham, Irby and Mangles, &c. began to appear about a quarter of an hour after leaving Naimi—trees, thinly scattered at first, but which soon became numerous; and the road henceforward was extremely pretty, winding over hills and through vales and narrow rocky ravines, overhung with the valonidi oak and other beautiful trees, of which I knew not the names. Approaching Jerash, (Souf lying considerably to the west), the woods had suffered much from fire; the whole mountain-side had been burnt;—the herbage was quite consumed, many trees had perished in the conflagration, some were standing, half alive, half dead, while others had quite escaped. Jerash lay before us;—after a steep and rocky descent, we reached the bank of a beautiful little stream, thickly shaded by tall oleanders, and, passing through hundreds of

sheep and goats watering at it, ascended to the summit of a hill in the midst of the ruins, near a spacious oval colonnade, which forms the termination of the principal street, and was once, probably, the forum of Jerash. We pitched on the top of the hill, and, redescending, forthwith commenced an examination of the ruins.

We visited the south-west section first, and, passing through the oval colonnade, ascended to the remains of a fine temple, once surrounded by a peristyle of Corinthian columns, of which one broken one only remains erect; capitals, of good execution, and fragments of the frieze are lying about. I may as well remark here, once for all, that almost all the finest works of architecture in Syria are of this order. Close to the temple stands a theatre in excellent preservation, the seats often quite perfect for many rows together; there are thirty rows. The galleries are now the private dwelling-houses of the Arabs, and we did not enter them from the blended fear of intrusion and fleas. The buildings behind the stage, with the three front doors (filled up with rubbish), and the side-entrances, remain unusually perfect, and many of the Corinthian

pillars are still standing. A large circus without the S.W. gate, and, beyond it, the remains of a large heavy triumphal arch, are the only other objects worth notice in this direction.

Returning through the remains of the S.W. gate, to the oval colonnade, (of the Ionic order and in very good preservation), we proceeded along the principal street, running N.E. and S.W. along the side of the hill on which Jerash is built, and lined with Corinthian columns; at its point of intersection with another street running down to the river, (on the right, east of the town), stand four square pedestals, ornamented with niches for busts on each side, and once probably surmounted by pillars or statues,—they are much handsomer, though smaller, than those at Palmyra, and at Shoaba in the Hauran. The cross street leads to a bridge, and on the other side of the river (where a suburb appears to have been built) stand a very large Christian church, and the ruins of a temple. Proceeding along the principal street, we came to a semicircular recess, on the left, of very rich architecture, but much injured; probably an ancient temple, as four fine columns, much loftier than their neighbours, stand

in front of it. An inscription bears the name of M. Aurelius Antoninus.

Farther on, still to the left of the street, stands the propylon or gateway to the temple of Baal, or the Sun, the principal edifice of Jerash. It is a very handsome building; the pediments and friezes are particularly rich. A long inscription is lying on the ground in fragments; I could make enough of it out to conclude that the temple was built by one of the Antonines. A flight of steps led originally from the propylon to the brow of the hill, and a central colonnade from that to the temple. It stood in the centre of a large court surrounded by columns, of which two only, on the north side, remain perfect. The columns of the portico are in very good preservation, but not of the best execution; one of them, the second from the south, rocks in the breeze,—we saw it distinctly. The inside of the temple is quite plain. Baal's worship was universal over this country—the finest temples existing in Syria, those of Baalbec, Palmyra, and Jerash were all dedicated to him.

Opposite to the propylon, another cross-street runs down towards the river, bordered by columns,

erect only on the south side; traces are discernible of the ancient pavement, which was raised in the middle of the street, with a trottoir on a lower level. It ends in a semicircular platform, built up over the river.

Beyond the propylon, following the course of the main street, and to the left of it, stands another theatre for wild beasts' combats, with a colonnade in front of it, from which a third cross-street runs down to the river, meeting the high street at a rotunda (which has suffered much from the recent earthquake), and ending in an immense accumulation of vaults and arches overhanging the stream—probably baths. The High Street runs on in a north-easterly direction, till it ends at the gate of the town. The ancient pavement is in singular preservation beyond the baths.

Here ended our explorations, and now for the result. I am glad I have seen Jerash, and think it well worth visiting, but I confess it fell far short of my expectations. No one building gave me the impression of perfect grandeur or perfect beauty, — there is none that stamps itself on the memory and the affections; the conception

and execution of the ruins in general are poor, without dignity or grace; the eye is perpetually offended by the want of harmony and proportion, —capitals too large or too small for their shafts, shafts sloping too suddenly to their capitals, and others, next to them, in the same building, maintaining the same stumpy thickness throughout; while, in the colonnade of the principal street, columns of different sizes are united in the same row, and those on the opposite sides of the street do not face each other. The Ionic oval colonnade is pretty enough as a whole, but the pillars, in themselves, are very poor and diminutive. The sculptures of the recess or temple in the High Street, and the frieze of the propylon of the great temple, are certainly very rich, but neither gave me the delight I expected. The theatre, indeed, pleased me most of all the monuments of Jerash. I cannot conceive how any one could have named it on the same day with Palmyra. I should call Jerash a very fair specimen of a second-rate provincial Roman town, and such Pella was, the town the Christians fled to, on the approaching destruction of Jerusalem, and with which Jerash seems much more identifiable than with Gerasa, simi-

lar as are the names; for Gerasa lay to the east of the sea of Galilee. And if Gerash *be* Pella, what an interesting place would it be to the Christian pilgrim, even were the site as bare as that of Jerusalem herself, after the ploughshare of Terentius Rufus had torn up her very foundations!

Now, though I have said all this, I would not for the world dissuade any traveller from visiting these ruins. I was disappointed, I allow, but my expectations had been too much excited. Coutts, some day, remembering my disappointment, yet following my advice, or rather the dictates of his own good sense in seeing and judging for himself, may probably be as agreeably surprised with Jerash as I was with Palmyra, after all I had heard to its disparagement.

Jerash has suffered much from the late earthquake; we saw many recent ruins; Mr. Moore was here at the time, and he described the columns as *chattering* on their bases. But many a previous earth-throb has aided the scythe of time in the work of destruction; the pillars consist, for the most part, of several courses of stone, and in repeated instances every course has been shaken

out of its place, — and that many a year ago.

With what different views do Franks now visit these Syrian wilds! I dare say Baldwin and his chivalry thought little of the temples and theâtres of Jerash, when they tore down the fortress that the Soldan of Damascus had had the impudence to build so near their territory. It was built, we are told, of large squared stones; many a Roman building, I fear, suffered to supply the materials. (36)

The heat was very great at Jerash. By day, the ruins were absolutely alive with lizards, and at night the tent swarmed with insects, harmless, however, and old acquaintances, except a large creature, like a spider, armed with four powerful nippers, which drew blood; there were scorpions too, but none of them visited us,—and land-tortoises, rustling through the long grass, as we rambled among the ruins.

It was our original idea, after determining on the tour of the Hauran, to cross the desert from Jerash to Bozrah, a journey of about ten hours, but we found that route impracticable for horses, there being no water the whole way. We were

therefore under the necessity of returning to El Hussn, and following the usual road of the country people. We started therefore for that place, but in a *southerly* direction, unable to resist the temptation of visiting Ammon and Assalt.

Rabbath-Ammon, the capital of the children of Ammon, the city Joab was besieging when Uriah was sacrificed at the command of David, and subsequently named Philadelphia by the Greeks, still retains among the Arabs its original name, pronounced Ammān, with the broad Italian *a*.

In less than an hour after leaving Jerash, we crossed the Nahr el Zerka, the ancient Jabbok, a very shallow river, into which the stream of Jerash flows; its position in the map, (mine, at least) is quite wrong. The trees became fewer and fewer as we receded from Jerash, and disappeared altogether about two hours north of Ammon. We past many ruined sites, and the country has once been very populous, but, during the whole day's ride, thirty-five miles at least, we did not see a single village: the whole country is one vast pasturage, overspread by the flocks

and herds of the Schoor* and Beni-Hassan Bedouins. In the fine large valley El Bega, six hours from Jerash, we passed three large camps of the latter, and near Ammon a still larger one of the former tribe. Their camels were indeed without number, grazing by hundreds, and nothing could be more picturesque than the chivalry of the Clan Schoor riding about, the little banderoles attached to the heads of their long lances streaming in the wind;—the Beni Hassan tribe carry guns only. None of the women were veiled. The Sheikh's tent was always distinguished by a spear reared in front of it, reminding us of an interesting incident in the early history of David.

The scenery waxed drearier and drearier as, at ten hours and a half from Jerash, we descended an *akiba*, or precipitous stony slope, into the Valley of Ammon, and crossed a beautiful stream, bordered by a strip of stunted grass, often interrupted; no oleanders cheered the eye with their rich blossoms; the hills on both sides were rocky

* There is no such tribe, I am informed, as the *Schoors*; they were probably a detachment of Anezees—the most powerful tribe of the Eastern desert, which emigrated from Nejd about 300 years ago.

and bare, and pierced with excavations, and natural caves. Here, at a turning in the narrow valley, commence the antiquities of Ammon. It was situated on both sides of the stream;—the dreariness of its present aspect is quite indescribable,—it looks like the abode of Death; the valley stinks with dead camels—one of them was rotting in the stream, and though we saw none among the ruins, they were absolutely *covered* in every direction with their dung. That morning's ride would have convinced a sceptic; how runs the prophecy? "I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching-place for flocks; and ye shall know that I am the Lord!"

Nothing but the croaking of frogs, and screams of wild birds, broke the silence as we advanced up this valley of desolation. Passing on the left an unopened tomb, (for the singularity in these regions is, when the tombs have *not* been violated), several broken sarcophagi, and an aqueduct, in one spot full of human skulls, a bridge on the right, a ruin on the left, apparently the southern gate of the town, and a high wall and lofty terrace, with one pillar still standing, the remains probably of a portico—we halted under the square

building, supposed by Seetzen to have been a mausoleum, and, after a hasty glance at it, hurried up the glen in search of the principal ruins, which we found much more extensive and interesting than we expected,—not, certainly, in such good preservation as those of Jerash, but designed on a much grander scale. Storks were perched in every direction on the tops of the different buildings; others soared at an immense height above us.

We examined the ruins more in detail the following morning. The Mausoleum, externally, is a very handsome square edifice, ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, and an elegant cornice, the greater part of which is lying broken on the ground; the interior is circular, an arched window, elegantly carved with roses and fretwork on the suffit, opening on the river, under an ornamented frieze,—and a smaller, in the adjacent wall of the building, surmounted by a sculptured shell. The corresponding windows and walls of the edifice are quite destroyed. The first ruin we came to beyond it, (the valley bending eastwards), was a large well-built Christian Church, with a steeple, which we ascended by thirty-three steps, in excellent preservation. Beyond it, alongside

the river, are the remains of a lofty portico, consisting of a central arched recess, from which wings, with smaller recesses, seem originally to have branched, curving irregularly according to the bend of the river, and ornamented in front with lofty Corinthian columns, of which four, much injured, and without their capitals, are still standing. Viewed from the other side of the water, the back of this portico, (if it really was one), has the appearance of a fortress, being supported by two lofty round towers, united by a bastion, projecting angularly. At the time of the floods, the water of the river was conveyed by an arch under this building through the town.

The river, throughout the valley, has been confined, and, in many places, still flows within a channel of masonry, as a safeguard against inundation. From this artificial bank a handsome bridge, of one broad arch, still quite entire, is thrown across the stream beyond the portico. We crossed it to the southern bank, there being nothing more on the northern worth seeing, except the remains of a temple of florid Corinthian architecture and sculpture, sadly injured by time and wind. A few moments, and we reached the

noblest ruin at Ammon, a most magnificent theatre, built in the hollow of the southern hill. A quadrangular colonnade, of the Corinthian order, extended in front of it,—twelve of the pillars, forming the south-western angle, are still standing; eight perfect, with their entablature, in front of the theatre, and four, without capitals, running towards the river. Between the colonnade and the south-west horn of the theatre, the ancient pavement remains very perfect; the raised pavement of the proscenium, or platform behind the stage, is also in good preservation, but this part of the building is much ruined. Many Corinthian capitals are lying on the ground, and traces of modern Arab houses are discernible in the area. Bones and skulls of camels were mouldering there, and in the vaulted galleries of this immense structure. We counted forty-three tiers of very high seats, divided by three galleries; but several more, probably, are covered by the accumulated earth. Behind the highest gallery, a wall is built up against the rock, in the centre of which a doorway, receding rather more than three feet, with a semicircular recess on each side, gives access to a square vaulted apartment,—the whole

inside and outside overgrown with creepers, and the architectural decorations very chaste—it produces a beautiful effect from below, the mountain craigs towering over it. This, according to Arab tradition, was the summer-seat of the Prince of Ammon in Solomon's time — the theatre his palace.*

Beyond the theatre—and the last building in that direction, is a curious nondescript pile, — vaulted galleries and arched entrances from without, and a mass of ruins within; I could not tell what to make of it. Nearly opposite the theatre, on the northern hill, stands the large building, called by Burckhardt the Castle; I did not visit it,—Dr. Mac Lennan did, and discovered moreover very extensive ruins on a table-land at the summit.

There are many other ruins in the valley of Ammon, but in such utter decay, that it is difficult to say what they have been. Near the Corinthian temple, on the north side of the river, stands the broken shaft of a very noble column, larger in its diameter than any at Jerash—as are also the columns in front of the supposed Portico.

* See Buckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribes East of the Jordan, p. 95.

Such are the relics of ancient Ammon, or, rather, of Philadelphia, for no building there can boast of a prior date to that of the change of name. —It was a bright cheerful morning, but still the valley is a very dreary spot, even when the sun shines brightest. Vultures were garbaging on a camel, as we slowly rode back through the glen, and reascended the *akiba*, by which we approached it. Ammon is now quite deserted, except by the Bedouins, who water their flocks at its little river, descending to it by a Wady, nearly opposite the theatre, (in which Dr. Mac Lennan saw great herds and flocks, (and, if I recollect right, considerable ruins,) and by the *akiba*. Reascending it, we met sheep and goats by thousands, and camels by hundreds, coming down to drink,—all in beautiful condition. How—let me again cite the prophecy —how runs it?—"Ammon shall be a desolation! —Rabbah of the Ammonites . . . shall be a desolate heap!—I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching-place for flocks, and ye shall know that I am the Lord!"(37)

Godfrey of Boulogne's last expedition was a raid into this country of the Ammonites; he was driving home an immense booty, when a Saracen

Emir, bold in war, good knight and true, and one that would have wept over a gallant enemy as over a friend, overtook him with a noble train of followers. He had heard much of Godfrey's personal strength, and had now come from a great distance with the sole view—not of trying it by a personal encounter, as a knight of Frangistan would have done, but of begging him to kill a large camel he had brought with him, in order that he might be able to speak as an eye-witness of the strength he had so highly vaunted. The courteous Godfrey drew his sword—struck—and the camel's head fell to the ground like a poppy's. The astonished Arab, attributing the facility with which the deed was done to the temper of the blade, asked whether he could do the same thing with another man's weapon? Smiling at the question, and taking the Saracen's own scymetar, he struck off another camel's head with the same ease. The grateful Emir, convinced that all that he had heard of the Frank leader was true, thanked him, offered him presents of gold, silver, and horses, and then returned to his own country, while Godfrey went on to Jerusalem, where he died almost immediately afterwards.

The year after this singular interview, Baldwin of Edessa, Godfrey's brother, and the second king of Jerusalem, made another successful foray on the Arabs beyond the Jordan, surprised their tents in the middle of the night, and carried off their women and children prisoners, besides an innumerable multitude of asses and camels. The men, seeing their approach, had all leapt on their horses, and plunged into the desert.—The Franks immediately commenced their retreat, the captives and cattle marching in the van. Among the former they presently recognised an illustrious lady, the wife of a powerful prince of the country, and who was in hourly expectation of making him a father. The moment he heard of her situation, King Baldwin stopped, had her taken off the camel on which she rode, prepared a comfortable bed for her of part of the spoils, and gave her a supply of provisions and two skinfuls of water—picked out a maiden to attend her, and two she-camels to give her milk; and, lastly, wrapped her carefully up in his own cloak—sprang on his horse, and departed.—That very evening the Arab Prince, following the track of the christians, his heart bleeding for the loss of his dear wife and

under such peculiarly painful circumstances, came unexpectedly to the very spot where she lay—with her new-born child!—Ah! what a meeting!

Few months elapsed before he had an opportunity of manifesting his gratitude. Baldwin, who, with a train of 200 horse, had imprudently attacked an army of several thousand Egyptian invaders, had been forced to take refuge with the remnant of his little band in the Castle of Ramla, the fortifications of which were too weak to allow of even a hope of their making good their defence on the morrow. The Arab prince, however, who acted with the Egyptian army as an auxiliary, remembering Baldwin's kindness, stole out of the camp by night, and, approaching the Castle walls, and speaking in a stifled tone, besought instant access to the King as the bearer of a most important secret. Admitted, he told him who he was, reminded him of the act which he now rejoiced in the prospect of requiting, and, premising that the Egyptian had determined that evening to put every soul within the Castle to death, offered to conduct him himself to a place of safety. The offer was accepted—the Saracen guided the king to the mountains, and, quitting

him there, with renewed professions of his gratitude and personal good wishes, returned to his camp, while Baldwin, with the utmost difficulty, and after much suffering from thirst and hunger, found his way to his friends at Arsur.

We were now cutting right across country, in the direction of Szalt, or, as it is commonly pronounced, Assalt, supposed to be Machærus, the scene of John the Baptist's murder, and six hours and a half distant from Ammon. In two hours and a half, we re-entered the woody region, which continued at intervals all the rest of our morning's ride. An hour afterwards, we observed traces of an ancient paved road, running nearly in the same direction as our own. We saw no village between Ammon and Assalt; but several fine and very extensive crops of corn, which we were nearly half an hour riding through, made us suspect we were in the neighbourhood of one. We descended to Assalt by a steep craggy ravine, expanding, as we advanced, into a rich valley, terraced with vineyards; gardens of figs, olives, and pomegranates, of the most refreshing green, succeeded them; and presently, a turn in the road introduced us to Assalt,—a very pretty place,

excellently built for an Arab town, and looking extremely well, as it rose, tier above tier, on the side of a steep hill, crowned with a large Saracenic castle. We halted in front of it, under the olive-trees, for two or three hours. (38)

Between Assalt and El Hussn, the scenery is most lovely. We crossed Gebel Gilād, the ancient Mount Gilead, at its western extremity, where it takes the name of Gebel Osha, from the prophet, as they consider him, Joshua, whose tomb we saw in a mosque on the summit of the mountain where we encamped that night. The tomb is a long narrow trough, about twenty-five or thirty feet long, (the prophet's traditional stature), but not more than three broad,—screened by a rail, covered with a dirty cloth, and filled near the aperture with votive offerings. The view from Gebel Osha was by far the grandest we had seen in the Holy Land; it burst upon us unexpectedly, after about an hour and twenty minutes' ascent from Assalt,—we had no idea we were on such elevated ground; the whole country lay below us, as far as the Jordan, and the lofty mountains beyond it,—the Jordan winding his way through the Ghor at

the distance of about fifteen miles as the crow flies; at least thirty miles of his course must have been within our view. Our guide pointed out the bearings of different places from Riha near Jericho, as far north as Besan, the Bethshan of Scripture. Nablis, he said, (retaining the Greek final vowel,) was directly in the eye of the (setting) sun. He talked much of Tsiferuda, a ruined town in this neighbourhood, the shops of which ran all along the hills, probably excavations. This guide of our's, who accompanied us from Assalt to El Hussn, was a very intelligent man, full of anecdote, and with a hunter's eye; he was, indeed, almost a Bedouin.

It is almost a continuous descent from the tomb of Osha to the foot of Gebel Ajeloon, and every minute introduces you to some new scene of loveliness. I fancied I distinguished three stages in Mount Gilead,—the upper, chiefly productive of the prickly oak and arbutus,—the central, of prickly oak, arbutus, and fir,—the lower, gently sloping northwards, of prickly oak and valonidis. The path wound through thickets of the most luxuriant growth, and of every shade of verdure, frequently overshadowing the road,

and diffusing a delicious coolness, though a delightful fresh breeze so allayed the heat that it was never oppressive; while the cooing of wood-pigeons, the calling of partridges—magnificent birds, as large as pheasants,— the incessant hum of insects, and hiss of grasshoppers singing in the trees as happy as kings, after breakfasting on the dews of Mount Gilead—and the thought that gave a zest to it all, that this *was* Mount Gilead—made up a full cup of enjoyment, which I did quaff with my very soul.

A gentle slope, about an hour in length, intervenes between the foot of Mount Gilead and the last steep descent to the Zerka, or ancient Jabbok —there, the valonidis, the last tree that forsook us as we descended, cease almost entirely. Gebel Ajeloon was a very grand object, as we began the descent to the river, its lower ridges thickly dotted with trees, the upper and more northerly, which we soon lost sight of, quite black with them.

The Jabbok, as laid down in the maps, does not exist. It is the river named, I know not on what authority, Nahr el Zebeen, and Kerouan which we crossed within an hour after leaving

Jerash. It flows here in a deep ravine, formed between the lower ridges of Gebel Ajeloon on the north, and Gebel Gilad on the south. It is a rapid stream, but not clear, nor deeper than the horses' knees,—shaded with tall reeds, willows, and oleanders. This was the ancient boundary between Ammon, the country of Sihor King of the Ammonites, and that of Og, King of Bashan—which we now re-entered. It was on the banks too of this river that, previous to his affecting interview with Esau, Jacob wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant until the ascent of the morning, and received his new name of Israel.

We rested here, immediately after crossing the river, for two hours and a half, in a large cave formed by overhanging rocks,—the river in front of us, and a wild almond-tree near its mouth, which supplied us with a welcome addition to some raisins, the best we ever tasted, that we had procured at Assalt. It was oppressively hot in this ravine, but delightfully cool again as we ascended Gebel Ajeloon, through scenery of more grandeur than that of Mount Gilead, and to the full as beautiful. After three quarters of an

hour of steep ascent, the valonidis re-appeared on both sides of a very beautiful ravine, running up into the mountains,—not valonidis only, but it was clothed to the very summit with prickly oaks and olive-trees, tufted among the craigs,—superb oleanders blossoming in the dry bed of a torrent, alongside of the road. Views, more and more magnificent, towards Mount Gilead, opened upon us, the higher we ascended; corn-fields, ready for the sickle, revealed the vicinity of a town, Bourma, to wit,—which we reached after an hour and twenty minutes' ascent; the olives ceased a little beyond it, but arbutuses, firs, ashes, prickly oaks, and a species of the valonidi with a larger leaf than the usual sort, perhaps the oak of Bashan, succeeded. After two hours and a half, we reached a beautiful broad terrace of about twenty minutes in length, and completely covered with corn, just below the highest point of Gebel Ajeloon, towering up most majestically on the left, its noble crags almost hidden among beautiful trees. From the termination of this plain, or terrace, we descended, in half an hour, to Zebeen, through noble fir-trees, far finer than those of Mount Gilead,—many of them blasted, and in

ruins; the *sugh* of the wind among their lofty boughs was quite Scottish. The beauty of the descent surpassed, if possible, that of the ascent, and the northward view was most splendid. But a painter only could give you an idea of these scenes of beauty and grandeur.

Maps we found of no use in this country; we wished to have seen Ajeloon, where there is a fine old Saracenic castle, (*) but it lay on the west side of the mountain, and we found it our best plan to bid our guides go *dogri*, straightforwards, to the places we were most anxious to reach, or we might have missed them altogether.

It was a sweet evening.—We encamped on a grassy spot surrounded by trees, on the hill-side, near a delicious spring, and, as usual, at some little distance from the village. The Sheikh ul Belled, however, soon made his appearance, with most pressing entreaties, as we had already pitched our tent, that we should dine and breakfast with him; on our declining his hospitality, he sent a large bowl of meat for the muleteers. The village, he told us, consisted of about thirty houses, or families, all Nuzzera, or Nazarenes,—no Turks reside there. These Oriental Christians seem

always pleased at meeting European professors of the same faith; an oppressed race themselves, they feel the high account in which the Christians of Europe, the English especially, are held, as reflecting dignity on themselves.

Our next day's route was through very lovely, but quieter scenery, — valleys full of olives, corn-fields reclaimed from the forest, and villages. At the bottom of the hill below Zebeen, we crossed the brook Nahalin, shaded by magnificent oleanders; there is a ruined village of the same name near it. You will find Chetti, or Katti, in the maps, two hours and ten minutes beyond Zebeen, and Souf, a place of considerable importance, which we passed on the right, an hour and ten minutes beyond Chetti,—in sight of the hill we had crossed some days before, descending to Jerash. Mr. Farren tells me there are some Phœnician monuments near Souf, one of which he shewed me a drawing of—as decidedly Druidical as Stonehenge. It is an interesting but not surprising fact, for the God of the Druids was the Baal of the Phœnicians — sun-worship, that earliest of idolatries.

A quarter of an hour further, we filled our

zumzummias at the last spring we were to find till we reached El Hussn. Half an hour afterwards, a beautiful narrow glen ushered us into a broad valley, richly wooded to the summits of the hills with noble prickly oaks, a few pine-trees towering over them; I never should have thought that the shrub I had seen covering the hills at Hebron could have attained such size and beauty; yet the leaf of the largest tree is not larger than the shrub's. I saw an occasional *degub* tree, or arbutus, but the prevailing trees were oaks, prickly and broad-leaved,—it was forest scenery of the noblest character—next to that of Old England, with which none that I ever saw can stand comparison. On our journey to Jerash by a different route from that of Irby and Mangles, Bankes, and Buckingham, we wondered at the encomiums lavished by those gentlemen on the woodland scenery of these regions; we now thought that enough had scarcely been said in their praise.

After about four hours' ride, the forest dies gradually away, and, beyond Summut, a village we passed on the left, an hour and twenty minutes before arriving at El Hussn, entirely ceased. We

had a fine desert view eastward, towards the Hauran, as we descended, between bleak stony hills, to El Hussn. Harvest was going on, and here we first met with a rural custom, which, I believe, prevails also in some parts of England; a reaper, detached from the band with a few ears of corn, presented them to us, in expectation of a *bagshish*, or present,—which was seldom refused, unless the piastre-purse chanced to be empty. We were repeatedly afterwards subjected to this petty rural tax, which it always gave me pleasure to pay.

There was no water to be had, next morning, so we were obliged to start without breakfast; the country was covered with locusts—the stream we reached, after three hours' ride, was full of their dead bodies, and the breeze that passed over it, absolutely putrid; we got some excellent water, however, from the source, but staid only long enough to eat a little bread with it, and water the animals. The map will give you no idea of our route; we passed Tura on the left, Rumtha and Uxerr on the right, proceeding over a rich undulating plain, in an almost easterly direction from El Hussn, till, after six hours' ride and a quarter, we

reached Daara, the first Hauran town we saw, and, of course, an object of great curiosity to us.

The Hauran is an immense plain, very rich and fertile, sometimes slightly undulating, sometimes flat as a pancake,—with here and there, (if you will excuse another culinary simile,) low rounded hills, like dumplings, conspicuous from a great distance, and excellent landmarks. The plain is covered in every direction with Roman towns, built of black basalt, some of them mere heaps of rubbish, others still almost perfect, the Arab *belladeen* (villagers) dwelling under the same stone roofs, and entering by the same stone doors, as the old Romans;—*stone* doors, and *stone* roofs, owing to the want of timber in the Hauran, which obliged the colonists to employ the more durable material. The doors are generally plain thick slabs, fixed into their sockets at the time the houses were built; the roofs are constructed on a very curious principle,—a handsome arch, springing at once from the ground, is thrown across every large room; small slabs of stone are laid on the wall above it, projecting a short distance on both sides, and on these again are laid other slabs, much longer, well cut, and closely

united, which form the ceiling, while the smaller, on which they rest, resemble plain cornices, the outer angles being smoothed away.

Most of the chief towns of Auranitis exhibit traces of the architectural magnificence of Rome so freely lavished on her remotest colonies, but what most struck me here was the consideration evinced, and pains taken, even during the last ages of her decadence, to promote the real welfare and comfort of her people. There is scarce a village without its tank—its bridge; plain, solid structures, so substantially built, that they are still almost invariably as good as new.

The view over the Hauran is, at all times, striking; at sunset, especially from an elevation, extremely beautiful. Gebel Sheikh, or Hermon, the last mountain of the chain of Antilibanus, is always visible to the N.W. Gebel Hauran, a range of hills, of which the Kelb Hauran is the most prominent, running N.W. and S.E., limits he view to the east; but, to the south-east, it is boundless. The soil, I said, was excellent; numerous corn-fields surround every village, while other districts serve merely for pasturage, and are

grazed by the flocks of the Schoor and Beni Hassan Bedouins.

The majority of the villagers are, I believe, Arabs, but we visited many towns exclusively inhabited by Druses, kindred to those of Mount Lebanon; they seemed by far the most superior race in the country; their sheikhs and elderly men were always well—often handsomely—drest, and their women neatness itself, in their veils of white, pendant from a silver horn, projecting from the forehead, reminding one of the "coiffure en pain de sucre," fashionable in France, and in England too, during the 14th and 15th centuries, and, still more interestingly, of many Scriptural images derived, it would appear, from the prevalence of this costume, four thousand years ago, in Edom and the Holy Land. It is still the principal ornament of the fair sex, Christian as well as Druse, in Mount Lebanon. (*) The Arabs, almost invariably, wear the Bedouin kefieh,—the Druses adhere to the turban; the women of the former seldom veil their faces,—those of the latter always,—some of them, however, we could see were very handsome; their complexion is remarkably fair, and their children are uncommonly

pretty. Thus much premised, and that the present inhabitants are a mere handful, in comparison with the immense population the country once maintained, I will travel on in as few words as possible.

At Daara, where we have been resting all this time, there is a very large ruined tank, and a handsome five-arched Roman bridge, in perfect preservation, thrown across the valley; it has been a very large town, but the houses are now almost entirely ruined. An hour and ten minutes further, we passed Naimi, in much more perfect condition, and halted at nightfall in the plain, having missed the village Kerek, which we were in search of, and failed in an attempt to reach another, which we fancied we saw at a distance.

Next morning, passing numerous villages en route, though the whole country looks like a desert in the map, we encamped, after six hours' ride, among the ruins of Bozrah. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?—this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?" "I, that publish righteousness, mighty to save!" At no place, during my tour, did I feel more vivid

pleasure from the mere consciousness of being at it; ignorant of Arabic, and unaware of the great, though perhaps only temporary, political change, that, for the present, enables a Frank to visit these countries openly and without disguise, I had never supposed the possibility of visiting it;—yet there are few places so interesting, both to the admirer of sacred literature, and the student of history; for Bozrah, the northern capital of Arabia Provincia under the Romans, and the birth-place of the Emperor Philip, is yet more memorable, as dear A—— will recollect, in the early annals of the Saracens, as the first town the arms of the Caliphs subdued in Syria; while every one must remember the sublime passage in which the name is introduced in Scripture, in prophetic reference to a period, now, perhaps, not very far distant.

Our first visit was paid to the Castle of Bozrah, to the south of the town, outside of the walls;—an immense Saracenic pile, of the time of Saladin, built *round* a magnificent Roman theatre, by far the most interesting ruin in Bozrah,—not only *round*, but *in* it, for the area, or pit, is completely filled with buildings, which communicate with the

exterior fortress by the ancient galleries of the theatre. The diameter of the theatre is said to be 280 feet; the plan is noble, the decorations are chaste in design, and beautifully executed, and it is, upon the whole, in excellent preservation. The seats were very commodious, flights of steps leading to them on each side of the vomitories; the uppermost row was surmounted by a beautiful colonnade of Doric pillars, many of which are still standing. Six Doric semi-columns, continued in a line from the colonnade, ornament the upper stories of the parascenia, or side-scenes, which remain quite perfect, though the lower stories are concealed by the accumulation of more modern building. The space between the parascenia has been filled up by the Saracen architect with a rude façade, miserably contrasting with the masterly masonry of his Roman predecessor. Yet there is much beauty in many parts of the Saracenic additions; one of the apartments within the area is of very large dimensions, thirty two paces by twenty three, trebly vaulted, the arches springing from two rows, of three massy pillars each;—the galleries also, of the fortress outside the theatre, are very noble.

From the theatre we proceeded to four lofty Corinthian pillars, standing N.E. and S.W., with a considerable space between the second and third, as if for a doorway, but no traces remain of any edifice to which it could have belonged. Near these stand two other columns, supporting a rich entablature, their shafts out of all proportion,—and a third column, a little further on, deserves the same censure.

From thence, we proceeded, in the direction of the mosque of Omar, down a narrow street, between ruined Roman houses. The mosque stands on the left of the street; three or four feet only are visible, above ground, of a mean Ionic colonnade that runs beneath it. The interior is a heap of ruins, though on the S. and E. sides the colonnade is still standing; the pillars are of miserable execution, all orders and none, but several of them are of beautiful variegated marble, and, from inscriptions on the shafts, have evidently been pil laged from some Christian church. The view from the minaret is very fine; you enter the staircase by an ancient stone door, adopted from some Roman house.

There are two or three ancient churches and other ruins beyond the mosque—never mind them, and turn with me eastward from Omar's mosque to that called El Mebrak, outside the town, built by order of Othman, at his return from the Hedjaz, on the spot where the camel that carried the Koran lay down. This celebrated building is now quite in ruins. We entered through a plain stone door; it was spanned by two handsome arches, from which sprang a dome with windows and recesses, now fallen in. Few or none of the faithful seem to visit it now.

Farther eastward of the city are two immense *birkets*, or reservoirs for water, the work, it is said, of the Saracens, and worthy of any nation. I found the length of the most northerly, within its walls, 130 of my long paces, and it looked about the same breadth; the other I made 173 by 129.

Between these reservoirs, our guide showed us a noble old Roman road, thirty-three of my paces broad; which ran, he told us, straight as a gun, as far as Bagdad; no caravans, he said, go by it now, though you come to water every day; there are no towns on the road, except an old one deserted,

and there is no peace.—This must be the *strata*, or paved road, mentioned by Gibbon, as extending for ten days' journey from Auranitis to Babylonia, and which was appealed to, "as an unquestionable evidence of the labours of the Romans," in that memorable dispute between the Saracen King Almondar, and Aretas, the chief of the tribe of Gassan, which precipitated the war between Rome and Persia—Justinian and Nushirvan,—a dispute about a sheep-walk in the desert south of Palmyra, grazed by the Gassanites. (")—Mr. Moore told us of this 'queen of roads,' as running from Bozrah to Salkhat, and thence, straight as an arrow, (so he was informed there), to Bagdad. It probably ran to Seleucia or Ctesiphon, for Bagdad is quite a modern town comparatively. What a genius these Romans and Saracens had for utility!

There is something very sad in the fate of Bozrah. The town was strong, garrisoned with twelve thousand horse—the citizens were brave, and, but for the treachery of the Roman governor, might have long held out against the Saracens. Suspicious of his loyalty from his advice to yield to the enemy, the high-spirited citizens deposed him, and chose in his stead the general of the

garrison, desiring him to challenge Caled, the Saracen general, to single combat, which he did.

When Caled was preparing to go, (I quote poor Ockley's narrative), "Abd'orrahman, the Caliph's son, a very young man, but of extraordinary hopes, begged of him to let him answer the challenge. Having obtained leave, he mounted his horse, and took his lance, which he handled with admirable dexterity, and, when he came near the governor, he said, 'Come, thou Christian dog, come on!' Then the combat began, and, after awhile, the governor, finding himself worsted, having a better horse than the Saracen, ran away and made his escape to the army. Abd'orrahman, heartily vexed that his enemy had escaped, fell upon the rest, sometimes charging upon the right hand, sometimes upon the left, making way wherever he went. Caled and the rest of the officers followed him, and the battle grew hot between the Saracens and the miserable inhabitants of Bostra, who were at their last struggle for their fortunes, their liberty, their religion, and whatsoever was dear to them, and had now seen the last day dawn in which they were ever to call anything their own, without renoun-

cing their baptism. The Saracens fought like lions, and Caled, their general, still cried out, 'Alhamlah! Alhamlah! Aljannah! Aljannah!' that is, 'Fight! Fight! Paradise! Paradise!' The town was all in an uproar, the bells rung, and the priests and monks ran about the streets, making exclamations, and calling upon God; but all was too late, for his afflicting Providence had determined to deliver them into the hands of their enemies.

"Caled and Serjabil, (for the Saracens could pray as well as fight, and England, as well as Arabia, has had some that could do so too), said, 'O God! these vile wretches pray with idolatrous expressions, and take to themselves another God besides thee; but we acknowledge thy unity, and affirm that there is no other God but thee alone; help us, we beseech thee, for the sake of thy Prophet, Mahomet, against these Idolaters!'

"The battle continued for some time; at last the poor Christians were forced to give way, and leave the field to the victorious Saracens, who lost only 230 men. The besieged retired as fast as they could, and shut up the gates, and set up their banners and standards with the sign of the

cross upon the walls, intending to write speedily to the Grecian Emperor for more assistance."

That night, however, as Abd'orrahmah, who was the officer on guard, went his rounds, he saw a man come out of the city, "with a camlet coat on, wrought with gold." He instantly levelled his lance—"Hold!" cried the man, "I am Romanus, the ex-governor—bring me before Caled the general."—He came to say, (treacherous dog!) that he had ordered his sons and servants to dig a hole in the wall, (for his house stood upon the town-wall), and that he was ready to introduce any number of trusty men into the city. Caled forthwith despatched Abd'orrahman with a hundred Saracens; Romanus introduced them through the breach, entertained them in his house, and disguised them in the Christian uniform.

"Then Abd'orrahman divided them into four parts, five and twenty in a company, and ordered them to go into different streets of the city, and commanded them, that as soon as they heard him and those that were with him cry out, 'Allah Akbar!' they should do so too. Then Abd'orrahman asked Romanus where the governor was which fought with him and ran away from him?

Romanus proffered his services to shew him, and away they marched together to the castle, attended with five and twenty Musselmans. When they came there, the governor asked Romanus, what he came for? Who answered, that he had no business of his own, but only came to wait upon a friend of his, that had a great desire to see him. 'Friend of mine!' says the governor —'What friend?' 'Only your friend Abd'orrahman,' said Romanus, 'is come to send you to hell!' The unhappy governor, finding himself betrayed, endeavoured to make his escape. 'Nay, hold!' says Abd'orrahman, 'though you ran away from me once in the daytime, you must not serve me so again,' and struck him with his sword and killed him. As he fell, Abd'orrahman cried out, 'Allah Akbar!' the Saracens, which were below, hearing it, did so too; so did those who were dispersed about the streets, that there was nothing but 'Allah Akbar!' heard round about the city. Then those Saracens which were disguised killed the guards, opened the gates, and let in Caled with his whole army. The town being now entirely lost, the conquering Saracens fell upon the inhabitants, and killed and made pri-

soners all they met with; till, at last, the chief men of the city came out of their houses and churches, and cried, "Quarter! quarter!" The general, Caled, immediately commanded them to kill no more; "for," said he, "the Apostle of God used to say, 'If any one be killed after he has cried out, quarter! 'tis none of my fault.'"

"Thus was the condition of Bostra altered on a sudden, and they, which had been before a wealthy and flourishing people, were now brought under the Saracenical yoke, and could enjoy the Christian profession upon no other terms than paying tribute."

Bozrah was very nearly retaken by the Christians, and in precisely the same manner, 513 years afterwards, when the Turks were in occupation of Syria. As the expedition to Wady Mousa was the first, so this to Bostra was the second enterprise of Baldwin the third of Jerusalem, then in his fifteenth year, — the graceful, affable, wise, generous, gallant young prince, whom William of Tyre speaks of with such affectionate enthusiasm, (and with such candour too), in his charming history. Imagine him seated beside his mother Melisenda, in his palace-hall at Jerusalem, giving audience to a noble

Armenian, the Governor of Bozrah, who—having fallen under the displeasure of Ainard, Regent of Damascus, and apprehending punishment, had come to offer to deliver up that city and the dependant town of Salkhud to the Christians.

The Council assembled to debate on this proposition. That the recapture of a town so important to the Christian cause as Bozrah could not but be agreeable to God, was laid down at once as unquestionable. But then, most unfortunately, a truce subsisted between the King and the Soldan—how could they break it without dishonour? They struck a medium by accepting the offer of the Governor and summoning the lieges to attend the royal banner to Bozrah, and by sending the Regent word of their intentions, that he might prepare for his defence. Within a few days, the chivalry of Palestine were assembled at the bridge over the Jordan above the Lake of Tiberias, and, at the expiration of a month, they started for Bozrah, the venerable Archbishop of Nazareth, with a fragment of the true Cross, attending them, to ensure a blessing on the enterprise.

Ainard, meanwhile, an excellent man, who had always shown himself friendly to the Christians,

and sincerely desired peace, had offered to pay all their expences, if they would abandon their unjust enterprise—for unjust it was; many—the wisest of the Franks—disapproved of it, and urged the acceptance of these terms, but all in vain—the voice of the multitude carried the day. They little knew what a force Ainard had assembled to oppose them.

Traversing the deep valley of Roob, the Christian army entered the plain Medan,(42) and were instantly surrounded by swarms of Turks and Arabs, far more numerous than they had expected, and who kept up such an incessant shower of darts and arrows, that those who had been most ardent for the expedition would now willingly have given it up, and retraced their steps. They determined, notwithstanding, to proceed boldly towards Bozrah, deeming it shameful to retreat, and impossible, even were they willing to incur such a disgrace.

Slowly and painfully they toiled on all the next day, yet still in good courage; the enemy hovering around and harassing them, but finding no opportunity of breaking their close columns, the knights kept guard over them so carefully. Indeed, says the Chronicler, high and low, knights and men-at-arms, they were united in love as if but one

man. The knights took the tenderest care of their comrades on foot, often leaping from their horses to assist them in their duty, or relieve them by a ride when faint and fatigued. The heat of the weather, the weight of their armour, the blinding, choking dust, burning thirst, and the scanty supplies in the water-tanks, — all poisoned too by the putrified bodies of locusts—completed their hardships.

They arrived that evening, about sunset, at Adrate, the Edrei of Og King of Bashan — the 'city of Bernard d'Etampes' of the Crusaders—and, after two days more of unparalleled sufferings, marching under a constant hail of arrows and missiles of every description, the enemy seemingly multiplying every hour, and every hour their own strength failing—they reached Bozrah, and, after chasing the enemy from the springs near the Bab el Howa, as it is now called, or the western gate of the city, pitched their tents there and lay down, anxiously hoping for the morrow.

But, alas! in the middle of the deep silence of the night, a man came out from the city, traversed the enemy's camp, and came to the Christian army, desiring to speak with the king. The princes assembled, and the noble Armenian, who

had conducted the Franks through so many dangers, was also called in; when the messenger announced that the city was already in the hands of the enemy, having been given up to Noureddin, the illustrious son-in-law of the Regent Ainard, by the wife of the very man who had offered to betray it! —Thus ended their hopes of Bozrah!

Sad and disappointed, and in despair of making good their retreat, their first anxiety was to ensure their young king's safety, and, drawing him aside, the principal nobles implored him to take the fragment of the true Cross, and a horse belonging to Sire Jean Gomain, the fleetest and strongest in the army, and save himself by flight. "No," cried the gallant boy, with the spirit of Saint Louis,— "never will I save myself, and leave the people of God to perish so miserably!"

Nerved by despair, and animated by the very difficulties that surrounded them, these brave men commenced their retreat at daybreak, cutting irresistibly through every battalion that attempted to impede them, and carrying their weak and wounded men on camels, that the Turks, seeing no proofs of their arrows having taken effect, might believe them the men of iron they really were, and thus be

discouraged. This expedient, however, suggested a worse annoyance—setting fire to the thorns and dry stubble of the country; the wind blew towards the Christians—scorched by the flames, blackened and choked by the smoke, hope sunk in their hearts. "Pray for us," cried they, turning with streaming eyes, to the grey-haired Archbishop—"pray for us!" He did so, extending the cross towards the enemy, and, lo! the wind changed in a moment, and blew back the flames and smoke on the enemy!

Another incident much encouraged them at this juncture. Four illustrious Arab brothers, with their followers, had joined the Turks, and, hovering on the flank of the Christian army, terribly harassed them by their repeated flying attacks, which they endured without resenting, as every thing depended on their keeping their ranks, and maintaining the strictest discipline. At last, however, one of the followers of the Ex-Governor, losing his patience, broke from the ranks, and, spurring his horse, fell sword in hand on one of the Arab brothers, struck him down on the spot, and retired in perfect safety among his companions. Amidst the groans of the Turks, and the involuntary applause of the Christians, he must have died

the death of young Manlius, had not his being a foreigner, and ignorant of the language in which the order not to quit the ranks had been issued, pleaded his excuse and secured his pardon.

They had now, after five days' march, arrived once more at the Valley of Roob, but, fearful of ambuscades, hesitated on entering so dangerous a pass. That there was another and a safer road over the mountains they knew, but were lamenting their ignorance of the country and want of a guide, when suddenly an unknown knight, mounted on a white steed, and carrying a red banner, became visible at the head of the army—whence he came they knew not—whither he led they followed. Taking the shortest roads, halting always at fountains till then unheard of, and pointing out with unerring sagacity the fittest places for encampment, he conducted them, says the historian, like the Angel of the God of Hosts, for three days, as far as Gadara—the Om Keis evidently, from his description, of the present day; and on the morrow, weary and worn out, they arrived at Tiberias.—No one, adds William of Tyre, knew their guide; as soon as they arrived at the place where they were to encamp, he suddenly vanished—"like

a blink of the sun or a whiss of the whirlwind," as Lindsay of Pitscottie would have added—and no one saw him again till he re-appeared on the morrow at the head of the army.

No man living, concludes the chronicler, remembers an expedition of such peril to the Christians, and yet of such little positive advantage to the Infidels, since the Latins established themselves in the East.

Two curious pages these in the history of Bozrah! A few years afterwards, the citizens, of their own accord, submitted to Saladin, and little or nothing is known of its history — at least from Frank authorities — intermediate between that event, and Burckhardt's visit in 1812.

Bozrah is now for the most part a heap of ruins, a most dreary spectacle; here and there the direction of a street or alley is discernible, but that is all; the modern inhabitants—a mere handful—are almost lost in the maze of ruins. Olive-trees grew here within a few years, they told us — all extinct now, like the vines for which the Bostra of the Romans was famous.—And such, in the nineteenth century, and under Moslem rule, is the condition of a city which, even in the seventh

century, at the time of its capture by the Saracens, was called by Caled "the market-place of Syria, Irak, (Mesopotamia), and the Hedjaz."—"For I have sworn by myself, saith the Lord of Hosts, that Bozrah shall become a desolation, a reproach, a waste, and a curse; and all the cities thereof shall be perpetual wastes!" And it is so.(c)

From Bozrah,—passing the remains of fifteen towns on the right and left—(on the eastern declivity of Gebel Hauran there are above two hundred in ruins, at a quarter or half an hour's distance from each other)*—we rode to Ere, or Aere, and thence to Sueda, the capital of the Druses of the Hauran, in rather more than five hours. We halted under a Doric tomb, the chief curiosity of the place; a solid heavy mass of building, ornamented with six semi-columns on each side,—the intercolumniations sculptured with coats of mail, shields, (round, and oval—with a boss in the centre, like the hippopotamus-hide bucklers of Nubia), and helmets. On the east of the town, are the ruins of a fine temple, surrounded by a peristyle, of which ten columns are still erect; the capitals, singularly enough, are of overlapping palm-leaves. The temple itself is

* Burckhardt.

quite ruined; two fine doorways, in a line with each other, are buried almost to the lintels, — and fragments of a beautiful frieze of grapes and vine-leaves lie near them. The principal street of the town descends in a south-westerly direction; near its commencement, stands a very neat semicircular building, facing the south; a semi-dome,—with a large and two smaller niches under it, separated by Corinthian pilasters. From this building we followed the course of the ancient street to its termination — between rows of Roman houses in ruins, opening by arches on the street, the ancient pavement remaining in excellent preservation wherever visible, but the street is in many places choked up with rubbish, and we then clambered over the roofs, and through the apartments of the old houses; fig-trees grow wild among them.

We started about a quarter past four — a lovely evening — for Ateel; nothing could be more delightful than the weather all the time we were in the Hauran,—sunny, but not too hot,—with fresh westerly breezes. The ascent to Ateel, through prickly-oak bushes, is very pretty; the young Druse Sheikh, who was superintending the harvest, came up, and, saluting us, led the way to the village,

never questioning our intention of staying with him all night; we explained our wish of proceeding to Kennawat, and he acquiesced with the civil regret of a finished gentleman. We reached El Kasr, as he called the little temple, south of the town, at half-past five; it is the most beautiful little building I saw in the Hauran; the portico is supported by two Corinthian pillars, the portal adorned with beautifully sculptured friezes of vine-leaves, and the cornice is very handsome. Niches, with semi-domes sculptured like shells, relieve the deadness of the wall on each side of the door. A Druse family live in the temple. The other El Kasr, or temple, to the north of the town, is neat, but far inferior to this. The Druses here struck us as particularly respectable and gentlemanlike.

We reached Kennawat in three quarters of an hour, by a stony ascent overgrown with prickly-oak bushes—(ever since leaving Sueda we had been advancing into the Gebel Hauran)—and encamped on a smooth greensward, close to the ruins of a beautiful Corinthian edifice, raised on a platform supported by arches,—standing east and west, and commanding a most magnificent view over the plain, of the Hauran; Mount Hermon, with his

crown of snow, towering, as usual, in the distance. The sun went down a few minutes after we arrived —a ball of fire, gorgeous indeed ;—and such were all the sunsets we saw in the Hauran. Of the temple, tomb — whatever it was — seven columns are still standing round a central platform, which perhaps supported an altar open to the sky; the capitals and bases are well sculptured, but neither capitals nor diameters are uniform; none, I think, in the Hauran are so.

Next morning the venerable Druse Sheikh ciceronied us over the ruins of Kennawat, — it is entirely a Druse population. Ascending to the village, we proceeded in a southerly direction along an ancient paved street, commanding a very pleasing view of the Wady, on the western bank of which Kennawat is built. Passing a plain ancient temple, we crossed a beautiful paved area, in singular preservation, to an extraordinary building, called Deir Eyoub, where we were shewn a dark semi-vaulted chapel, or rather hole in the wall, as the tomb of Neby Eyoub—the prophet Job.

A low door, to the east, ushered us into a wretched colonnade, of no order at all, and this into another pillared piazza, equally execrable, by

one of the most beautiful doorways I ever saw,—a piece of patchwork, indeed, the door-case being composed of a superb frieze, broken up, and adapted to the spoiler's purpose by the interposition of two wretched Corinthian pilaster capitals. Mr. Moore shewed us at Jerusalem a beautiful drawing of it. It was probably stolen from a fine temple to the south of the Deir—but you will be sick of temples; I will spare you as many as in conscience I can.

We returned by the way we came—traces of the ancient pavement are to be seen in every direction, often as perfect as when first laid down.

We reached Shoaba, another Druse town, in about three hours, and, entering by the southern gate, rode for ten minutes up a broad handsome street, better paved, and the pavement in better preservation than any in London,—as far as four oblong masses of masonry, quite plain and solid, probably surmounted, like those of Jerash and Palmyra, by statues or columns. Here, at the intersection of the streets, we turned westwards, up the principal street of the city; the public buildings lie on each side of it. We first came to five fine Corinthian pillars, the survivors of the colonnade

of a temple, of which part of the back-wall is the only remnant;—then to a square building in ruins, now a mosque, with a beautiful pavement in front of it; not only the streets, but all the open spaces, or piazzas, in these towns were paved. Approaching an arcade, thrown across the street, we turned, through a door in the wall, southwards, and had, immediately on our right, an extraordinary octagon building, of no interest, and, in front of us, a plain square edifice, its entrance blocked up with very large stones. Immediately behind it stands the theatre, small and quite plain, but solidly built, the buildings behind the stage almost perfect.

Returning to the main street, we found the Druse Sheikh under the Arcade, and got some useful information from him about the roads. This arcade runs some distance westwards, with recesses in its walls, but not deep or wide enough for burial places, as Burckhardt thought, nor, if they were so, could they have been intended for such—in the middle of the town as these are. The pavement of the street, above and below the arcade, is beautiful. There is nothing of interest beyond it. The streets are regularly laid out and distinctly traceable, and many of the houses are in very good preservation.

Nedjraun, which we reached in the evening, is surrounded by a perfect labyrinth of rocks, broad sheets and rugged masses, liker the bottom of the crater of Vesuvius, as I found it in 1830, than any thing else to which I could compare them. Rocks of the same description extend all over that part of the country, skirting the Ledja, or stony district of the Hauran, ancient Traconitis.

Next morning, Dr. Mac Lennan and I walked up to the town, in search of the Roman mansion, mentioned by Mr. Bankes in his interesting letter to Mr. Buckingham, published in the appendix to that gentleman's travels. It proved highly interesting, having evidently belonged to one of the chief men of the place. The plan is seen at a glance, though modern buildings have intruded themselves into its spacious court, and the front-gate, by which that court was entered, has disappeared.

The court was probably nearly square; the house-door, nearly buried, occupies the centre of the front—a square window above it, with a slit between them, and two other windows on each side. Beyond these are two other doors, each of which opens on a moderately sized apartment, lighted by windows from without. The entrance-hall, eleven paces wide

by about eight and a half deep, and spanned by a beautiful arch, communicated, till the door was walled up, with the chamber to the left of the hall, which I entered from the court. From the chamber to the right of the hall, a stone staircase ascended to the upper story of the mansion. Externally, a plain moulding marks the separation of the stories. The upper rooms are small, very numerous, and still inhabited. Nothing could exceed the courtesy of the owners in shewing us their dwellings, and allowing us to pry wherever we liked. The upper story recedes the depth of the hall, leaving a small terrace on which the doors of the several apartments open. The wings are also full of rooms: the ground-floor of that to the right is, in great part, occupied by a beautiful stable, with mangers of stone, — ten paces long by nine deep, and spanned from right to left by a beautiful arch. The Arabs stable their steeds this very day where the old Romans did. The whole mansion is extremely well built, of hewn stone, plain and substantial,—and all the rooms are entire. On the road to this house I hastily copied—(too hastily, for in this and many other instances I depended on Burckhardt's having preceded me, whereas he seems never

to have been at Nedjraun) an inscription in Greek hexameters, commemorative, so far as I can make it out, of Tironus, "the eloquent and the happy," having built a new tomb for himself, in order that when, obedient to the common necessity of death, his soul should join the company of immortals, his dead body might sleep alone and apart from others under the palm-trees in front of his hall. His wish belies him,—he cannot surely have been a happy man.(*)

Starting from Nedjraun, at twenty-three minutes to seven, we reached Ezra at eleven,—one of the most interesting towns of Auranitis, and one of the very few of which we know the ancient name, Zarava. We took up our quarters in an old Roman house, one of the ordinary sort, quite perfect except two fractures in the roof, and unoccupied. The town is of great extent, and the houses were in much better preservation than any we had yet seen; we walked between whole streets of them, seemingly in good repair, but almost all untenanted. But there is no pavement, as at Shoaba, and the masonry, generally speaking, is of a very inferior description.

To the south-east of the town, is a row of houses

which have evidently belonged to the grandees of the place; they are now called the Palace of the Yellow King, i. e. the Emperor of Russia,—and our guide pretended to point out the harem, &c. &c. They are all in ruins; the plan, however, of the most perfect, is still traceable. Entering a large courtyard, you passed to the house-door, and, through it, into a large arched hall, with five recesses at the further end, occupying, with two smaller rooms on the right and left, and the upper story—the whole front façade; the room to the left of the hall, which has no direct communication with it, is furnished with a double row of square cupboards all round, like cellars; indeed there are recesses—cupboards, surely—innumerable in most of the rooms of this and other houses of the country. The wing to the left is all in ruins, but probably corresponded to that on the right, which is perfect, (externally), and built with exact symmetry — two doors of entrance, (precisely corresponding, in height and width, to those of England,) between two vaulted niches, or rather false doors, with three windows ranging over each door;—and a smaller door at each extremity of the wing, over which a staircase was carried outside the

building to the roof—always flat in the East. The rooms in this wing resemble those in the front,—most of them about eight paces square; staircases, projecting from the walls of many of the apartments, led to the upper story.

Dr. Mac Lennan, my companion in this exploration, leaving me here, I went on, with Hassan and an Arab guide, in search of a mansion which he said he could shew me, *kebeer*, *kebeer!!* large, large—and quite perfect. He led the way down alleys, up streets, through ruined arches, and over the roofs of houses, now in this direction, now that, till in about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, after I had lost all idea whereabouts I was, I found myself in the courtyard of a large house, which well repaid me for the trouble of my walk, being all but perfect and quite unoccupied. The plan is very irregular,—the court five-sided, arched chambers, generally about eight paces square, opening into it; the second, on the right, appears to have been the stable,—there is a manger for three or four horses, and the corner of the room, built round in the segment of a circle, served for a water-trough. The rooms in the upper story are small, with plenty of cupboards. Two staircases were carried outside the

building, from the farthest angles of the court, to the roof, which on four sides is quite perfect, and carpeted with grass. From this elevation I saw the roofs of numberless smaller houses, quite entire, and just as green. The house is well and solidly built, though not with the elegance and symmetry of that at Nedjraun. It stands to the right of a ruined church called Deir Wali. I think, as architects, you and my father will be interested with these descriptions, *if* I have made them intelligible.

We slept at Tebne that night, and visited Sunamein the following morning, to see a temple which Mr. Bankes considered the prettiest in the Hauran. It *is* pretty, but he could not, I think, have been at Ateel.

We reached Kessoue that evening, traversing a dreary wilderness of large black stones, and Damascus the next morning, Saturday the 3rd of June,—the twenty-third day from Jerusalem.

We called on Mr. Farren in the evening, to inquire whether we could start for Palmyra on Monday; — not before Tuesday, he said, for it

would be advisable to take a guard of five or six soldiers, that we might be ostensibly under the protection of Government. Till Ibrahim Pasha's recent conquest of Syria, the Bedouin chiefs were in the custom of receiving large sums from travellers for permission to visit the ruins, and an escort during the journey. Two or three recent visitants had been robbed, though not otherwise ill-treated, and it appeared to me not unlikely that the Arabs wished to frighten travellers back again into the old system of purchasing their protection. But we had no idea either of playing false to the Pasha or giving up Tadmor; Mr. Farren declared the route perfectly safe, and we found it so.

Mr. Pell, of Devonshire,—Mr. Alewyn, a Dutch gentleman—and Mr. Schranz, a German artist travelling with them, had just arrived in Damascus from Greece and Asia Minor. I met them on Sunday morning, and, finding they had had the intention of visiting Palmyra, but given up all hope of it, in consequence of the smallness of their number, I proposed their joining us;—and we found them most agreeable, enlightened companions — Pell is an Oxford man, of a generous inquiring spirit, fond of the fine arts and antiquity; Alewyn,

thoroughly our countryman in feeling, and very amiable, speaks English perfectly, and enjoys Shakespeare; Schranz was born at Majorca, of German parents, and brought up at Malta; speaks German, Spanish, Italian, and Maltese, (a dialect of Arabic, by which he can make himself easily understood by the natives here), as his mother-tongues,—Greek, and uncommonly good English,—besides being a most accomplished draughtsman. Mr. Davey, an English gentleman residing at Damascus, also joined us.

We formed, therefore, a very numerous caravan, mustering, when fairly embarked on the desert, seven gentlemen, four servants, two muleteers, five soldiers, and four camel-drivers—bestriding twenty-one horses and mules, two donkeys, and five camels. But numbers are little thought of among the Bedouins; they reckon by the number of guns, and our's were well eyed and accurately counted in the course of the journey. I should not be surprised if the absence of the greater part of the Bedouins in the Hauran at this season, and our being so numerous and well-armed a party, contributed more than we are aware of to our success in this expedition. The guards we found a great incumbrance, but their five guns were valuable for show;

—on leaving Karietein, the last inhabited place till you get to Palmyra, two days' beyond it, they desired us to take a guard of twelve Arabs—and, on our absolute *la*, refused to proceed any further, so we went off without them; they followed soon afterwards, but were in great alarm, cowardly dogs—bullies, too, as they were, like all cowards; Clarke gave one of them a good licking for flinging a stone at the leg of a poor Bedouin who was guiding us,—the slave fawned like a spaniel afterwards.

At Karietein we hired the five camels enumerated in the above list, with their drivers, and loaded them with twenty skins of water, there being none on the road between that place and Tadmor. Were I to go again, I would ride dromedaries the whole way; one would reach the goal in half the time, and avoid a great deal of trouble in hiring skins, serving out water to the horses, and, most disagreeable of all—restricting the men from drinking too much; they have no providence, the present moment is all they think of, and their lips are generally glued to the zumzummias. We slept in a deserted garden at Karietein.* The *belladeen* here-

* Kirjathaim, *Heb.*

abouts have much of the look and spirit of Bedouins, but the bitterest enmity and constant warfare exist between the two races.

Beyond Karietein, the track lies through a desert valley, perhaps ten miles broad, called Wady Kebeer, or the Great Wady,—sand and stone mixed, and very scantily clothed with shrubs of a dirty clay colour — no variety. We marched eleven hours till six o'clock P. M.; slept, dined, drank tea, and slept again till midnight, and then rode on by starlight till sunrise, when we rested again for two hours, and breakfasted; — five hours more, and then Palmyra! The long range of hills became more irregular and picturesque, and, as we ascended the Wady, appeared to meet at its termination; they are separated, however, by the valley of tombs — the cemetery of Palmyra — bare and glaring to the eye; the tombs on the hills, lofty towers, had for hours been conspicuous on the horizon.

Presently, emerging from the valley, we came at once in sight of Palmyra, her countless columns of white marble ranging over the plain in distinct symmetrical colonnades, with the boundless desert stretching far, far away beyond them towards the Euphrates,—the most magnificent field of ruins I

ever witnessed;—you remember how I used to pore over the folio engravings of Palmyra at Muncaster? the word has been music to my ear ever since,—the report, however, of some later travellers made me dread being disappointed, so that it was with fear, as well as curiosity, that I drew near to the goal my wishes had so long pointed to;—great and joyous was my disappointment; I shall never forget that first sight of the ruins; I know nothing to liken it to — it must be seen; I felt no fatigue at Palmyra, and oh! the luxury of remembrance!

Descending to the plain, we stopped to drink at a well, near the outer wall of the Temple of the Sun, and then pitched under an olive-tree, in a deserted garden. There are many palm-trees still at Tadmor, probably, however, of recent importation, for the few survivors of the ancient stock, that flourished there at the end of the seventeenth century, had all, save one, disappeared sixty years afterwards, at the time of Wood's visit. (45)

The Temple of the Sun, which, singularly enough, faces the west, stands in the centre of an immense court, nearly seven hundred feet square, which is now entirely filled by the noisy houses of the Arab

Palmyrenes. The court-wall, externally, presents a lofty dead surface, relieved by pilasters, and false doors with pediments in the intermediate spaces: within, a couple of niches for statues, surmounted by very handsome pediments, adorn, or rather *did* adorn, the angles of the enclosure, which there rose like semi-towers, while similar niches, with neat but plainer pediments, run all along the connecting walls.—A handsome colonnade ran all round the court; many of the columns are still standing, especially six at the south-west angle, very beautiful at a distance, but which lose on a nearer inspection.

The Temple itself, sadly, alas! dilapidated, was surrounded by a peristyle of fluted Corinthian columns, with bronze capitals, all of which have disappeared, most pitiably exposing the naked surface of the stone to which they were attached. Eight columns, in this sad condition, are still standing on the east of the temple; those on the north have lost their capitals entirely; one only on the west supports its entablature;—even the bronze clinches that secured the stones of the temple have been carried off.

Two fine Ionic semi-pillars, flanked by Corin-

thian pilasters, adorn the south end of the temple; the chief ornaments of the other walls are the pediments surmounting the windows, which are very elegant.

The great gate is the most beautiful I ever saw, next to the matchless one at Baalbec; the devices are very beautiful, but the design is superior to the execution; they are not cut deep enough, and the stone, moreover, has suffered much from exposure. A smaller door, that of the temple itself, introduced us into a mosque, which fills up a great part of the interior; we saw a very curious ancient ceiling in one of the side apartments. Proceeding through other modern structures, we reached a gate or doorway ornamented with double fluted pillars, of no very chaste design, the ceiling displaying a Zodiac, and the suffit of the architrave the winged vulture soaring among the stars,—an interesting proof, of which I observed similar instances at Baalbec and in the tombs of Palmyra, of the affinity of the Egyptian and Grecian sun-worship. I was much pleased with this temple, but it is not to be compared with the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec.

Quitting the Court, and proceeding towards the

ruins, all of which lie westward of the Temple, the first building we approached was a ruined mosque, only remarkable for a beautiful little pediment, and part of an ancient ceiling built into the wall.

Between the mosque and the great arch of the colonnade lie some curiously sculptured stones, that seem to have belonged to, and perhaps mark the site of, an ancient temple. The great arch is richly sculptured, particularly on the western, or inner face; the central ornament of the pilasters, leaves connected by interlacing stalks, is particularly beautiful. Two smaller arches, of which that to the south only is standing, adjoined the large one. The plan, however, viewing them from the east, is confused and unintelligible. This colonnade, running nearly from east to west, is of great length and very beautiful; the columns are in good proportion and excellent preservation; each shaft consisting of three courses of stone, admirably jointed, with a bracket for a bust or statue interposed between the second and third,—while the portico of a ruined temple, (six beautiful columns, each shaft of a single stone, and still surmounted by the

tympanum), terminates the vista. This portico, however, is not visible from the arch of entrance, owing to the street deviating from the straight line.

Advancing up this noble avenue, temples and public edifices attract the eye on all sides, all more or less in ruins, except a small temple, of the time of Adrian, considerably to the north, and the most entire at Palmyra, but its columns and richly sculptured portal have suffered woefully from wind and time. Beyond it,

"O'er the still desert gleaming from afar,"

stands a lofty, solitary, nameless, column.

The ruined temples seem to have been very elegant; one of them, the first on the right, walking up the colonnade, was surrounded by single-shafted columns, of which six on the W. and five (besides a pilaster) on the S. are still standing. South of this, in a minor colonnade, branching off north-westwards from the principal one, stood an arch, ornamented with four granite pillars, each shaft of a single stone, but the bases and capitals of ordinary marble; one only remains upright. Another building to the south of the

great colonnade, and exactly between two arches that open from it in that direction, seems to have been a stoa or public portico. Beyond it, to the S.W. is the largest building (except the temple), at Palmyra; we set it down at once as Zenobia's palace, without the least authority for doing so. Passing the four cubical masses of masonry, which I have already mentioned, in speaking of Jerash and Shoaba, as marking the crossing of streets in these towns, we came to a third temple, now lying a heap of ruins; but remains of beautifully sculptured friezes, and fragments of large statues in alto relievo, as execrable as the friezes are beautiful, and fragments of a long and deeply cut inscription in Greek and Palmyrene, show what a noble pile it once was. Lastly, behind the portico which closes the colonnade to the west, the remains of the temple it belonged to,—friezes of vine leaves, and beautiful network designs, and sarcophagi from the adjacent tombs,—are heaped together in utter confusion.(46) Besides these distincter ruins, innumerable fallen columns and mouldering fragments of sculpture lie in every direction—traces of edifices, to which it is impossible even for fancy to assign any plan.

It is indeed a most striking scene; an awful stillness, a lifelessness pervades the ruins, which I never felt any where else, except, perhaps, at Pæstum,—I do not even recollect hearing a bird sing there; no huts encumber them, no filthy Arabs intrude on you; they stand as lonely and silent as when the last of the Palmyrenes departed, and left the city of Zenobia to silence and decay;—the fall of pillar after pillar has been the only note of Time there, and that uncounted, for centuries.—One cannot occupy one's-self with petty architectural details at Palmyra, —*within* the temple-court I could criticise—*without* it admire only; and, at sunrise, at sunset, in the morning glow, or in the evening calm, wandering among those columns so graceful in themselves, so beautiful in their sisterly harmony, I thought I had never seen such loveliness—such awful loveliness!—lovely, and yet awful; at times you almost feel, as if Palmyra were a woman, and you stood by her corpse, stilled in death, but with a sweet smile lingering on her lip.

How different all this from Baalbec! *Here* one's eye is free as air,—how could it be otherwise at Tadmor in the wilderness? *There* it is cooped up

within lofty walls; you cannot see the temple till you are close to it, and the details force themselves on your admiration;—and, as for the great temple, which many travellers seem not to be aware *is* a temple,—unfinished, as it was left by the ancients; marred, as it has been, by the intrusion of modern buildings; covering the whole platform; and hidden by the walls, so that from no one point within or without, is it possible to view it as a whole—the eye is at first utterly bewildered, and even at last unable, except with imagination's aid, to estimate its grandeur.

But we have not yet done with Palmyra. Leaving the portico, we clambered up a steep hill, to the N.W. of the colonnade, from the top of which, as from the crater of a volcano, rises a very large and strong castle of the middle ages, built of stone cut out of the mountain all round it, so as to form a deep fosse. The view from this hill is very fine.

Alewyn and I then proceeded, in a southerly direction, along the western hills, exploring the tombs, which are very numerous and extremely interesting, resembling none I had ever seen before, except (externally) those in the Hauran; they are

almost all of them towers, two, three, four, and in one instance, (and but one, I think), five stories high. That of Manaius, (which I entered before reaching Palmyra, unable to resist my curiosity, it being only twenty or thirty yards to the left of the road), is peculiarly interesting—in some respects, indeed, the most curious building at Palmyra; it is in wonderful preservation, and its description will give you some idea of the others, as they are almost all built on the same plan, though far less beautiful.

It is a lofty square tower, lessening by three courses of stone, like steps, at about a third of its height. An inscription in honour of the deceased is engraved on a tablet over the doorway. The principal apartment is lined with four Corinthian pilasters on each side, with recesses between them for mummies, the Egyptian mode of interment prevailing here,—each recess divided into five tiers by shelves, only one of which retains its position. A statue in a reclining posture lay at the end of the tomb between two semi-pillars; busts, with inscriptions in the Palmyrene character, range between them, just below the cornice, and this again supports a false sarcophagus, sculp-

tured with four busts, and covered by an embroidered cushion, on which the effigy of a dead body seems once to have lain. Two smaller Ionic pillars flank the sarcophagus. Several other busts, all with Palmyrene inscriptions, are sculptured in relief over the door of entrance, and that of the staircase which leads to the upper story. The ceiling, broken through in the centre, but perfect at both ends, is sculptured all over with a beautiful pattern, tastefully coloured,—of white flowers on blue grounds, enclosed within small squares, and they within larger, formed by lines of deep brown crossing each other, with yellow knobs at the points of intersection. Towards each extremity of the ceiling, are two male busts, in Roman costume, on a blue ground, the colour as bright as if laid on yesterday. The cornice is beautiful,—the echinus or egg ornament, and roses between projecting modillions,—the same as that in the Library at Haigh, and which is found on almost every building at Palmyra and Baalbec. The upper and lower apartments display little or no ornament, except a pediment or two in the former. A doorway from the east led down by a flight of steps to the latter, the roof

of which, forming the floor of the principal chamber, has fallen in. It has four large recesses for burial, on each side. The date of this edifice is A.D. 103. (47)

The tomb of Iamblichus, mentioned by Wood, eighty years ago, "as the most perfect piece of antiquity" he ever saw, is now dreadfully dilapidated, its stairs crumbled away, and the floor of the fourth story entirely gone. It is five stories high, and was built in the third year of the Christian era. Like that of Manaius, the principal chamber is ornamented with four pilasters on either side. The ceiling is the chief object of attention, beautifully disposed in deep diamond-like compartments, filled with mythological devices on blue grounds, all much defaced—the diamonds occupy each the centre of a square, and the triangular spaces formed by the prolongation of their angles are ornamented with heads and the winged vulture of Egypt. The roof of the second story is sculptured with a very curious and complicated device,—stars composed of diamonds touching at their sides, within large squares, &c. &c.—These are the best preserved tombs at Palmyra;—two others, however, much interested me,—the second

from that of Iamblichus, which leads to a sepulchre excavated in the rock,— and one completely hollowed out of the hill, on the left, going up to the castle; I crept into it by a hole like the entrances to the tombs of the oldest Theban Pharaohs at Quoornet Murraee, but there was no queen of Sheba within to pay me for the trouble. There are some other tombs, partly built, partly excavated, and these appear to me the most ancient monuments of Palmyra.

It was excessively hot all the time we were there; to avoid the heat, vary the aspect of the scenery, and, in case there should be any mischief imagined against us by the Bedouins, to balk their measures, we determined on turning night into day, and travelling by starlight only, on our return to Damascus. We mounted accordingly, at half past eight on Sunday evening, the twelfth of June, and quitted Palmyra by the necropolis, the sepulchral towers sternly glooming through the darkness. We halted for the day at half past six the next morning, but got little sleep, on account of the heat of the sun, and a hot wind that brought quantities of sand into the tent; moreover, the whole party were in peculiarly high spirits, and, when we composed ourselves to an

attempt to sleep, found it impossible. After supping on rice and strong tea, we started again at half past eight, and reached Karietein at half past seven, on Tuesday morning — it was a lovely night; the summer lightning gleamed in the distance, and about midnight a most splendid meteor, brighter than the moon, sailed majestically across the heaven, and disappeared like a rocket. Such was Palmyra's glory (*). This was shortly before arriving at Khan Khaïr, a lofty ruined tower, romantically interesting as the spot where former travellers had been robbed, but to us only as a landmark,—for, travelling at the hour we did, we had no apprehension of an attack. When we first reached it, however, coming from Damascus, the appearance of a Bedouin, reconnoitring us, on the horizon, was rather startling; and, as we rode past a small caravan that presently appeared, we presented as martial a front as we could, riding all in file, with guns visible, &c.

We were all very sleepy this second night; I walked a good deal, which kept me awake, but one of my friends fell off his horse and hurt his hip, which detained us some time, so that we were eleven hours in doing what ought to have been performed in ten. I was not so sleepy or tired as I ex-

pected, got eight hours' repose during the day, and felt quite fresh during the following night, a bitterly cold one; fourteen hours' ride took us to Jerud, and eleven and a half, the night after that, to Damascus.

[It was on my arrival at Damascus, that I learnt, from my kind and deeply sympathising friend Mr. Farren, the mournful intelligence that Mr. Ramsay had fallen a victim to the cholera during my absence. He had accompanied us as far as our first encampment at Adra, five hours from Damascus, but returned the following morning, having been unwell during the night, and not feeling sufficient interest in the excursion to induce him to come on with us. On re-entering Damascus, symptoms of cholera became apparent; all remedies proved ineffectual, and, at three on the morning of the 8th, my poor friend was released from suffering.

I cannot refrain from inserting the closing lines of his Journal, and the supplement which I observe has been added in pencil since it left my hands:—"We had sent on Missirie to Mr. Farren's, to ask for rooms in his house for strangers,

but this had been destroyed by the earthquake, so we found our way to the Convent, where . . ." "in less than three days afterwards, the writer of this Journal, dear William, ended his earthly career, leaving us good hope to believe that he has entered the New Jerusalem, and is there enjoying the blessing of that rest prepared for the people of God."]

After all my sad arrangements were completed, and there was nothing more to detain me here till the time of ultimate departure, my friends Pell and Alewyn proposed my joining them in an excursion they meditated to Baalbec and the cedars of Lebanon. I felt low in spirits, I was sick too of Damascus, and longed for the snow and the mountain streams and breezes; I went with them, therefore, and I am glad I did so, for I have been better both in mind and body ever since. I had another reason for wishing to leave Damascus for a while; I was living all this time in Mr. Farren's house; his kindness would not allow of my quitting it for my own apartments at

the Sheikh's, and I saw no way of effecting an exit, unless by leaving Damascus altogether, and returning to my own quarters;—yet even this I was obliged to relinquish before my departure, and declare myself Mr. F.'s willing prisoner during the whole time I should be detained here.—I have not words to tell you how kind he has been to me, how attentive to save me pain, and provide me with every comfort.

I told you, I think, that Mr. Farren had been attacked by cholera a day or two after my return from Palmyra. He has been living almost ever since at his tents, leaving me his *locum tenens* here. The day we were to start for Baalbec, my companions being detained by the decamping of one of their grooms, who had been paid forty piastres in advance, I rode on by myself, expecting them to overtake me at the noonday halting-place. In half an hour, reaching the brow of the hill, I bade adieu to the plain of Damascus—Oh! how lovely! the city with her picturesque minarets, sailing like a fleet through a sea of verdure. The view in the Landscape Annual (I think) is taken from this spot, or rather from a Sheikh's (Saint's) tomb a little off the

road, which I climbed up to, but found the artist had, innocently enough, taken the liberty of altering the position of the Arch, which in the original cuts the view in two.

Nothing can be conceived more dreary than the ravines near Damascus, except when streams flow through them, which are always fringed with green. In about an hour after starting, I reached the Barrada or ancient Pharphar, "lucid stream!" rapidly flowing over its bed of rocks,—and followed its course for several hours among the loveliest groves of poplars, figs, walnuts, olives, pomegranates, and vines; innumerable bright and clear streams spring from the rocks close to the road side, and run merrily down to the river; but raise your eyes above them, and all is barrenness,—glaring white *walls* of stone, without even cragginess to relieve their ugliness.

After about an hour and three quarters' lonely ride, I was encountered by a janissary of Mr. Farren's, who invited me, in his master's name, to pay him a visit.—I found his tents pitched in a most lovely glade, a little above the river, but so sequestered in the woods, as to be utterly invisible to the passing wayfarer. It was a singular ap-

proximation of the East and West, of the extremes of refinement, and—I will not call it barbarism, but anti-civilization; Mrs. Farren was seated at her work-table in a charming recess, completely shaded by trees; Mr. F.'s mat lay on the ground opposite her, and a Bedouin of the Waled Ali tribe of Anesees, who had brought despatches from Bagdad in seven days and a half across the desert, squatted in eastern immobility beside it; he had a very cheerful *douce*-looking countenance. After half an hour's delightful and most refreshing converse with my kind friends, I rode on.

At five hours and three quarters from Damascus, we entered a wild mountain pass, through which the Barrada comes foaming down like a maniac. We saw tombs, high in the rocks, and the remains of a temple below, and of an aqueduct excavated in the rocks above, the bridge by which we crossed it. Presently, after passing a very beautiful waterfall on the left, we emerged into the upper valley of the Barrada, where he flows as gentle as infancy, yet diffusing verdure and fertility all around him. Every stream, indeed, that descended from the hills was made available to the irrigation of long strips of green that marked its course. The soil

of the valley is very rich and well cultivated, harvest was going on, the reapers plucking up the corn by the roots, like the old Egyptians.

The scenery became more and more beautiful as we advanced, and very English too; the vineyards were protected, each by its low wall and hedge; cross-barred gates, which it would puzzle even J—— to clear, secured every field,—had I been J—— himself I could not have seen them with more pleasure; while our approach to Zebdani, our halting-place that night, was through green lanes, bordered by lofty hedges of wild roses and other flowers, as shady and cool as those of old England, that Miss Mitford loves so dearly and describes so well. Here, according to Arab tradition, Cain slew Abel—Adam was made at Damascus, the plain El Ghoutta in which it stands being Paradise; and the tombs of many other patriarchs, giants, and men of renown, are found in the neighbourhood.

Next morning, we crossed Antilibanus; the scenery is very grand,—lofty crags, covered with prickly oaks and dwarf valonidis. We reached the highest point in rather more than three hours and a half, and the snowy Lebanon stood before

us in all his grandeur,—a long mountain ridge, extending N.E. and S.W. as far as the eye could reach, and separated from Antilibanus by the Bekaa, a broad and beautiful valley, several miles across, well cultivated, and covered with villages. The first we reached was called Nebe Sheet, after the prophet Seth, son of Adam,—then Britane,(its name was a pleasant surprise to us),(49) then Taibi; not one of which you will find in the maps. Possibly this may be the "valley of Baca" of the Psalmist, both names implying the vale of mulberries.

At last, after a tedious ride through the uninteresting hills that intervene between the plain and the actual foot of Antilibanus, we caught sight of a long line of trees, marking the course of a stream towards the centre of the valley, and, (as it seemed) a castle rising above them, with a lofty tower, which resolved itself, as we drew nearer, into six stately columns:—it was Baalbec, but more than an hour elapsed before we reached the quarries that supplied the material for those wondrous pillars—and, a little farther on, within three or four hundred yards of the Temple of the Sun, were stopped by quarantine officers—

(common soldiers) with words and gestures tantamount to "On ne passe pas ici."

Could anything be more provoking? A strong detachment of Ibrahim's cavalry is quartered at Baalbec, and, from an absurd dread of the cholera, as a contagious disease, this cordon had been ordered round the place. Arguing was of no use—we said we did not want to enter the village or approach the camp, but merely to look at the old stones, which were quite unconnected with either, and desired them to go and say so to their commanding officer, and beg him to give us leave to enter, or else to come out and speak with us himself;—Englishmen, some one said, were not accustomed to be treated in this sort of way,—no one moved, and "Ingles kelb!" "the English are dogs!"—was the only reply. Now, infidel, thought I, I have thee on the hip! and forthwith commenced manœuvring after my friend Clarke's system of tactics. I made noise enough about the word that the soldier might see I understood him; he tried hard to equivocate, but it would not do with so short a sentence; I slowly pulled out my notebook, and, eyeing the man attentively, pretended to write down a minute description of

his person—asked him his name, which he refused to give—no matter—then pulled out and opened my firman, crackled it, and uttered the words, "Mahommed Ali"—"Ibrahim Pasha"—several times with much austerity;—it answered! off went the message—back came plenary indulgence to enter — and up, as I rode on, came the soldier bully, to kiss my hand, (he made a dash at it, or he would not have touched it,) and fawn for pardon!

Had I seen the commandant, I would most undoubtedly have complained of the man, not that I cared a fig about my nation being accused of puppyism, but that this habitual insolence towards Franks ought in every way to be resisted. A marked distinction is already made by the Turks between Ingles and Frangi, all in our favour, and I have never let an opportunity slip of upholding our national character, as quite distinct from that of the Franks. The Levant has always been overrun by Italian and French adventurers, from whom the Turks, till within these few years, formed all their ideas of Europeans, confounding every nation under the term Frangi; the English they have now learnt to distinguish from the herd, to respect and fear us, to look up to us as wiser

than themselves, and to esteem, I believe, if they do not like us. "The word of an Englishman" is almost proverbial in Syria. In fact, a singular change is taking place in the character of the people; prejudice is gradually wearing away; the extension of the Egyptian dominion over Syria, productive, as it has been, of incalculable individual suffering, may eventually be the cause of much general good. The English are summoned to the breach; I do not think (I hope I am not speaking presumptuously) that much can be done openly as yet, but the way seems to be paving for a great moral revolution, in which we, as Protestants, entrusted with the revealed will of God, must be active and zealous in our master's cause, —or woe betide us! The eye of Providence is visibly watching this land—all Turkey indeed; and, as its counsels are unfolded in the progress of events, I doubt not we shall see cause to admire and praise the unsearchable wisdom of God in preparing the way, and affording the means, for the revival of his Gospel in the land it first rose upon.

We pitched our tent near a beautiful walnut-tree, at the N. W. corner of the platform on which the Temples are built.

The ruins of Baalbec consist of two very large temples, the smaller and best known of which was sacred to the Sun, Baal, while the larger, dedicated to "the Great Gods of Heliopolis," seems never to have been finished. With the help of Pococke's description, which was as unintelligible to me as I fear mine will be to you, till I stood on the spot, I made out its plan most satisfactorily, and have been wondering at its grandeur ever since; the architect must have been the Michael Angelo of antiquity.

As a site for this magnificent pile, a lofty platform was built of very massive stones, supported by two parallel vaulted passages, running from east to west, lofty, and of most beautiful workmanship, and connected with each other by a third passage, running at right angles to them from north to south. The grand entrance was from the east, by a flight of steps, leading to a portico flanked by handsome pavilions on the right and left. A lofty doorway introduced the visitor into a polygonal court, from which passing into a second, three hundred and fifty feet square, and ascending a flight of steps, he proceeded under a double colonnade to the grand portico of the temple,

consisting of two (or, perhaps, three) rows of columns, fifty or sixty feet in height, while the peristyle consisted, or was to consist, of sixteen, in length, on each side, and eight at the west end—all of the same gigantic proportions. Of the temple itself, if it was ever built, not a trace remains, except a line of stones that perhaps marked the cella. From the eastern landing-place to the western extremity of the temple, I found it 336 paces, or more than a thousand feet.

Such was the *idea* of the architect—the Plato of architectural antiquity; — modern additions have done much to obscure the plan of what *was* executed, but, after careful examination, and rejection of the adventitious parts, as distinguished from those which, at first sight, resemble them, but are in reality unfinished walls pertaining to the original design, it all comes out clear, and your fancy builds up the pile as beautiful and sublime as it gleamed before the mind's eye of the architect.

And who was the architect? Might it not have been Apollodorus of Damascus, who threw Trajan's Bridge across the Danube, and who was put to death by Hadrian, for a witty criticism

on one of his own Imperial designs? Left imperfect, we may be very sure that the jealous Emperor would not have finished the work of his rival.

I reconcile this idea with the assertion of the Byzantine, John of Malala, that Antoninus Pius built a temple to Jupiter, one of the wonders of the world, at Heliopolis,—and with the fact of the singular resemblance that exists between the architecture of the two temples—by the reflection, that the unfinished temple, there can be no doubt, was dedicated to the Deities of Heliopolis collectively,* and that one can no more be surprised that the reverence of the pious An-

* That the unfinished temple was dedicated to the Great Gods of Heliopolis would appear from the votive inscriptions on two bases of the portico, (built into the eastern wall of the platform), purporting that—for the welfare of Antoninus Pius and his mother Julia—the inscribers had been at the expense of preparing capitals for the columns, 'dum erant in muro inluminata.'—Mr. Wood understands these as the names of Caracalla and his mother, Julia Domna; I should rather suppose them to be those of Bassianus, commonly called Heliogabalus, as Priest of the Sun at Emesa, who assumed the name of Antoninus—and his mother, Julia Soæmias. What could be more natural than for the Syrian Heliogabalus to propose the completion of the Great Temple of Heliopolis?

toninus for his benefactor's memory should have ensured its neglect, than that his taste and candour should have done justice to the talents of the unfortunate Apollodorus, in adopting his design of the larger temple for that of the smaller —confessedly dedicated to Jupiter or Baal, and which might well be described in the language of any age—much more in the inflated style of the Lower Empire—as a wonder of the world.

A few words now on the actual condition of the larger temple. — Of the grand staircase no vestige remains, and a modern wall has been built in the place of the portico, overtopping the landing-place. Of the pavilions, that on the right remains in tolerable preservation; you enter under an arch, flanked by square Corinthian pillars, each of two large blocks of stone, lessening towards the capital; these extraordinary columns give an Egyptian character to this part of the building — which is rather confirmatory of my theory as to the age and the architect;—there was a strong bias to the Egyptian style in the architecture of Hadrian's time. Within the pavilion, you find beautiful niches for statues, with pediments, &c.

Neither the sculpture of the grand Portal, (which had two smaller entrances on its right and left), nor that of the wall of connection between the two pavilions, was ever finished. The polygonal court seems also to have been left very imperfect; — the great court, however, is surrounded by chambers for the priests and *exedræ*, or pillared recesses, for the philosophers to sit and lecture in—decorated with most beautifully sculptured niches and pediments, friezes and cornices;—niches for idols, richly ornamented, project between each chamber or recess. The beauty of some of the friezes is beyond all praise; in one of them, I discovered the orb with wings and serpents, precisely the same as that which figures on every Egyptian temple.

In front of the recess in which this device occurs, lie fragments of most beautiful granite columns; probably all the *exedræ* were faced by them. The central colonnade which existed in La Roque's time (1688) has now completely disappeared; the platform remains. A large semicircular building has been built by the Saracens in front of the portico,—the bases, indeed, of the eight columns of which the first row consisted,

are built into it. We determined the number of columns the peristyle consisted of, by supplying losses and omissions from the opposite sides :— on the S. there are distinct traces of ten,—the three most westerly fallen, the six next standing; and the base of the tenth still in its place, while beyond it the platform has been completely broken down since Pococke's time, when nine of the great pillars were standing.* Opposite this tenth base, stand the base and broken shaft of the column that corresponded to it on the other side of the temple, beyond which we distinctly traced six bases in their original places, built into the modern wall, making up the number of intended columns sixteen,—while beyond them, there appeared to have been two, or, perhaps, three more, belonging to the portico ;—the seventeenth is wanting.

Of the three most westerly columns, on the north side of the temple, there are no traces — not even their bases ; and it struck me that the three immense blocks of stone, from sixty-three to sixty-seven feet in length, and twelve feet thick, which lie in the outer wall of the platform at this very spot, and

* The same number that Belon found in 1549.

below its level, and which Dr. Richardson conjectures were lowered to their present position by the workmen who found them lying useless on the top of the platform—were the intended material for these very pillars, never worked upon. In the quarry we passed, approaching the town, lies another block, undetached from the rock, of still more stupendous dimensions, sixty-eight feet in length, and from twelve to fifteen thick.

The six surviving columns are the glory of Baalbec; they are the principal object in every view of the ruins, but their most pleasing aspect, I thought, was from a little Corinthian temple to the south of the platform, where the wall has been broken down. Viewed, however, near or far, they are equally worthy of love and admiration,—whether you watch them from a distance, or, looking upward from their feet, criticise their details, the chaste ornament of their suffit, their rich frieze, their superb cornice—and pronounce them faultless.—Palmyra at sunrise, and Baalbec at sunset, are Claudes treasured in the cabinet of the memory, which neither accident can injure, nor beggary deprive one of.

The Temple of the Sun stands directly south

of the great Temple, and the best view of it, commanding its northern and western façades, is from underneath the six pillars. The platform, on which it stands, adjoins the great one, but is considerably lower; indeed it appears to me built up against it—a later construction.

It is only by comparison, however, that either platform, or temple, can be spoken of as small. The N. and S. sides were ornamented by fourteen magnificent pillars, of which nine on the N. and four on the S. are standing,—the W. end, by eight, of which the three most southerly are perfect, the next four broken, and the last, towards the north, prostrate. The ground, between the temple and the western wall, is heaped with broken shafts and capitals. All the columns of this peristyle are Corinthian, with smooth shafts, each of three pieces of stone — like the six great columns—admirably joined. The frieze, cornice, &c. most beautiful. The lacunari, or pannels of the suffit of the peristyle, are sculptured in imitation of network, a series of large busts and mythological designs running down the centre, each in the middle of a large diamond, and smaller busts occupying the angles

formed by the interlacing compartments,—a most intricate and indescribable design, but very beautiful. On the N. side, under the nine columns, these lacunari remain very nearly perfect.

The walls of the temple, within the peristyle, are, as usual, quite unornamented, except by pilasters at the angles, and by the cornice, which, on the south side, is seen to great advantage from below the platform. The grand staircase, mentioned by La Roque in 1688, has been destroyed.

Of the Portico, four columns only remain perfect—at the S. E. angle. It consisted of two rows of columns, all fluted, except the two last on either side, belonging to the peristyle. The frieze and cornice above these four columns are most beautiful; a battlemented tower has been built over them by the Saracens, who have also most barbarously reared a huge wall directly in front of the great gate of the temple. Creeping through a low gateway, we found ourselves before this matchless portal; every ornament that could be introduced into Corinthian architecture is lavished on it, and yet it is perfectly light and graceful. It is composed of nine great stones, six forming the sides, and three the top; each

must be some tons weight. The keystone has slipped partly through, and hangs ominously over one's head, passing under it. An eagle is carved on the suffit, holding in his talons what has been called the Caduceus, and ribbons in his beak, flowing towards a winged genius —"a messenger of Heaven," A——would call him—"Sailing upon the bosom of the air,"—and holding a wreath of fruits;—his brother, once to be seen to the right of the eagle, is defaced.

The ornaments of this doorcase are exquisitely delicate, especially the ears of corn and the grapes and vine-leaves,—it was not till a second or a third visit, that we distinguished the little elves or genii lurking among the leaves in the lower compartments formed by the intertwining vine. The rolling frieze, the cornice, the surviving scroll—I have no words to express their beauty.

The interior of the temple is also very richly ornamented; six fluted pillars adhering to the walls on each side, with an arch of most delicate sculpture, surmounted by a niche and rich pediment, between each pillar. Two other arches, beyond the sixth pillar on either side, and separated by pilasters, appear to have belonged to a

small arcade on each side of the great altar—now utterly destroyed. The double row of pillars, added by Theodosius, when he converted this temple into a church, was still visible at the commencement of the last century.

But vide Wood, dear mother—I should not be surprised if he has omitted all mention of a curious Saracenic building, directly facing the temple,—(the whole ruins, in short—and I ought to have mentioned it before—were turned by them into an immense castle;) its semi-vaulted portals, scooped shell-wise, like the ceilings of the Alhambra, lead to staircases, one running down into the platform, but filled up with rubbish,—the other leading to the roof. Peeping through the chinks of a door a few steps up, I saw a large chamber with pointed arches, now used, apparently, for a magazine.—Ibrahim Pasha's soldiers are, I fancy, the utilitarians, who have turned the vaults and halls of Baalbec to such profitable account. We passed their camp on the east of the ruins; they were watering their horses at the brook of Baalbec,—I never saw such a number of fine animals.

Leaving the platform by the southern breach,

and crossing the stream, we proceeded to a beautiful little Corinthian temple among the trees, circular within and without, and pierced externally with handsome niches, each flanked by two columns, — the architraves, cornices, &c. curving inwardly, so as to give the building the appearance of an octagon. Wreaths are gracefully suspended from the cornice over each niche. A more elegant little edifice I have seldom seen. Earthquakes have sadly shaken it, and four pillars only are standing. A weeping willow bends over it—like beauty mourning over genius. The door-posts are of single blocks of stone.—But every thing is on a grand scale at Baalbec,—the blocks of the great platform frequently measure from fifteen to thirty feet in length.

We observed three Arabic inscriptions in the walls of the platform—one on the east side, near the N.E. angle, — another, in large and beautiful characters, on a fallen stone near the S.E. angle,— and a third at the S.W. corner; all in the modern character. Baalbec made a noble defence against Abou Obeidah, the Lieutenant of the Caliph Omar, and, on surrendering, was condemned to pay two thousand ounces of gold, four thousand

of silver, two thousand silk vests, and a thousand swords; she was very powerful too under the Ommiades—Now, how fallen!—How hath the fine gold become dim, the City of the Sun ceased!

But the brook of Baalbec still wimples on,

"Its silver streams glittering in the sunny beams,"

brightly as the Tweed—transparently as the rill immortalised by Ben Yousef:

"So smooth the pebbles on its shore
That not a maid can thither stray,
But counts her strings of jewels o'er,
And thinks the pearls have slipped away!"

About half an hour's walk W. of the ruins, stand eight stumpy columns of most beautiful Egyptian granite, highly polished, and, for the most part, without a scratch on them; all, except three, standing on their heads—no capitals, and supporting a most clumsy superstructure of calcareous stone, the fallen roof of which covers the floor. A very large massive *slipper-bath*, (at least liker one than a sarcophagus) has been stuck, feet upwards, between two of the pillars, and is retained in its position by a thin slab, awkwardly

interposed between it and the architrave. I never saw such a jumblement. It is probably some Sheikh's tomb; no Moslem would have ever thought of building it for the sake of preserving the pillars; *they*, doubtless, were removed from the Great Temple.

Thus much for Baalbec![50]

"Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad Sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens in eternal sleet,
While Summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet."[51]

Such was the evening—calm and beautiful, as we rode slowly away from Baalbec across the Bekaa, in a north-westerly direction, towards Deir el Akhmar, a village on the lowest slope of Lebanon, three hours distant; we encamped there near the ruin of a Corinthian temple.[52] The only object of interest on the road is an isolated Corinthian pillar, that rises nobly in the middle of the plain, nearly, if I mistake not, West of

Baalbec. It looks best from a distance, and was evidently intended to be so seen; the shaft consists of fourteen courses of stone, the capital of one, and the base of two,—the whole elevated on a platform of four courses, projecting one beyond another, like steps—no inscription, nor any ruins near, to which it could have belonged. It might have been surmounted by a statue, like Pompey's pillar at Alexandria.

At Deir el Akhmar, we first found ourselves among the Maronites, (a Christian nation of Syrian descent, but, by adhesion, a branch of the Church of Rome,) who inhabit the central regions, chiefly, of Mount Lebanon. They speak Arabic, but write it in the ancient Syriac character; they are an industrious, hospitable, estimable race, I believe, and we were much pleased with what we saw of them.

Three other tribes live on the mountain—ever a refuge for the oppressed:—the Anzairies, a remnant of the ancient Pagan inhabitants of Syria, some of whom, (the Ismaylys, or Assassins of the old writers,) are *said* to retain the most abominable superstitions of Egypt and Greece—live to the north of the Maronites; south of them, dwell

the Metoualis, hated by Turks and Arabs as belonging to the Persian sect of Mahometans called Shiites, who consider the first three Caliphs as usurpers :—many of this race live in the Bekaa,—Baalbec *was* their stronghold, but they are a scattered people, and their territories much diminished ;—Lastly, the Druses occupy all the Gebel Sannin, or southern chain of Lebanon, including the maritime district of Kesrouan, as far south as Deir el Kammar, where the Emir Beshir, their Prince, resides ;*—they are a sect of Moslems, who believe that the Deity became incarnate in the person of Hakim, the fanatic Caliph of Egypt,(53) and expect his return as the Moehdy, or Saviour—from China ! to establish his universal worship, and the exclusive dominion of his followers. They are divided into two classes, *akhals* and *djahels*, the initiated, and non-initiated into their mysteries, which seem, however, to be very simple, for even children are entrusted with their secrets. These religious chamelions adopt the

* When the *ferdi* tax was imposed, the Druses were reckoned in the Government return at 15,000 males; the Maronites at the same number ; the Metoualis at 1200 ; and the Anzairies at 20,000.

external religion of whatever people they live amongst, affirming that they are commanded to do so till the Moehdy return.—These are the people whose cleanliness and pleasing manners so much charmed me in the Hauran; I have seen little or nothing of those in Mount Lebanon. Great numbers of Maronites live intermingled with them, particularly in the Kesrouan.

About two hundred years ago, a general belief prevailed in Europe that these Druses were descendants of a party of Crusaders, who had remained in Syria under a Comte de Dreux; their famous Emir Fakr-ed-din, the guest of the de' Medici, (54) favoured the delusion; yet never had a theory less foundation. You meet with traces of the Franks, reminiscences of the Crusades, everywhere in Syria, but—while the Bekaris, or descendants of Abubekr, (Mr. Farren shewed their pedigree) are still flourishing at Damascus, as well as the Houses of many of the Companions of Mahomet—the descendants of the Berengers, Bethunes, Lusignans, D'Ibelins, and other Syrio-Norman families recorded in the Lignages d'Outremer, Duchesne's folios, and the old Chronicles, have sunk—if indeed any of them

remain—into mere *fellahs*, or cultivating Arabs,—so quickly does the race degenerate in this clime of the sun!—And yet never was a rule proved by a more interesting exception—the discovery made a few years ago by a Frank traveller, to whose eyes, like mine, a landscape in Lebanon had scarcely more attractions than a bundle of old parchments, that the village Sheikh, in whose possession he found them, was the descendant of one of the oldest crusading families in France!—Ignorance would have been bliss in his case, poor old man! he started forthwith on pilgrimage to Paris, and got as far as Alexandria, but falling ill there, and other obstructions being cast in his way by a kind Providence, he returned to his village—Gausta, and was living there in extreme old age about two years ago. Mr. Farren tells me that, along the mountains of Safeta, there is a line of feudal towers from Tripoli to the plain of Homs, evidently built by the crusaders as a means of defence and communication between those points, and completely commanding Lebanon. The splendid castle of Hosn is in the range, and Mr. Farren is strongly of opinion that the very large Convent of Mar Georgius, which is in its

immediate vicinity, and the most celebrated of the Greek ecclesiastical possessions in Syria, is the Convent at which that celebrated conflict took place, when a detachment of the Arabs who were then besieging Damascus carried off the daughter of the Governor of Tripoli, who, with her bridegroom and a gallant train, had gone there to be wedded. (55) A distinct and warlike race of Christians still live in that neighbourhood, though the greater part of what they once possessed has been wrested from them by the Sejoote, a very bold and martial race, of Arab descent, among whom too some Curdish settlements have been made.—There, Mr. Farren thinks that traces of the Crusaders or their descendants might be sought for with most likelihood of success, but all his own inquiries have hitherto proved fruitless. (65)

Now let us cross Mount Lebanon—it bears the same name still, Gebel Libnan; I mentioned, I think, in one of my Egyptian letters, that it is spelt Limanon in the Theban sculptures of the invasion of Osirei.

Starting from Deir el Akhmar, at a quarter past four in the morning, and ascending through woods of prickly oak and valonidi, we reached, in three

hours, the ruined village Ainnet, from which begin the steep ridges of Lebanon. All the trees ceased now, except a species of dwarf cedar, emitting a delicious fragrance, which replaced them, and continued, though diminishing in number, almost to the summit. The rocky slope of the mountain is covered with yellow, white, red, and pink flowers, affording delicious food to the bees of Lebanon—their honey is excellent. At eight, we came in sight of Lake Leman of the East, or Yemouni, as every one pronounced it, lying to the south, embosomed between the upper and lower ridges. An hour afterwards, we reached an immense wreath of snow, lying on the breast of the mountain, just below the summit—and from that summit, five minutes afterwards, what a prospect opened before us!—Two vast ridges of Lebanon, curving westwards from the central spot where we stood, like the horns of a bent bow, or the wings of a theatre, run down towards the sea, breaking in their descent into a hundred minor hills, between which, unseen—unheard, and, through as deep and dark and jagged a chasm as ever yawned, the Kadisha, or Sacred River of Lebanon, rushes down to the Mediterranean—the blue and bound-

less Mediterranean, which, far on the western horizon, meets and mingles with the sky.

Our eyes coming home again, after roving over this noble view, we had leisure to observe a small group of trees, not larger, apparently, than a clump in an English park, at the very foot of the northern wing or horn of this grand natural theatre; these were the far-famed cedars. We were an hour and twenty minutes reaching them, the descent being very precipitous and difficult. As we entered the grove, the air was quite perfumed with their odour, the "smell of Lebanon," so celebrated by the pen of inspiration.

We halted under one of the largest trees, inscribed with De la Borde's name on one side, and De la Martine's on the other. But do not think that we were sacrilegious enough to wound these glorious trees; there are few English names comparatively, I am happy to say—I would as soon cut my name on the wall of a church.

Several generations of cedars, all growing promiscuously together, compose this beautiful grove. The younger are very numerous,—the second-rate would form a noble wood of themselves, were even the patriarchal dynasty quite extinct,—one

of them, by no means the largest, measures nineteen feet and a quarter in circumference, and, in repeated instances, two, three, and four large trunks spring from a single root,—but they have all a fresher appearance than the patriarchs, and straighter stems—straight as young palm trees. Of the giants, there are seven standing very near each other, all on the same hill,—three more, a little further on, nearly in a line with them,—and, in a second walk of discovery, after my companions had lain down to rest, I had the pleasure of detecting two others low down on the northern edge of the grove—twelve therefore, in all, of which the ninth from the south is the smallest, but even that bears tokens of antiquity coeval with its brethren. Pell and I measured several of them; De la Martine's tree is forty-nine feet in circumference, and the largest of *my* two, on the northern slope, sixty-three,—following the sinuosities of the bark, that is to say.

The stately bearing and graceful repose of the young cedars contrast singularly with the wild aspect and frantic attitude of the old ones, flinging abroad their knotted and muscular limbs like so many Laocoons, while others, broken off, lie

rotting at their feet; but life is strong in them all;—they look as if they had been struggling for existence with evil spirits, and God had interposed and forbidden the war, that the trees He had planted might remain living witnesses to faithless men of that ancient "glory of Lebanon"—Lebanon, the emblem of the righteous—which departed from her when Israel rejected Christ; her vines drooping, her trees few, that a child may number them, she stands blighted, a type of the unbeliever! And blighted she must remain till her second spring, the day of renovation from the presence of the Lord, when, at the voice of God, Israel shall spring anew to life, and the cedar and the vine, the olive of Carmel and the rose of Sharon, emblems of the moral graces of God reflected in his people, shall revive in the wilderness, to "beautify the place of his sanctuary, to make the place of his feet glorious"—to swell the chorus of Universal Nature to the praise of the Living God.

We had intended proceeding that evening to Psherré, but no—we could not resolve to leave those glorious trees so soon—the loveliest, the noblest, the holiest, in the whole world. The tent was pitched, and we spent the rest of the day under their

"shadowy shroud." Oh! what a church that grove is!—never did I think Solomon's song so beautiful, and that most noble chapter of Ezekiel, the thirty-first—I had read it on the heights of Syene, Egypt on my right hand, and Ethiopia on my left, with many another denunciation, how awfully fulfilled! of desolation against Pathros, and judgments upon No—but this was the place to enjoy it, lying under one of those vast trees, looking up every now and then into its thick boughs, hearing the little birds warbling, and a perpetual hum of insect life pervading the air with its drowsy melody. Eden is close by,—these are "the trees of Eden," "the choice and best of Lebanon,"—these are the trees—there can be none nobler, which Solomon spake of, "from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall,"—the object of repeated allusion and comparison throughout the Bible,—the emblem of the righteous in David's sabbath hymn,—and, honour above honour—the likeness of the countenance of the Son of God in the inspired Canticles of Solomon.

Our encampment was very picturesque that night, the fire throwing a strong light on the cedar

that overcanopied us,—those enormous arms, of ghastly whiteness, seemed almost alive and about to grasp and catch us up into the thick darkness they issued from. (57)

The direct road from the cedars to the village of Eden is little more than two hours; we were desirous, however, of seeing the famous convent of Canubin, (or Anubin, as they pronounce it, always dropping the initial C,) and accordingly, on arriving at Psherré, after an hour and twenty minutes' ride, sent on the baggage direct under Alewyn's care, who was not well enough to accompany us.

The descent to Psherré, (the Beshirai of the maps), was very precipitous, but nothing to what awaited us beyond it; the village lies in a lovely vale, all verdant with vines and fruit trees, and musical with cascades;—and the breezes of Lebanon, —who that has ever quaffed can forget them?— To the east, on the slope of the valley, stands the Convent of Mar Serkis, almost concealed among thick groves, with a very remarkable pointed rock rising over it. Our route lay westwards, along the edge of the ravine, broken every now and then by deep gullies, descending from the north-

ern Lebanon,—each with its torrent, dashing down from the mountains, and sometimes forming beautiful cascades over the rocks, light clouds of spray hovering over their descent. We past the village Hatsheit, at nine, and that of Blowzy, at ten,—both situated on the edge of the chasm; looking eastwards from this point towards its head, we saw the river Kadisha, like a silver thread, descending from Lebanon.—The whole scene bore that strange and shadowy resemblance to the wondrous landscape delineated in 'Kubla Khan,' that one so often feels in actual life, when the whole scene around you appears to be re-acting after a long interval,—your friends seated in the same juxtaposition, the subjects of conversation the same, and shifting with the same 'dreamlike ease,' that you remember at some remote indefinite period of pre-existence; you always know what will come next, and sit spell-bound, as it were, in a sort of calm expectancy. — One would almost have thought Coleridge had been here in some such vision, or at least that some description of the valley had been unconsciously lingering on his memory,—the general resemblance between the scene he has painted and that before us was

so striking.—I dare not insist on the coincidence of there being "a sacred river" in both landscapes, in proof of their identity—"there is a river in Macedon, and there is a river in Monmouth; 'tis called the Wye at Monmouth; it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river, but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmonss in both!"

Beyond Blowzy, we began the descent to Canubin, by a very difficult path, occasionally hewn into rude steps. This magnificent ravine, (I speak of it generally, as we viewed it from different points), is of immense depth, broken into vast hollows, overhung with trees, chiefly prickly oaks, and shooting into pinnacles, between which the mountain torrents rush down on all sides, some of them forming beautiful cascades, many hundred feet in height. At Canubin, however, the voice even of the Kadisha is scarcely heard; a profound silence reigns—all is grandeur, but grandeur in repose,—the choicest place in the world for dreaming away one's life in monastic inactivity. The convent hangs about two-thirds down the precipice, partly built up against, partly excavated in the rocks; it looks as if held by

cramping-irons in its present position, so deep is the abyss below, so menacing the rocks that overhang it.

Here, in winter only, resides the Batrak, or Patriarch, of the Maronites; we had expected to see him, but were disappointed to hear that he had flown off with all the brethren to Adiman, their summer residence, on the top of the mountain opposite.

Several leaves of the Syriac Bible alighted at our feet as we rode up to the gate, and a lay Maronite, who made his appearance at the window above it, seemed quite indifferent to their fate. He informed us, in addition to the unwelcome news of the Batrak's absence, that there was absolutely nothing in the Convent for man or beast;—this did not at all coincide with our plans, which were to rest there a few hours, feed our horses and ourselves, and then proceed in the afternoon to Eden:—we, therefore, the gate being open, took possession of the monastery, searched and discovered corn in abundance, fed our horses, established ourselves in the pleasantest place we could find, and then tried to persuade the Maronite that food for man was also produci-

ble, assuring him, as we did from the first, that we had *feloush* enough to pay for it. All persuasion was in vain till a sort of major-domo arrived, to whom intelligence had been sent of the capture of the Convent; from that moment all was cordial hospitality;—he unlocked a small room, furnished with mats—produced some of the sweet red wine of Lebanon—and, by degrees, the most sumptuous *dejeuné à la fourchette* we had seen for many a day made its appearance,—bread, cheese, salad, eggs, honey, and dibs—a syrup expressed from grapes,—and delicious Arab bread;—a meal for princes!

During the glow of victory—for we virtually resigned our (rather, it must be confessed, inglorious) conquest, the moment that hospitable thoughts were evinced by the rightful proprietors,—we explored the Convent as thoroughly as a lingering respect for bolts and bars permitted. There is nothing worth seeing, except the church, which is a large and beautiful grotto cut lengthways in the rock that overhangs the monastery. The portraits of the Patriarchs, mentioned by old travellers, no longer line its walls, but there are several paintings of a character superior to what

one would expect to see in such an out-of-the-way place—daubs, but done in Italy; the best of them was an Apotheosis of the Virgin over the altar. In, and on, a press in the church, lay many books and M.SS., the former chiefly printed at Rome by the Propaganda, some of the latter most beautifully written—all Arabic, I suppose, but in the Syriac character. The Bible to which the leaves that flew out of the window with such *empressement* to welcome us, belonged, lay in a small apartment at the end of a long gallery built up against the rock, and overlooking the gate. (58)

After a hearty meal and comfortable siesta, we remounted, and, with the major-domo as guide, a merry good-humoured fellow, reascended the gorge we had come down by, but up its western side. We presently past a small chapel cut in the rock; the whole valley, indeed, is full of the excavated dwellings of ancient hermits. The scenery was still more beautiful at this evening hour, the southern declivity all shadow, except the salient points of rock.

After about an hour's ascent, we came in sight of the vale of Eden, with the village on the N. W.

side of it, so that we had to wind round the head of the valley to reach it,—there is no cutting across country in Mount Lebanon—and who would wish to do so, and abridge his enjoyment? Above, below, around you, wherever you cast your eyes, Man and Nature vie with each other in beautifying and enriching the landscape—Man affording Nature a field to display her bounty upon, by terracing the hills to their very summits, that not a particle of their soil may be lost, —Nature in rewarding his toil by the richest luxuriance, pouring grain into his lap, and wine into his cup, without measure. The slopes, too, of the valleys, one mass of verdure, are yet more productive than the hills, thanks to the "springs of Lebanon," that come gushing down so fresh and cool and melodious in every direction:— vines twine around, and hang in garlands from every tree; mulberries are cultivated in immense quantities, with houses for the silkworms—of dry branches or matting, bound with reeds — built between the trees; they never pluck off the leaves, but cut whole boughs off for the silkworms,—the trees, however, are little injured in appearance, as many boughs as are seen on a

young fig-tree being left untouched on each. The fig-trees are beautiful, the apricots delicious, and as common as apples in England. Walnut-trees, of majestic growth and beautiful produce, flourish beside the deep torrent-beds, along with the weeping willow and Lombardy poplar, the only unfruitful trees in this garden of Eden—for all I have said, though descriptive generally of the valleys of this part of Lebanon, applies strictly to that we have just ascended to from Canubin.—And then the cordial greeting of the country people, —poor, but all seemingly happy and contented, and as like each other in features as brothers and sisters —a smile on every woman's countenance, all of them unveiled, and some very pretty,—the steeples of the village-churches peeping out through the trees, and the bells answering each other across the valleys every morning and evening,—were moral charms that doubled the attractions of the scenery; we *felt* ourselves in a Christian country, and almost among brethren.

Eden is built on a lofty ridge, extremely precipitous, its sides supported by terraces, wherever it has been possible to introduce them, planted with vines, mulberries, and corn. A considerable

torrent, augmented in its course by minor rills, flowing in cascades from the hills, rushes down a deep ravine towards the south. We reached the village after a quarter of an hour's ascent from the bridge, and found our friend Alewyn encamped near a cascade, in a magnificent grove of walnut-trees. Pell and I, pursuant to his advice, started off immediately on foot, for the brow of a hill about twenty minutes distant, to catch the sunset view of the western side of Lebanon; it was superb; Tripoli was concealed by the rising ground, but the headland, the port where the merchants reside, the vessels, the towers, (remnants of the old fortifications of the knightly Berengers) were clearly visible, and the sea-ward course of the Kadisha, distinguishable at intervals by its snow-white foam. More to the south, we saw the bold headland near Batroun, the mountain that hid Djebail, &c., &c.—beyond all, the Mediterranean.

A crowd of the villagers congregated under the trees in front of our tent that night; children were romping about,—some one was modulating the shepherd's reed not unmelodiously,—it was a more cheerful scene than I ever witnessed in

the lowlands of Syria, or Palestine, where the merry-hearted sigh, and the mirth of the tabret has almost ceased in the land.

The old Sheikh of Eden was absent, but Yousef, his second son, paid us a visit—a very fine intelligent boy, about twelve, who speaks Italian beautifully, and understands French; these languages he has learnt from the Bishop, who was educated at Rome. His cousin, also, a son of Sheikh Latouff, the Sheikh's brother, speaks French with great fluency, but I did not like him half so much. The whole family bear a very high character.

The population of Eden is estimated at about two thousand; there are eleven churches.—I have often had a present of a nosegay in the East; a Maronite brought me one that morning, of pinks and jessamine, which he called *yesmin*, evidently the same word.

We returned to Psherre, by the direct route, the following afternoon, with the intention of proceeding to Zachle, by Akoura and Afka, along the heights of Lebanon—and thence to Damascus. Burckhardt is the only traveller I know of who has taken this route, and a most sublime and beauti-

ful one it is, so far as Akoura and Afka, beyond which I cannot speak of it, the guide having led us, either ignorantly or knavishly, into another road.

Leaving Psherre, the fleecy clouds that had been hovering all the day on the heights of Lebanon began to sink lower and lower, and, as we passed under Mar Serkis, completely concealed one of the lofty crosses that rise on the peaks of the mountain, while the other, encircled by them, appeared as if undergoing translation to heaven. We crossed a bridge over the Kadisha, at the head of the Wady, and then proceeded westwards along the opposite or southern bank, — passing a large Convent, Mar Elisha, on the right, hanging about half way down, like Canubin, (39) and the village Ka Koffere, high on the left. Soon after passing through Bur Osha, we saw an immense roofless cavern on the other side of the valley,—a ravine, in fact, in the process of formation, the torrent not having completed the work of clearance. Between this and a vast gorge on which stood the village Hatsheit, which we passed the day before, descended a beautiful and very lofty waterfall, from the very summit of the ravine.

We halted at Hasroun, nearly opposite Hatsheit, after four hours' ride—a straggling village, like Eden, almost lost in its groves of mulberries, —very large substantial stone houses, without windows, and serving, apparently, each for several families.

After fixing on a spot for the tent, Schranz and I hastened down to the edge of the valley, and, from a projecting rock, enjoyed one of the grandest and most beautiful spectacles I ever witnessed. The thick clouds resting on the valley and the northern ridge of Lebanon were gradually beginning to ascend, terraces beyond terraces receding into the clouds like an immense staircase leading to some unknown shrine of glory; and a shrine, indeed, of unspeakable grandeur, was soon revealed to us in the heights of Lebanon, unveiled in all their magnificence, and glowing in the rays of the evening sun—invisible to us below; but in a few moments all was gloom again—heavy, moist, fleecy mist swept in a torrent down the valley, and you could scarcely see, as old Homer says, so far as you could throw a stone. It cleared towards sunset—a superb sunset after all; and a most delicious green tint diffused itself over the sky

after his departure, such as I have seen in Nubia. I found such a pretty little garden in a crevice of the rock we stood on,—about six feet long by three or four broad—just the size for my little May-flower.

Next morning, the church bells, answering each other from the opposite sides of the chasm, proclaimed the festa of Saint Peter and Saint Paul; no one was visible when we emerged from the tent, but, just as we finished breakfast, the whole population issued from the churches and collected under the mulberry trees, to witness our departure, and bid us good bye. After winding round the ravine, on the edge of which, overhanging the great Wady, Hazroun stands, we commenced the ascent—at first, very short and steep—then, long and gentle—of the Southern Lebanon. In an hour and a quarter we lost sight of Tripoli, the Wady, and the theatre of mountains that encompass it, and proceeded along the western heights towards the snowy peaks above Afka, repeatedly catching glimpses of the lower ridges of the chain, descending to the Mediterranean.

We passed through fine rocky scenery, but saw little cultivation, except in a plain which we past

at a great depth below us, lying in the southern side of a rocky wady, and where we saw Mar Antonios Hoop, a convent, on one side, and the village Tanurin on the other. This part of Lebanon is quite abandoned to pasturage; we passed two or three small camps of Bedouins, the most barbarous I think I ever met with—no curiosity, no intelligence; they had a good many camels, sheep, and goats,—the sheep lugging after them the immense tails that are seen all over Lebanon; these tails, like the humps of camels, are accounted great delicacies in the Arab kitchen.

After an hour and a half's steep and continual descent, we reached Akoura, a Maronite village beautifully situated among gardens of mulberries, at the eastern extremity of Wady Metouali, a very deep vale, which completely separates the mountain range we had just traversed from that on which Afka stands, which we saw directly in front, as we descended to the wady.

We rested and dined at Akoura, under a most magnificent walnut-tree, and then started again for Afka, winding round the head of the valley, under craigs of most surpassing grandeur,—one

of them peculiarly noble, with a projecting ledge on one of its lower peaks, evidently designed by nature for a Dive's or a Genie's castle—I sighed for Aladdin's lamp! This noble Wady derives its name from the Metoualis, once, I believe, its sole proprietors, but Maronites and Metoualis now share it in common, and are very good friends notwithstanding. A torrent flows from under a large semi-sexagonal cavern at the head of the vale under the rocks; we crossed it by a beautiful natural bridge, and, soon afterwards, crossing the intermediate hills into a collateral wady, descended to Naitri, Nitri, or Minetri, (for they gave it all these names), a village at its eastern extremity, inhabited by Metoualis, a most uncourteous set:—before reaching it, we past the remains of an ancient building of hewn stone. We halted there, unable to get on further that night.

We past great numbers of dwarf cedars this day, and rode through whole woods of them, the following morning, commencing our ascent of Lebanon directly eastwards, the guide assuring us that the road we wished to go did not pass through Afka. In two hours we reached the

highest point of ascent, and, after an hour's ride among low undulating hills, came in sight of a vast and beautiful plain, far below us, which we presently recognized as the Bekaa, with Baalbec in the distance. It was evident our guide had brought us quite a different route from Burckhardt's; here, he said, his knowledge of the road ended, so we sent him back to his village.

And yet I am glad now that we took this road, for on this eminence Raymond of Tripoli and his followers must have halted, after ascending from Minetri — the ruined building there being evidently the fort of Manaithere, the only station mentioned by William of Tyre as occurring on their route from Gebail—halted there, I say, and looked down on the rich fields of Baalbec, before descending to commit them to the flames.—Baldwin of Jerusalem, meanwhile, (not the young prince, whose chivalrous expeditions to Petra and Bozrah I have already mentioned, but the leper, his nephew)—acting by concert with Raymond, and crossing the mountains from Sidon, had descended into the Bekaa by Messaaya (the Meshgara, evidently, of the maps) and commenced a

similar work of devastation, each advancing towards the other, till they met—

"These flaming comets with their fiery tails,"

in the centre of the valley, and, turning to the east, stood side by side, awaiting the chivalry of Damascus, who, under Saladin's brother, were rushing down from Antilibanus to check their ravages. The Moslems fought well, nor was it till after a long and bloody conflict that the crescent sank, and the victorious Franks departed with their plunder. (60)

We descended through beautiful woods of oak and cedar slopingly along the mountain, towards Zachle, and, after entering the low hills that, on this as well as the other side, intervene between the foot of Lebanon and the Bekaa, passed villages innumerable — Shmuster, Beitshemi, Bednein, Temnein, Zernubbi, (which lies out of the road to the right, on a hill, but we found the remains of a temple there, built with very massive stones, —traces of four columns in front, and the three steps of entrance perfect, which I hardly ever saw elsewhere, except at Pompeii)—Habla, Karak, Malaka—it was already dark, blazing with fur-

naces, and Zachle beyond it, a short distance up a valley. Its lights, gleaming through the trees, reminded us of the approach to a great manufacturing town in England. Dark as it was, we managed to discover a resting-place, and pitch the tent, in which we were glad to lie down at half-past eight at night.

Zachle derives considerable importance from its trade of dyeing cloth; the inhabitants are calculated at five thousand, the greater number Greek Catholics. The town lies on the south slope of a very beautiful valley, well watered by the poplar-shaded stream of Berdowni, with extensive vineyards and mulberry-groves on the hills; up the glen there is a large Greek-Catholic Convent, Mar Elias—and, beyond it, at its extremity, a little village among the rocks, El Uedi.

Next morning, sending the baggage before, across the Bekaa, we rode back to Kerak to visit the tomb of—Noah!!—thirty-eight paces long, by about one and a half wide, and elevated on a platform. It adjoins an old mosque, and is surrounded by a wall, with grated windows. In a ruined building contiguous to the mosque, and

apparently ancient, we found a Latin funeral inscription.*

From Kerak we crossed the Bekaa, in about three hours, south-eastwards, towards Medjdel, a ruined tower, conspicuous on a hill on the eastern side of the plain, with a large village below it—crossed Antilibanus,—I could expatiate on its fine rocky scenery, but will only tell you that we traced a Roman road, still the line of communication between Damascus, Auranitis, and the Bekaa, for many hours—halted for the night at Dimes, after nearly eleven hours' ride, and reached Damascus in five hours the next morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Farren were still at their tents, when I arrived at Damascus, but returned a few days afterwards to keep me company during the remainder of my stay. Nothing could exceed their kindness; no intermittent spring, but ever fresh and constant, flowing from the heart—I can scarce express to you the extent of my obligations to these kind friends—to Mr. Farren especially,

Cn. Julius L. Fab.
Rufus P. P.
Hic situs est. Vix.
annis lxxxiv.

who, from the first, *insisted* on relieving me of all those painful, but necessary, interviews, arrangements, &c. which, under the circumstances, I should have been obliged to go through myself. He is indeed the man of all others to represent the British nation in a country like this, and, indeed, what he has effected in dispelling Turkish prejudice, and raising the character of Englishmen, is marvellous :—'tis, in great measure, to *his* personal character, *his* courtesy, *his* decision, that we owe the respect in which we are now held.(61)

I am now writing from Beyrout; I left my kind friends on Thursday the thirteenth, and arrived here on Saturday afternoon; the last day's journey was beautiful, but the heat descending towards Beyrout, and that of the town itself—(poor dear little Julie de la Martine's death-bed) exceeds anything I ever felt before; the perspiration rolls down one's face very nearly as fast as it does in a vapour bath.(62)

It is long past midnight, and by this time to-morrow I hope to be many a league from Syria. You, my dearest mother, will be more thankful for me than, I fear, I am for myself; but, in closing this long letter, and reviewing the scenes I have

wandered over during the last few months, I cannot but feel how deep a debt of gratitude I owe to Divine Providence, for the unvarying health, bodily strength, and good spirits, that have never failed me during so many months, — for preservation from accidents and perils, known, and often, probably, unknown to me,—and for the accomplishment of every wish I formed before and after commencing my Tour in Egypt and Syria, relative to its extent; so that I have seen all and more than I proposed at starting. Everywhere I have received the kindest attentions from men in and out of authority;—And if the loss of poor William, my companion through so many instructive and interesting scenes, impress me as it ought, and as I trust it will, even that too will prove a blessing!

Adieu.

LETTER

ON

THE PRESENT STATE

AND

PROSPECTS OF SYRIA,

FROM

JOHN W. FARREN, ESQ.

LETTER, &c.

Ancient associations of Syria; races, prejudices, &c. of the modern Syrians—Moral and political state of Syria under the former government—Progress and completion of Mehemet Ali's conquest of Syria—Policy and effects of his government—The question and effect of his independence and present position in regard to Europe and England, and to the domestic state of Turkey—The policy of England, as an European and Asiatic power, in the state and prospects of Turkey; and the relations of Russia and France to the position of Mehemet Ali.

My dear Lord Lindsay,

You have requested me to give you a Sketch of Syria as it is. I have so little confidence in my taste and judgment for composition, that I regret you would not accept the rough outlines of information I possess, and give them the advantage of your grouping and arrangement into one design. I may, without affectation, say also, that the preparations I am now making for another visit to the East leave me so little leisure of mind for the task, that no other consi-

deration would induce me to attempt it than a desire to gratify the wish of one for whom I entertain a sincere attachment and respect,

Few parts of the world are regarded with a more general and impressive interest than that to which you refer;—the birth-place of those divine dispensations which separated religion from idolatry, gave pardon to apostacy, immortality to life, reconciled God to Man, and enjoined peace and good-will on Earth,—the scene of events hallowed by the most sacred influences,—cities and spots consecrated by the presence of prophets and apostles, and the peculiar solicitude of the Almighty Himself,—Jerusalem, Sychem, Gerizim, Carmel, Nazareth, and Damascus, the Jordan, and the hills and valleys of Galilee and Samaria,—have vivid associations with the spiritual hopes, fears, faith, and gratitude, of millions in every quarter of the globe.

In the remotest ages of time, and long ere light arose on the chaos of western barbarism, Phœnicia appeared in luminous developments of enterprising civilization. From thence the shrines of classic mythology received images and tablets of their fabled Deities. From thence, through ages,

flowed the great streams of Eastern commerce with the West. Babylon has graven deep traces of its power on the annals of Judah, Tyre, and Damascus. Greece there carried its conquests, and left dynasties. Rome ministered to Heaven in the destruction of Jerusalem. Egypt, Persia, and Tartary, have waved through it the brand and glaive. Mohammedanism there first consolidated its conquests into Empire. Europe and Asia there struggled, through romantic annals, for the Crescent and the Cross. With all the ascendant ages of antiquity, and with the history of modern nations, that country has been identified; and now, after a long and degenerating lapse of time and reign of bigotry, a revolution of mind and institution is agitating the regions of which it is a part, and preparing new developments of character and relation between Europe, Syria, and Western Asia.

It is not, however, in record or tradition only that Syria is identified with the nations of past ages, but she alone perhaps presents to us living memorials and illustrations of their character and existence.—Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives, Nazareth, and many of the sites of Sacred History,

have their historical identities verified, not only by the hand of Nature, but by the pilgrimages of every land. Around the desecrated site of their holy temple, the descendants of Israel still mourn their fallen destiny, and bear record to their prophetic doom.—At Sychem, or the modern Nablous, there is still a small remnant of the revolting tribes, (and perhaps their only living and uncorrupted heirs on earth), who preserve their ancient pentateuch, and still offer upon Gerizim the rites and sacrifices of the Samaritan worship.

I was presented, in acknowledgment of some little service that I rendered them, a copy of a letter addressed to them, about two hundred years ago, from a body of Samaritans in India, (of whom they have no other trace), beseeching to know the fate of their brethren at Samaria; and, when at Sychem, and passing about sunset near their tombs, which lay upon a sterile bank within a wild recess at the foot of Gerizim, two Samaritan women, who were seated there and seemed mournfully to be numbering the graves into which the remnant of their ancient race was fast declining, broke from their silence as I approached, and, in accents of deep feeling, implored me, if I knew

where any of their people were now scattered, to tell them that their few remaining brethren, who still dwelt in the land of their forefathers, besought them to return, and close the exhausted record of their fate with kindred sympathies and rites.

The descendants of Ishmael are, in their dress and habits, to this day as were their father Abraham and his sons. Sidon and Tyre preserve their ancient names, and, in their decay, verify the denunciations on their former greatness.

The languages of antiquity are the living tongues of Syria, and in their compounds is still familiar the name of Britain, derived from Phœnician origin. On the eastern side of the hills of Jordan, and over the plains of Manasseh and Gad, monuments, like those of the Druid age of England, still illustrate the rural superstitions of the dim ages, which, denounced in Holy Writ, were probably imparted to us from them. The Syrian church still dates from the age of Alexander. The Anzary mountains still shelter in their fastnesses the rites and descendants of ancient paganism. Traces of the Crusaders still exist in the traditions of family descent. The various Christian churches illustrate in their present dog-

mas the first ages of Christian schism. The very geology of the country is embedded with records of antediluvian change. Monuments, temples, cities, sites, gems, and coins, illustrate the arts and empires which have passed away. The dress of the people, the customs of society, the idiom of thought, the salutations of courtesy—all are living records of remote ages; nor can a more striking illustration be adduced than that which I related to you, when, on approaching Bethlehem, the aged inhabitants, with tears and lamentations, came out and met me, to beseech my intercession on the cruel oppression then inflicted on them; and, 1800 years after the memorable record of that custom, they strewed their abayes and garments in my path, which, with my suite, I literally rode over; while my heart beat, and my eyes were bathed with tears, at such a memorial of past ages, amidst such a scene of present wretchedness.

Such are the distant objects of the sketch you wish for, and, from this rough outline of the prominent lineaments in the past history of Syria, the influences which are acting on its present state and prospects will present to us materials for a vivid foreground.

The population of that country is now composed of races descended from the great families of antiquity; and not only destitute of those peculiar associations which constitute national character, but denaturalized from such a relation by the reciprocal antipathies of their respective castes.

The Jew loathes the Samaritan, though of his own lineage, and has no sympathy in common with any other class. The Greeks and Maronites, and Syrian, Latin, and Schismatic churches, though of one origin in Christianity, and equally oppressed, hate their rulers less than they do each other. The Metowali and the Sonnite alike acknowledge the mission of Mohammed, but are reciprocally regarded as heretics and infidels; and with the Druze and Anzary, the Arab, Turk, and European, (constituting the masses of that country's population), all seem to vie in perpetuating the respective virulence and antipathies of their ancestral schisms, and each class lives in distinct and recognized habits of separation from all others. Many of them occupy whole provinces which their forefathers were driven into, or acquired, amidst the encroachments of political strife; and as the Turkish administration virtually regarded its

territories as fiefs which, on paying tenure of tribute and service, were left to their own habits of local jurisdiction, some of the mountain races, that were of a bold and martial character, maintained within their defiles a considerable independence of their supreme rulers, though often disturbed by contests with the Turkish Pachas, and by the strifes of ambition and rivalry among their own chiefs.

In the great cities, the Mohammedans are chiefly of the orthodox creed, and, though of mixed races, the ascendency of religious and ecclesiastical influence, which was upheld at Damascus, Jerusalem, and Tripoli, on sacred considerations peculiar to their history, or services to Mecca, and at Aleppo where a large body of Shereefs resided, endowed those places with many privileges and exemptions, and united the mass of their population by common prejudices and sympathies.

Their nobility and popular leaders (at Damascus particularly) are of ancient families and large property, and maintained numerous adherents and great domestic state. The present Mufti, of the House of Merad, from whose forefathers the distinguished Sultan Amurath derived his name, has

had eight of his ancestors in that high office. A lineal descendant of the first Caliph Abou Bekr, (and whose pedigree, eight yards long, I think I showed you at Damascus,) resides there in the possession of large hereditary territories. Many of the Beys are directly descended from the "companions" of the Prophet, and 720 years are registered since the family of the then and still distinguished house of Shahab first settled in that part. These and other families, such as the Derani and Rasheed of the Medan, Shimdin Aga of the Crads, Ali Aga Kznet el Katabee, Ebrahim Effendi el Amady Ibn Tuke eddeen, Hassan and Ibrahim Beys, and the house of Assad Pacha, concentrated a popular and domestic influence which, though insufficient to prevent occasional acts of personal tyranny or casual extortions by the Pachas, preserved the mass of the population in the great cities against the wide and general institution of any permanent violation of their privileges and interests.

In Lebanon, Bethlehem, and some districts of the Hauran, the Christians were sufficiently united and martial to maintain in some degree their own independence. The Jews exist no where in that

country as a rural population, and though, with the Christians of the cities, they suffered much in pride and independence from the bigotry which united the Mohammedans to each other and against them, yet, they were not without some indemnities of circumstance for those evils. The Hebrew family of Farahi, in the brothers Haiem and Rafael, for many years ruled indirectly the affairs of Acre and Damascus. The Christians and Jews were the chief bankers and secretaries to the Pachas and the Government offices; and the *Katibs*, or secretaries, to most of the private families and merchants of rank, were of the former; and thus they not only acquired protection individually, and for their families and churches, but received large presents, and had various opportunities for enriching themselves, besides being held in some consideration and courtesy on account of the influence of their situations; while, as traders and merchants, the superior activity, tact, cunning, and intelligence of those races, gave them many advantages over their proud and indolent superiors.

The Pachas were almost invariably appointed from Constantinople, where their offices were

objects of the most active intrigue among aspiring candidates, or speciously were made posts of honourable retirement for viziers and favourites, previous to their absolute disgrace through the ascendant influence of some rival party. They knew nothing whatever of the local interests or character of the countries they were sent to govern, and were often unacquainted with their languages. They had no regular troops to support their authority, and were at first entirely dependent, for a knowledge of the official affairs and state of their provinces, on those natives whom they already found there established in the public department.

Their appointments were nominally but for one year, and a perpetual intrigue was maintained at Constantinople for their succession. Many of the chief nobles and great ecclesiastical authorities of the provinces had influential connexions and correspondents at the Porte, through whom the influence of the Pachas was assailable there; so that those officers, though endowed with great nominal power from the Sultan, were very much restricted by various influences in its exercise; and, as the Porte only received a fixed sum at which the great provinces were farmed, and their

unsettled state offered unfailing causes or pretexts against an increase of the amount, the supreme Government was indifferent to their administration, while the Pacha himself had no interest, on so short and precarious a tenure, for attempting speculative improvements which could only have been tried by a present outlay, from which he had an uncertain prospect of deriving any profitable return.

From these general causes, and from the total want of public spirit in the Government; the neutralization of public influences in the people; the religious dogmas and disunion of the national classes; the want of fixed laws; the neglect of literature and science; the non-use of printing; the restrictions on general intercourse; and the laxity and supineness of mental and moral vigour in the religious systems and domestic institutions of the country—there arose a spirit of bigotry, a want of self-reliance and of general security;—and pride, cunning, tyranny, falsehood, sensuality, and an apathy to stern virtue, pervaded the whole country, amidst many elements of higher principles and sentiments, over which they were too ascendant. Religious prejudices were exposed to

insult where they did not predominate, and public tranquillity and individual rights were often violated by official tyranny or local ambition. Bribery subverted justice, and force reigned over law. The public revenue was ill collected. National works and public establishments fell into decay, and the country was left to its own local administrations.—On the other hand, a spirit of independence and regard for local privileges prevented the mass of interests from being sacrificed by the rapacity of the supreme rulers. The peasantry and the sheikh, the populace and their leaders, and the congregations and their rulers, recognised in each other ties of common welfare and mutual support. Provincial industry was unenslaved. Usage and opinion supplied some of the useful attributes of law and institution. Between the salient points of local collision, there were broad and open channels of general relation. The people were not entangled in a net of systematic tyranny, cast by their Government over the natural energies of the whole country; and, though a few local exceptions might occur, yet common interests did prevail, and were sustained amidst the repressing influences I have described; while

the high state of agricultural cultivation of the provinces of Lebanon and Nablous; the various productions of commercial wealth throughout the country; the many intermediate grades existing in it of interests, property, and social character; the tasteful costumes and personal ornaments of the peasantry, and the luxury, state, and splendid residences of the nobles at Damascus; the numerous manufactures and arts of trade in that capital and at Aleppo, and in some provincial towns; and the activity of native commerce, which extended itself in direct relations with India, Mecca, Persia, Constantinople, and Barbary, Leghorn, Trieste, Marseilles, and, latterly, with England—are evidences that, however incompatible with the governing principles and prejudices described, there *were* internal influences counteractive of their sterilizing effects, and that the native activity and intelligence of the people were less repressed, or had more freedom, under the former Government, than is generally attributed to them.

Such a state of public affairs was favourable, however, to the disturbing ambition of any poli-

tical adventurer; and one, of no common cast of purpose, was preparing to profit by its opportunities. Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, had acquired by his extraordinary talents a power capable of struggling for that independence, which for many years he had made the great object of his political career. On either extremity of the Turkish Empire the prescriptive law of change had been declared; but, unfortunately for its progress and the welfare of the country, the respective ends it sought first placed in secret, and ultimately in open, collision the influences and power it acquired. While Mehemet Ali was extirpating every remnant of the Mamlouk and Turkish authority in Egypt, and cultivating and monopolising the productions of that country, and applying his enlarged resources to the organization of a naval and military power, the Sultan, (not less bent on the creation of a new national power and the reformation of his political system) had serious difficulties to contend with in the errors and conflicting policy of his European allies, in the rebellious designs of his great vassals, and in the prejudice and influence of some of the opposing institutions of his people. For many

years these local interests of the Pacha and the Porte kept them from a direct collision with each other, and—while the latter suppressed its jealous consciousness of the designs of the former, and accepted his services in Greece, secretly hoping to profit by the exhaustion, as well as application, of his power there—the Pacha, not less subtle in dissembling, never failed in the acknowledgments of that submission which he was preparing to cast off, and, with a motive very different to his professed design, lent his aid to suppress that insurrection, while he was secretly fomenting it, as well as encouraging rebellion in other provinces, and at the very capital itself, of his sovereign's empire.

The intervention of Europe drove these vultures from their prey, and compelled Mehemet Ali to fall back again into Egypt from his advanced position towards the capital. The settlement of Greece relieved the Sultan from the embarrassment of its affairs. Ali Pacha of Yanina had fallen some time before. The insurrection of Mustafa Pacha at Scutari was suppressed. The power of the Janissaries was dissipated. Daoud Pacha of Baghdad surrendered. Russia had com-

menced a train of amicable relations with the Porte, and, no serious obstacle now presenting itself to the active development of the Sultan's plans of national reorganization, Damascus was selected as a point in Syria from whence they should commence, and Mehemed Selim Pacha (who had distinguished himself during the massacre of the Janissaries) was selected as the minister of the design.

Mehemet Ali quickly saw the changed state and tendency of affairs in reference to his peculiar interests. He well knew the real sentiments towards him of the Porte, and that they were too deeply confirmed, by the secret acts of treasonable encouragement which the subdued rebellions had revealed, to leave in any doubt the character of his designs. He saw that, while time would weaken his powers, which were already diminishing in resource, the Sultan would be enabled by it to give that consolidation which his newly formed troops and system needed, and therefore that, while they were yet immature and the state of Syria was favourable to his designs, the moment was at hand for him to strike a decisive blow, and

put at once to issue the great question between him and the Porte.

The state of public interests in Syria, which I have described as existing at that time, was favourable to his purpose. The power of the Pachâ had been much talked of, and was greatly feared in that country. He had numerous partizans and paid agents in different parts of it; and a great many of the proscribed Janissaries, who fled after the dissolution of their body, had taken refuge at Damascus and other cities, where, appearing as martyrs to the cause of national religion and institutions, they found protection among the people, who, as I have described, were strongly prejudiced on these points. Among those outlaws and their protectors Mehemet Ali found a warm support, when it became known that the former Grand Vizier, Mehemed Selim, (so active in their dispersion) had been appointed from Constantinople to the Government of Damascus, and that he was charged with the execution of some changes in the general affairs of the country. The people had no sympathies or recognised interests in common with their pachas, and were

so accustomed to their strifes among each other, or against the authority of the Porte, that the rumour of a new irruption from Egypt was a subject of only speculative excitement in the country at large.

The acquisition of Syria was not, however, solely suggested to Mehemet Ali, at the time he attempted it, by the general state of domestic affairs in Turkey; for he had not only long before been exerting all his influence with the Porte to obtain the Pachalic of Acre, in addition to his other Governments, but he had for several years been laying measures for rendering it subservient to his ultimate designs and frontier policy. Abdallah Pacha, a very weak, but not very ill-disposed young man, succeeded Suleiman Pacha, (through the influence of the great Jew banker Haiem), in the Government of Acre, and, having been instigated by his vanity, and by Mehemet Ali, as he affirmed, to seek the annexation of Damascus to his power, he forged a *firman*, or corresponding appointment, from the Porte, and ordered the Emir Beshir (who was subject to him as chief of the Christian and Druze provinces of

Lebanon) to make a levy of mountaineers, and march against that city.

The Emir did so, and, advancing to the gates of Damascus, burnt the village of Mezzy, which was near them. This rebellion having been denounced by the Porte, and the Pachas of Aleppo, Tripoli, Damascus, and Cesarea, having united their forces to repress it, the Emir fled, and, abandoning Syria, took refuge with Mehemet Ali, while Abdallah Pacha shut himself up within the walls of Acre, where, well supplied with provisions and means of defence, he sustained a ten months' siege, during which eight people were killed on one side, and, I believe, about thirteen on the other. In the mean time, Mehemet Ali advocated their cause at the Porte;—the siege seemed hopeless,—the affairs of Greece claimed immediate attention,—and bribery and submissive assurances prevailed: Abdallah Pacha and the Emir Beshir were pardoned and restored to their Governments, and Mehemet Ali regarded his policy as consummated in the bonds of gratitude and service by which he bound their influence to his interests.

He deceived himself, however, in one of these respects. Abdallah Pacha had too vain and erroneous a conception of his own power and station to submit, when not under an obvious and impending necessity, to the dictates of one whose rank in the scale of official dignity was not higher than his own. This feeling was cherished by the Porte, and many of the requisitions of Mehemet Ali for timber which he needed from Lebanon, and, especially, for the rejection of Egyptian fugitives, who fled from his oppression, and settled in the adjoining Government, were disregarded, or opposed, by Abdallah; till, having got possession of some intercepted correspondence of a treasonable nature between Mehemet Ali and the Greek chiefs, which he transmitted to the Porte, the latter imprudently sacrificed its agent to its resentment, and, reproaching the Pacha of Egypt with the discovery it had acquired, all relations with Abdallah were denounced by him, and the two chiefs became implacable enemies.

The alleged wrongs and insults generated by these sentiments were made the pretext by Mehemet Ali for invading Syria, (which is my reason for making this relation); and—immediately after

a strong excitement had been produced in the country, and the authority of the Porte seemed temporarily paralysed, by the massacre at Damascus of Mehemet Selim—large detachments of Bedouin cavalry in the Pacha's service crossed the desert from Egypt, and Ibrahim Pacha, with an Egyptian squadron, anchored off Jaffa in November 1831, and finally invested Acre, in December; commencing his career with the ostensible and publicly declared design of revenging only the quarrel between his father and Abdallah Pacha,—while his real object was, to put to issue the long meditated desire of independence, and to prosecute his chances to the utmost limits of the Turkish Empire by the usurpation of its sovereignty itself, or so far as the bounds of success and circumstance might irresistibly prescribe to him.

The different clans or political divisions of Syria remained for some time uncertain of the course which they should take, and the whole country looked with much interest to the example of the Emir Beshir. That crafty chieftain, with the caution peculiar to the Maronite race with which he had become identified, sought to preserve

a neutral position in the approaching conflict; and, assembling a council of the great Emirs and Sheikhs of Lebanon, it was resolved that no hostile measures should be taken till it should be known what were the sentiments of the Porte, which were then unpublished, and the repeated applications of Abdallah Pacha by express Tartars to the capital had remained for weeks unanswered.

The inactivity of the Porte at that time was influenced, I believe, by the immense sacrifices of treasure which both parties were making, in bribes to their agents and the government, for support to their respective interests; by a desire also to extract Abdallah Pacha from a fortified position in which he was able to maintain himself too independently; and by the belief (certainly justified by events) that Ibrahim would greatly exhaust his resources in that attempt. The Material, Commissariat, Army, and finances of the Porte, were actually in that very state of immaturity on which Mehemet Ali had calculated; and while some degree of uncertainty, in all probability, prevailed as to the limits which he really intended to impose at that time on the development of his ulterior designs, all these causes of

inaction were kept in unnecessary balance by the characteristic sluggishness of the Turkish government, and the influence among them of the Pacha's agents.

There were many combinations of political circumstances, in the relations of the great Syrian clans, and the influence of powerful individuals, which affected the progress of events, and, with the operations of the siege, and subsequent military movements and situations, would form a chain of interesting details; but, as they would crowd too much the limits of the sketch I have assigned myself, I will merely relate that the Emir Beshir was at length reluctantly obliged to visit Ibrahim Bacha at the camp before Acre,—though he still endeavoured to avoid compromising himself, and came down from the mountains attended only by some of his household, and with the present of a few sheep and horses for Ibrahim and Abbas Pacha (Mehemet Ali's grandson), hoping thus to give to his presence a character of mere personal attention to Ibrahim, whose father had been at one time his benefactor.

Ibrahim, however, was not a character to be trifled with, and, once in his power, the Emir's

person became a security for the conduct of his provinces (left by him under the government of his son the Emir Ameen;) nor was he, after a residence of some months at the camp, permitted to return to Ibteddeen, until Ibrahim felt assured of his co-operation, and had made "surety still more secure" by retaining with him his grandson the Emir Mahmoud,—besides having, with profound art, caused the wily chief incautiously to compromise himself in his career by acting from the camp, in his own name, as the Pacha's delegate over all the newly acquired towns wrested from the Sultan upon the coast.

At the conclusion of an eight months' siege, Acre was surrendered, and a rapid march through Syria putting to the rout the armies of irregular troops opposed to him at Homs and Bylan, brought Ibrahim, for the first time, into serious conflict with the Turkish army at Konia, under the late Mehemet Rasheed Pacha, the grand vizier, in December, 1832. The battle lasted several hours, when, the grand vizier having been taken prisoner, the Egyptian army prevailed. I have heard Ibrahim say, with honourable candour, that nothing could be better than the conduct and

bravery of the Turkish soldiers, but that they were badly officered; and it is not in any degree intended as a detraction from his triumph on that day, or the praise due to his many soldier-like qualities, that I repeat the assurances made to me by several of his own officers, and by European military instructors who were in the field, as well as Damascene nobles who had been carried by him as honourable hostages in his career, that, but for the capture of the grand vizier, the battle would have gone very doubtful with him.

Astonished by the events which were so rapidly progressing, Russia alone of the European governments appeared to have prepared for the consequences; and the decided position she then took turned the tide of Egyptian affairs, and gave her the commanding influence she now enjoys in Turkey.

The negociation and settlement of Kutiah succeeded, in 1833. Ibrahim Pacha entered within the limits of the defiles of Adana, and Syria (at a tribute of 6000 purses annually) and that province were placed under the government of Mehemet Ali.

The domestic history of Syria during the subsequent four years, its present distracted state, and the relative position of the Porte and Mehemet Ali, prove how short-sighted was the confidence then reposed in the permanency of that settlement and its ascribed effects on the domestic and foreign interests and relations of Turkey, Egypt, and Syria.

The conduct of the Egyptian army, on its march through Syria towards Constantinople, was most exemplary for discipline and orderly behaviour towards the people. The professions of the Pacha breathed every design that could promote the welfare of the country, and, though he was not sufficiently rigid in many of his opinions to please the more orthodox classes, his power was regarded by all as irresistible, and all were disposed to believe that his administration would be favourable to the people.

The contest with the Sultan had terminated; the chances amidst which he had engaged in it had left him only a wider sphere of preparation for its distant renewal; the decided interposition of Russia had placed a new influence over his prospects; and Mehemet Ali should then have

seen that his policy must thenceforth be defensive, and his mode of government changed. Syria received him with favourable anticipations. His army, (since wasted by the conflicts which his bad government provoked), was then composed of veterans inspired with confidence in their leader and themselves. On all parts of Turkey his successes and power had made a deep impression in his favour, and were identified with the person of his son and successor, Ibrahim. Europe regarded him with increased consideration. England, ere yet its ambassador had reached the Porte, advanced beyond her colleagues in compliment to the rising power; and, while Ibrahim was still on his rebellious march to Constantinople, and Russia had withdrawn her Consul General from Egypt, she sent one to permanently reside there, who was alone invested, for the first time, with a diplomatic character attached to no others, and an office which was designated with the political distinction of "a mission." Had the Pacha of Egypt at that time adopted an enlightened system for the government of Syria, and sought to identify the welfare of the people with his administration, his position would have been considerably strength-

ened by their interest, and the solicitude of Europe in the maintenance of his power.

I do not conceive that prejudices so unfavourable to civilization, and so rooted by ages, as were those which characterized the Syrian clans, would suddenly or very rapidly have disappeared before the moral influence of any system of general government. I am not regardless of the individual privileges and local associations, which must have been merged into, and would therefore be directly opposed to its extension. The position of the Pacha towards the Sultan, and his own ulterior objects, would, under any circumstances, have continued dependent and precarious; and I am fully aware that, on a people of ancient habits and prepossessions, new impulses are of tardy action. Still the commanding power and influence he possessed, and the favourable circumstances under which he assumed the government of that country, would have enabled him to neutralize, without violent collision, many of the prejudices and impediments to a new and improved system; and an evidence of the popular disposition to that effect exists, in the circumstance of the country having submitted to an extensive

increase of taxation in his first measure, and in no open and combined resistance to his power having been made, until he recklessly violated the public sentiment and liberty by his forced conscription. Many of the very circumstances in the political composition of the country, though adverse to national association, were favourable to his peculiar position, and, by judicious application, might have been made subservient to its support. The Syrian people are remarkably intelligent, active, and discerning. Their character is not formed of primordial elements in a crude and natural state, but is imbued with active impulses, imparted to it by systems and impressions of past ages. They are capable of appreciating and co-operating with a broad and legible design of public welfare, and of gravitating to those interests that are prescribed for them by nature. Restricted in their industry, and curtailed of its results, by the rapacity of their government, and the contentions of their local confederations, the attractive power of a liberal and protective system in the supreme rule would gradually have concentrated to itself the popular interests; and the local influences, from which they became detached,

would insensibly have been weakened and disappeared.

The interests I have referred to, as cultivated in the country amidst all the disadvantages of its former government, evince the existence of a natural energy and elastic power in the activity of the people, which would have displayed greater developments when freed from pressure and restraint. The public revenue through these influences would gradually have increased, and left a large surplus above a necessary expenditure. The government lands were very extensive and valuable in soil and situation, and their cultivation might have employed profitably, and with advantage to the country, the peculiar genius and disposable resources of the Pacha.

His most ruinous expenditure has been on his increased army, for which the country has been doubly injured,—by the abstraction for it of so large a portion of native labour from reproductive industry, and by the additional burthen cast upon the rest for its support;—but the circumstance of his having been able, through the favourable sentiments and neutrality of the people, when he first passed through Syria on his march

to Constantinople, to leave it in his rear without weakening his march by large detachments from an army which did not then exceed 25,000 disciplined troops—proves, that—instead of a force which he has exasperated the country and undermined his interests to levy, and which, since then, has chiefly been engaged, and greatly exhausted, in suppressing the insurrections caused by its creation, and in case of a collision with the Porte or any foreign state, could not be relied on, and would be weakened by large divisions to keep his discontented provinces in awe—he might have directed all his energies, under a different system, to the perfection of a much smaller army, whose superior composition, discipline, and administration, would have rendered it much more efficient for his external interests, than his present ill paid, discontented, and half organized levies; while he would have had the co-operation of a martial country in any aggression of the Porte, or at least have been unembarrassed at such a time by necessary appropriations of resource for keeping it in subjugation.

I really think that Ibrahim Pacha was not insensible to these views, and in a very interest-

ing private interview I had with him after the settlement of Kutiah (on one of four subsequent opportunities only that I ever had of meeting him) he certainly felt some impressions of their spirit. Disagreements, however, often arose between him and his father in Egypt, from whom the chief instructions of administration issued; and Ibrahim finally withdrew from any ostensible participation in the civil affairs of Syria.

A great disadvantage, under which all rulers govern in that despotic and servile country, is, that few, if any, in the highest stations of their service will risk their influence or office by opposing the prevailing prejudices of their masters. I am convinced that there are many in such stations whose opinions coincide with my own as to the effects and probable issue of the Pacha's government; but who are contented to trust silently to the chance of some favourable exception or modification for their own particular fate, in the general result; and resign themselves as the active agents of a system, which they are conscious of being destructive to his interests.

In Egypt, the domestic character of Syria, as

compared to that country, was very little known; and I do not think that the subject has been sufficiently remarked in Europe. An unfortunate habit of exalting and flattering the Pacha's power prevailed among the Europeans in his service, and those about him. Few of them were willing to avow the real state of his affairs, because the importance of their stations, or their interest in his commercial measures, depended on the stability of his government and the general impression entertained of its prosperity. No confidential and instructive communications could be personally held with him in a common language by the principal European officers accredited to him; nor could they, from the same cause, maintain familiar and improving habits of intercourse with the natives of rank and influence.

The most direct and important communications, and the general transaction of native business, were through the Dragomans, who are ill paid, and under precarious protection, and are chiefly native subjects, of Greek origin or descent, or Levantines of very dubious character and integrity,—with the general exception of the French, who have national elèves for that service.

All these causes, however, tended but to augment the evil, whose origin was doubtless in the peculiar prejudices of the Pacha's own views. Constituted as were the materials and mechanism of his ideas, he had no reliance on speculative anticipations, founded upon confidence in a public influence of which he had no experience; and he would regard the illustrations of Europe as referable to peculiar causes, that had operated through ages of time and developing institutions and events, but were inapplicable to the existing spirit of his own people, and to the peculiar exigency of his wants. He knew, better than those who flattered him and misled their governments, that the settlement of Kutiah left the essential part of the question he had at heart as much at issue as before; and that his position only derived from it additional means for another trial, and imposed on him, in the deep humiliation and resentment he had excited in the Sultan, a new necessity for its attempt. He was too sensible that sooner or later a collision with the Sultan must again take place, not to see that his first object should be to prepare for it. Europe gave him no guarantee for his actual position, but had

temporized and played with him, according to the vacillation of her unsettled views; sometimes encouraging him, by the friendly and flattering spirit of her intercourse, at the time he knew she was aware of his rebellious designs, and, at others, reminding him of his relations to the Porte, when the influence of Russia there, or some apprehension of responsibility, attached itself to her proceedings. He saw that his own resources, which had solely raised him to the power he possessed, were all that he could confidently depend on for its continuance; and it was scarcely to be expected, under these considerations, and influenced as would be his predilections by the peculiar prejudices of his birth, character, and habits, that he should have preferred to a more enlarged, though less tangible, mode of government, that of an immediate appropriation to his wants of all the resources he could grasp, and a dependence on his own energies for their combination and control.

The Egyptian administration in Syria proceeded consequently upon the same monopolizing and infatuated spirit of selfish despotism, which had governed Egypt; and wretchedness, resistance, and depopulation, have been spreading

throughout all its provinces. Russia triumphs in her influence and sound policy at Constantinople. France, with equal advantages perhaps in any result, and whose proceedings in the Egyptian affair have been very questionable, occupies, through her subjects, the most influential positions in the service of the Pacha and in public relations; and though Mehemet Ali is not irresponsible to history and humanity for results which may be attributable to an exigency of policy, rather than to a spirit of barbarity, yet it is deeply to be regretted that more consideration was not given to the subject, when its future regulation was absolutely dependent on those who interfered for its settlement; and to whose influence, and consenting enactments, at that time, the Pacha, and the countries he is governing, may now refer as to the cherishing causes of his position, and of their ruin; and it is certainly much less surprising that the present effects should have arisen from that settlement, and the whole question be now in a worse position than it was before, than that any other consequences should have been attributed to it, or that, with any knowledge of the governing springs of action, any other consequences could considerately have been anticipated.

The first measure of the Egyptian government in Syria was to introduce a new personal tax, called *ferde*, on all the males of the country, from the ages of twelve and fourteen. It was first fixed at sums, from fifteen to five hundred piastres, according to the supposed means of the individual. The tax was indiscriminately applied to all classes, and was paid by the Christians in addition to the *Karatch*, or poll tax, to which they had before been subject,—the rest of the population had not been liable to any taxes of a personal nature. The great sources of the public revenue were the *Miri*, or Land Tax, which varied exceedingly in its rate, but was chargeable in fixed sums; and the *Grallee*, or Grain Contribution, payable in some cases as a tax, and in others as a ground rent. The fiscal duties were, under the former government, collected in general by its own agents, but Mehemet Ali has invariably farmed them to private speculators. They enter, however, into the public accounts under the head of Mal Miri, or revenue property. There were some peculiar payments of feudal tenure and privilege, by the Tamariots and Baratlees, — but they were received for Constantinople, and were of no very considerable

amount. In addition, however, to the regular taxes, the people were formerly subject to casual extortion from their rulers, under the term of *baltz*, or *avania*, and which was levied under various pretences of public exigency.

These taxes, which had all been most irregularly paid, and were ill levied, and diminished in their progress to the treasury, were not only fully enforced by the Pacha of Egypt, and the chargeable amounts rigidly investigated, but permanent additions were made, where any circumstances of local advantage or existing comparative prosperity in a district might offer a pretext.

The following statement, in reference to the Pachalic of Damascus, will at once shew the comparative amount of taxation under the present and former government; it is applicable to the whole country, and may be fully relied on.

Amount of Revenue under the former Government.

Miri . . .	11000 to 12000	purses, of 500 piastres, or £5 sterling, each.
Grallee	2000	
Baltz	2000 to 4000	avanias or extortions.
	15000 to 18000	
Baltz	2000 to 3000	added as the conjectural amount from various and the best sources of information, of all petty and local oppressions not included in the other.
	17000 to 21000	

Under the Egyptian Government:

Miri . . . 20000 purses.
Grallee . . . 2000 ,,
Ferde . . . 10000 ,, This is the new tax.

32000

Thus, allowing for all the extortions of government and local oppression under the old system, there is a direct increase of 50 per cent. in the regular taxation; and the new imposition of *ferde* by Mehemet Ali amounts alone to nearly one-half of the whole of the regular taxes formerly levied. It is the same in the other political divisions of Acre (or Sidon), and Aleppo, where the former pays 13000 purses *ferde* and the latter 7000. Those who justify their support of Mehemet Ali, and their opinion of the public advantages of his government, in the abolition of those casual extortions to which the country was formerly subjected, will here see, that the change is much worse for the pecuniary interests of the country itself, and that the chief practical difference (in which, however, a very great part of the disadvantage lies) is that *his* system of extortion is more permanent, general, systematic, and extensive, and more impoverishing and irresistible, than that which it has superseded. The fact, however, is not that those casual extortions have been

abolished, — for they still exist, though under some difference of form, and they are fully equal in extent, I believe, to any that were formerly inflicted on the country, and of a more serious consequence when superadded to its regular burthens, which are, in themselves, as is here seen, so much higher than before.

Wealthy individuals are not, as heretofore, made, individually, the subjects of extortion; the governors and local officers are not allowed to receive bribes or make personal demands, and they are punished when detected in doing so; irregular contributions are not now, as formerly, demanded of the provinces;—but, in addition to the extended and regular taxation I have described, and which grasps much more than all those causes could reach, the resources of the country are irregularly oppressed in various other ways.—The government is annually the purchaser of large quantities of grain and of fodder, timber, and oil, &c. for its service. The sale is compulsory, and the quantity is levied, in certain proportions, on the different districts of the province, and the price regulated by the Divan at the beginning of the crops,—always favourably to the government. Thus, in 1834, the wheat

was rated at two and a half piastres the *mid;* in 1835, at three and a half and four; and in 1836, at four, which was something less than the lowest rates in the year;—but, while the demand speciously wears the character of moderation in the rate of price, the measure, in its effects, is rendered a great additional burthen, and an actual extortion, on the people. The corn, thus ordered by the government, is not paid for at the time, but runs up in account with the taxes. It is not taken from the peasant, as it would be by other purchasers, (who pay too the market price,) from the threshing floor, nor is it measured according to custom, and at the purchaser's charge for carriage; but the government will only receive it so sifted and measured, as to make a difference of ten per cent. in the quantity; and the villagers are then obliged to convey it at their own expence to the government granaries at Damascus, Acre, and the chief magazines, though in some cases at two and three days' distance. Besides this, the quantity required is not regulated by the actual wants of the public service, but for speculative purposes of the government; and, as grain almost invariably in that country rises twenty and some-

times to fifty per cent. and higher, in price, before the new crop comes in, the surplus is sold at that time by government for its own advantage, though not then perhaps all paid for to the villagers; and a competition is thus established, in every way disadvantageous to the farmers. The direct loss to the agriculturists, in the carriage and difference of measurement and cleanliness, is on an average not less than twenty per cent. or 800 purses, on 2500 *gararas* of wheat, and 3500 of barley, taken alone from the districts immediately dependent on the Mutsellemat of Damascus.—*Tibin* (or chopped straw) which is eaten by horses, camels, and all the cattle of the country, instead of hay, is a demand of the same nature, though less moderate in one feature of its oppression,—as one half only of the marketable price is given for it upon an average, and, at the harvest of 1837, when the wheat crops failed, and there was a scarcity of fodder, the produce of many villages, (on which the subsistence of their cattle for agriculture depended), was entirely cleared off by the government, and its whole demand was made at a nominal price of seven piastres the *cantar* (which in many

cases, and in most, I believe, was not paid), while in the public market it rose to the price of twenty and thirty piastres.—Wood, oil, butter, and beans, are subject to the same demands, and all these are enforced by armed janissaries of the government at each place, quartered on the people, till the quantity shall be delivered.

From the Hauran, 1700 *gararas* of wheat and 2500 of barley, at four and two and a half piastres, were taken in 1835. The quantity was not all received at one time, but remained in the granaries of the villagers, subject to the Government demand. When the account came to be made up, it was found that 600 purses were due to the peasants, between the balance of the *miri* or taxes they owed and the amount of the grain taken; and, instead of paying this, the Government directed that it should remain over to their credit on the forthcoming debt of *miri*. Thus the peasantry were obliged to store, at their own risk and subject to deterioration, a larger quantity of corn, by the amount of 600 purses, than the taxes due by them, and which were not payable at the first of the harvest, when the corn was required. The price fixed for it was compulsory

and under value. They could not, while it remained in their store, avail themselves of any increase in its market rate, and at last a balance in their favour was carried, without interest or advantage, and without justice or principle, to their *credit* in a forthcoming account with Government; withholding thus from them their own means, and perhaps compelling many of them to borrow money at a high rate of interest, for the work and expences of their lands. This is the very province which is now in arms against the Pacha. These acts of extortion are independent of the regular and increased taxation of the country, and quite as bad in principle and effect as the casual avanias of the former Government, and affecting the whole of the agricultural interest.

The *ferde* to which I have alluded, and which, in 1836, amounted to 30,000 purses annually in Syria, was nominally imposed at rates varying from 15 to 500 piastres; but, as the districts were made chargeable with the amount as first fixed, and no allowance has been made for the diminution of population by emigration or conscription (though in this case it was promised),

or for the fluctuations of property or death, the sums chargeable have been considerably increased on individuals. In the City of Damascus, in 1834, there were reckoned 18,500 Mohammedans chargeable with *ferde*. In 1835, there were but 14,500, and, in 1836, 12,840; making a diminution of nearly one third, or thirty per cent, in that part of the population. Of those, 3,200 were taken for the conscription, up to 1835; and about 500, towards the close of 1837; the rest had fled the city.

The effect therefore of that tax is rendered, by the oppressive measures of the Government, more heavy than its nominal amount.

A continued requisition has been made on the country for animals of transport for the baggage and marches of the troops, from one part to another, on their arrival from, or departure to, Egypt—on their marches into winter quarters or summer stations—on their concentration, at different times, on the northern frontier — during their operations against disaffected parts of the country,—and, for the transport of provisions, timber, and materials, for the Government service.

In all these cases, orders are issued to the towns and villages to furnish a requisite number of camels, mules, and horses, for transport; which are paid for by Government at the rate of one piastre and a half the hour, while the animals are actually hired by the villages which cannot spare their own at three and four times that amount,—or the peasants are compelled to neglect their affairs and the tillage of their lands, or leave them to others whom they must hire to look after them, and take their own animals for this service, at a rate considerably less than the ordinary rate of hire. Nor is it in the loss of wages or in the expences entailed, that the evil terminates, but the animals are generally overloaded and the men ill used, and hundreds of the former die, and are seriously injured, in the course of the year, by the lawless service to which they are constrained.

At Baalbec, Zahle, Damascus, Antioch, and Aleppo, large barracks have been built; the fortifications of Acre have been repaired; and, at the passes of the Taurus, extensive military works have been constructed; besides repairs to the

buildings and wells on the Hadj route, and various reparations and smaller constructions to Government buildings in different parts of the country. For these works a continued demand has been made on the peasantry and artizans of the country, who are taken (the artizans in rotation) from their pursuits, as labourers, or as bricklayers, carpenters, masons, &c. and some of them are compelled at times to leave their families for a distant part of the country, to labour there for those works, at less than one half of the rate payable for their free labour, and they are obliged in consequence to increase their demand for that labour, when free from the Government restraints. The best masons and carpenters are paid by the Government four and a half piastres a day, and from the people they receive from ten to twelve, and thus the country pays in this increase of the wages of labourers the difference of the rate due to them from the Government. The Government has, at times, attached two soldiers as apprentices to every master workman, and the evil I refer to would be lessened could a sufficient resource of labour be derived from the army for the public

works; but this alleviation, precarious as at best it would be, would mitigate but slightly the weight of general oppression.

The Government is extremely vigilant in detecting and prohibiting bribery or extortion by its officers, and many have been detected and punished, and they have been compelled to repay large sums they have acquired; but in no case have I heard of any part being restored to the individuals from whom the extortion was made, or applied to any amelioration of public burthens.

During the severe winter of 1836, all communication in the country was cut off for a long time, and the price of meat consequently rose above that prescribed for it before by the local authorities. No attempt was made to regulate this at the time, but, some months after, a calculation was made of the quantity sold and the difference of rate charged, and—though the salesmen clearly proved that they gained little or nothing by the difference, in consequence of the dearness of fodder, the loss of animals from the weather, and the reduction of their business while the routes were impassable—an account of 400 purses was made out against them, and a large part of

that was actually extorted without any portion of it being distributed in the district where the shops were, or in mitigation of the *ferde* or burthens on the lower classes.

The Pacha, in 1836, required a number of horses for his cavalry, and all the chief persons at Damascus and throughout the country were *compelled* to furnish them; some three, others two, and one—which were paid for, at times one half, and in many cases less than that proportion, of their saleable price and value.

Mules, in the same manner, were required and obtained for the army and public service, and the muleteers were compelled to furnish them at prices fixed by the government agents.

The impoverishment of the country through these causes, and the insurrections which they have excited in different parts, have been most unfavourable to its commercial interests,—which have also had their peculiar share of the general oppression. The first act of the Pacha was to monopolize the purchase of raw silk (one of the most valuable products of Syria, and which continued for about two years, though eventually abandoned as impracticable in its operation.

The new duties imposed by him on foreign commerce, and his arbitrary exactions on some articles, excited the strongest remonstrances of our merchants; and, after ineffectual attempts in Egypt to obtain their revocation by the Pacha, the British government procured a Firman on the subject from the Porte, and they were then withdrawn. Large speculations in oil, wool, and skins, have at times been entered into on the Pacha's account, and the government influence so exercised as to coerce the growers and compete unfairly with the native buyers.

The rate of carriage for goods in the country has increased, on an average, 60 per cent. in consequence of the compulsory demand for mules and beasts of burden by the government; besides the loss and inconvenience of delay in consequence of the scarcity of animals.

The duty at Damascus on European goods, brought through Beyrout by natives, was discontinued about a year ago, and the measure was creditable, though chiefly designed to prevent the nefarious evasion of its payment by Europeans, who allowed them to be conveyed into the interior under their names and exemptions. That is the

only exception to the uniform oppression which has been imposed on the native commercial interests, as well as on all others in the country. The Syrian vessels and *germs*, and boats for native traffic along the coast, have been continually subject to seizure for the transport of government stores, &c., and, like the muleteers and artizans, the owners have been obliged to indemnify themselves by an increased demand of prices for their free labour. Thus all classes are being pillaged by the government through indirect means, as formerly, and subject to extortion from each other, independent, it should be remarked, of the regular and increased taxation on the country.

On the native fabrics of goods new taxes have been imposed by the Egyptian government. All former monopolies and restrictions on native industry have been continued. Hides and skins, in a prepared state, and red leather, have been, for the first time, made prohibitory articles of sale, except to the government. A new duty has been laid on shoes, and the previous duty on oil doubled. For the government works, in Egypt and Syria, large quantities of timber, of private property, are in constant demand, and it is arbitrarily selected and

paid for, at reduced rates, by the government agents. The nefarious practice of arbitrarily altering the current value of money has been resorted to by the Pacha, to the great injury of the country. Pieces of the value of 21 piastres have been reduced to 20, in accordance with financial speculations of his in Egypt, or when taxes were to be paid. Other coins were lowered in proportion; and he was even permitted, by the European authorities in Egypt, to change the current rate of the European coins, and, by public order in 1836, the sovereign, which was passing in the commercial dealings of the country at 105, was reduced to 97½ piastres,—the Spanish dollar from 22 to $20\frac{28}{40}$,—and the sequin from 48 to $46\frac{17}{40}$. On one occasion an order was issued that the taxes would only be received in a particular coin at its fixed rate, and it consequently soon arose to a high premium from the demand, and the peasantry were great sufferers.

Under the former lax system, the merchants were able to evade to a great extent the strict payment of the custom duties, which were collected by government agents, who connived through bribery at this evasion; and, though the

revenue suffered, and the practice was indefensible, still the effect was to leave among the people that, which, without the least regard to public interests, would otherwise have been grasped and hoarded by the Pachas.

At present, the duties are farmed, and of course rigidly exacted by the private speculators; and the following comparison will show how much more heavily than before they now fall on trade.

The direct British imports to that country have increased, (and would have been much greater but for the Pacha's government), owing to their superseding many native, and French and Swiss fabrics—and to their being obtained at a much less expense of charges than formerly by direct import and by British settlers and native importers engaging in the trade—and to the protection and encouragement it receives from official residency in the country. On this subject it may be sufficient to state the fact, that, previous to my appointment, there had not arrived from England a single British vessel at the coast of Beyrout or Damascus, with which parts it is well known that there is at present an active and direct com-

merce; while from Aleppo, on the north, the British merchants there, in a memorial addressed by them to me in July, 1834, testify on this matter by stating—"It is a subject of notoriety and pleasing reflection, sir, that since your appointment to preside over the commercial interests of this country, as His Majesty's Consul-General, the *imports direct* from Great Britain, of English manufactures and colonials, have exceeded those of former years, (when imported by the circuitous routes of Leghorn, Trieste, &c.) in a most extraordinary degree; there having arrived, within a period of two years, from London and Liverpool direct, at the port of Alexandretta *alone*, twenty English vessels," &c. &c. — and giving details of the imports, as well as exports, from that port.

The following increase in the duties, like that of the land revenue, is not attributable to any increased consumption, which has not taken place, and, under the accumulated evils of administration, could not do so—but to new impositions, and to the superseding of foreign and native productions by British goods—but, especially, to the rigid care with which the duties are now exacted.

Duties formerly paid to the Treasury.

	purses		
Silk	360	now farmed at	560
Stamp on cotton goods	240	. . . .	340
Merchandize* . . .	220	. . . .	600
Timbac † and tobacco .	320	. . . .	600
	1140		2100

The *ad valorem* duty on oil was raised 100 per cent., and, in 1836, this duty was farmed at 93,000 piastres the year, and under the old government it yielded 17,000. Cotton, hemp, and indeed almost all other articles of native industry and trade, have been subject to the same system.

If the suspension of trade and confidence during the Pacha's invasion of the country, and the injury inflicted on it by that event, be considered, —as well as the total suspension of communication between the provinces, and the insecurity prevailing in them during the continued insurrections which the Pacha has excited; and if, in the short space of four years since he entered into its government, it be borne in mind that the British

* All merchandize from Mecca is now chargeable, which was not the case before.

† *Timbac* is the name for Persian tobacco, of which large quantities are used in Syria, and brought *in transitu* for Egypt and Constantinople.

government was obliged to protest and interfere for the protection of our commerce against his measures, and that new taxes have been imposed by him on native productions and industry, and monopolies established, unfair competition with the native traders engaged in, and the current rate of money frequently altered—it cannot be said with justice that the trade of that country has received any protection or increase from his administration.

Another new tax was a monopoly of the sale of wine and spirits, which was farmed throughout the country, in 1836, at 400 purses per annum; and liquors are now publicly exposed for sale in all parts of the cities. This measure was of a disreputable character in a country where sobriety is specially enjoined by its religion, and the revenue it produced was at the expense of public morals. On the Jews and Christians its weight as a tax principally fell, as they were accustomed to the use of wine and spirits, and cannot make or purchase them now without paying largely for the permission or sale from the farmer of the duty.

The disarmament of Syria was a measure

which, however desirable on some considerations, must be so admitted under several modifications, which the peculiar state and relations of the country may suggest; and, as an object of policy, it was chiefly, if not solely, necessary to the Pacha for removing an obstacle to his oppressive designs. He is not therefore wholly exempt as a cause of the suffering it produced, and, though much evil was inseparable perhaps from the measure, it was greatly aggravated by unnecessary circumstances in its execution. Demands were made and increased in districts, according to the number of arms they were supposed to have, and the occasion was made an opportunity throughout the country for seizing the peasantry and drafting them as conscripts into the ranks. Much suffering was voluntarily borne rather than deliver the arms, but a vast deal was also inflicted where there were none to yield. The soldiers, sent to enforce the demand, made it a domiciliary one, and behaved throughout the country with the greatest brutality. The peasants who were unable to comply were seized, carried to considerable distances, and shut up in prisons, and, besides the loss thus incurred to

the neglected interests and families of the people, I saw daily, as I passed through the country on a tour at that time, their wives and daughters coming from their homes at several hours' distance, with provisions for their imprisoned relations; and the wildness and despair every where exhibited, and the scenes of affliction around the prisons, were really heart-rending.

The greatest blow, however, given by him to the sentiments of the people and his own interests, has been the forced conscription. When the *ferde* was first taken, an estimate was made of the male population subject to it, from the age of 13 or 14, and including those attributed to Mount Lebanon, where the Emir farmed that tax for 2200 purses, which is a sum nearly equal to the old duty of 2800 he paid for his province. A return was made for the whole country of 250,000 males, but, as doubtless very many escaped the register, either from their official station or connections, it may be fairly estimated at 300,000. From that number the forced conscription, at different times, has amounted to 35,000 men, or upwards of 11 per cent. on the male population; and if it be considered that only the healthy and vigorous, from the age of 20,

were selected, and that strangers, the janissaries of the Serai, and of the Mekamé and customs, the Agas, Beys, Effendis, Sheikhs, principal merchants, and the civil officers and clerks of government were exempt, as well as the aged, sick, or maimed, and that numbers have fled from the country to the desert, Baghdad, Cyprus, and Constantinople, and several thousands have fallen in the conflicts with the Pacha—it is evident that he has made a most destructive drain on the industry, population, and productive power of the country, for the mere selfish purposes of his rebellion and ambition. The classes I have referred to, though exempt from personal service, were exposed to heavy contributions for this measure. Many of the higher ranks were peremptorily commanded to procure conscripts by force or purchase, and, after a general seizure by the government of all who were found abroad, and when the shops and houses of the cities remained closed, and there became a total suspension of intercourse and business for several days, the different quarters or districts were required to furnish them, and authority was given to the governing Agas to

take whatever means they thought necessary for the purpose.

Very large sums were collected from the quarters, and given by the better classes to induce enlistments, and especially by parents and others to purchase substitutes for their relatives who had been seized. Large bribes were given to the collecting Agas for their protection of individuals, and a considerable part of the sums thus obtained from the people was nefariously kept from the object of their contribution, and the individuals, for whose protection or exemption they were given, were afterwards violently seized and forced into the conscription.—I knew several instances in humble life of men who had been seized twice and drafted into the regiments, and who, after disposing of their property and borrowing from their friends to obtain their discharge from the government, by purchasing voluntary substitutes, were a third time seized, and their papers of exemption were publicly disregarded by the authorities. In two of these cases, which came under my own personal observation, they were the only remaining sons of aged and poor widows, whose other two sons had also been seized, and one of them killed in

the service. Such cases were extended over the whole country, and, applying to the poorer classes, left sad destitution through it among the families and relations dependent on them. The strongest sentiment in the Eastern bosom is maternal affection, and the deepest suffering was inflicted by this violent separation of its ties. Mothers, wives, daughters, and infant families in every village and city, were left unprotected and unprovided for, and immorality gradually increased the evils of want and destitution.

The periods of the forced levies are kept secret, and generally commence on a Friday, when the mosques are resorted to. At the hour of prayer numerous parties of soldiers are distributed through the quarters of the cities, and intelligence is conveyed to them by the firing of a gun of the moment to commence. They then rush on all the citizens who may be in the streets, and drive or drag them struggling along to the great square of the Serai, when, having left them in its enclosure, they return to make fresh captives of all upon their routes. A short time suffices to spread a thrill of fear and despair throughout the city. Women may be seen rushing wildly through the

streets, followed by their children, to seek the husband, son, or father, who but a few hours before had left them to provide for their daily wants, and now are separated, perhaps for ever, from their families without a parting benediction, or alleviating care or solace for their destitution. Within the enclosure, which files of armed troops surround, the wretched victims are crowded together, bowed down with despair, while, pressing upon every avenue, their wives and daughters and aged mothers may be seen, wildly darting their frenzied glances through the captives in search of a missing relative, or bursting into paroxysms of despair on beholding the lost objects of their fears; and, all around, the air is rent by the cries of these unfortunates, cursing, as I have heard them, the very name of their prophet, and invoking the Deity himself to avenge the cause of the poor and the oppressed. The wretched conscripts are taken immediately before the medical men of the army, and, unless physically disqualified, are sent off to the Castle, confined there, dressed as soldiers, and, in a week or fortnight, marched out of the place and drafted into the regiments. This is no exaggerated picture, and many travellers in Eng-

land, and one especially, Sir Edwin Pearson—who was lately with me at Damascus during one of these scenes, can verify this statement, and attest the general wretchedness of the people. In the dead of night the quarters of the city have been entered by armed soldiers, the houses forcibly opened, and their male inmates dragged from them. At these times the shops are closed for days, and all business is suspended. Considerable loss is consequently sustained to all classes, and, as the debts that may be due by those who are seized are seldom or never recovered, large sums are lost in that manner to the citizens.

The soldiers avail themselves of the general panic to get money from the aged or maimed,—and even by entering houses and seizing children in them, who are liberated by their frightened mothers at any immediate sacrifice.

It was generally said, at the last conscription, that upwards of 1000 purses were lost to Damascus through these causes; and it was known that the soldiers by common understanding availed themselves of the opportunity. The evil, however, is only increased, if the number obtained be not equivalent to the demand; for the authorities

will have the conscripts they require, and the wretched individuals, after many sacrifices to their families and a prolonged secretion, are at last seized or obliged to surrender. In many cases, the fathers and near relatives of those supposed to be concealed, have been publicly beaten, to extort a disclosure of their retreats; and some have died of the wounds thus received. These scenes are not confined to the cities, but spread through all the villages and hamlets of the country. A short time after I left Damascus, the soldiers were ordered out in the dead of night, and suddenly fell upon the neighbouring villages, and seized the peasantry while sleeping in their houses. The fields and ploughs are forsaken at such a time; agriculture, trade, and commerce are neglected; the shopkeepers, peasants, and artizans fly to the hills; and anxiety pervades the whole country. The muleteers will leave upon the road the goods they have charge of; the khans are deserted; and I myself have seen a whole village suddenly abandoned, except by the women, when, on approaching it with my suite, the horsemen have been seen in the distance, and supposed to be a detachment of troops. It was publicly

reported not long since, on the authority of some statement from Egypt, that the Pacha had abolished slavery in his territories :—this statement, which has no foundation in fact, and was intended to act on the popular sentiment on that subject in England, is in striking contrast with the measures I describe.

In this manner have upwards of 35,000 of the population of that country been seized and yoked to a career of rebellion, and the best interests of the country, and the strongest ties of humanity, are being sacrificed—not for a national duty to their sovereign or country, but to support the personal prepossessions of one old man to be uncontrolled in his will and exempt from the chastisement of treason.

I will not attempt any refutation of the gross defence I have heard from those who should have higher views, that " Syria ought to furnish to the Pacha her quota of troops,"—as though it were her duty to support him in rebellion, and his to constrain her so to do ; and that for that object its sovereign placed that country under his authority.

It is not only for the measure itself, but the

total regardlessness of all solicitude for the public sentiment and interest in its enforcement, that the Egyptian Government is so deeply reprehensible. Towards the close of 1837, and just after the *ferde* and land taxes had been enforced, and the country strained to the utmost to discharge them —when the crops had failed—the price of grain had risen nearly 300 per cent., or to twelve piastres the mid—and the winter was beginning to set in with extraordinary severity, and famine and misery seemed before the people,—at that very time, not only was the additional requisition for grain, which is elsewhere referred to, rigidly enforced, and for the purpose I believe of obtaining supplies for that very conflict with the Sultan which is now anticipated; but,—scarcely had the old crops been off the ground, and while those of cotton and Indian corn were still ungathered, and the land which had been cleared was being prepared for the next harvest—when orders were given for a general levy of 5000 men throughout Syria, and the land was suddenly abandoned, the peasants fled in all directions, and the country was plunged again into a degree of despair, which has burst out in that revolt in the Hauran which

is now engaging the Pacha, and in which so many of his troops and generals have been slain;—while the latest accounts from Syria state, that he has actually, amidst this climax of public misery, arbitrarily reduced the value of the current money from twenty to seventeen piastres, or about fifteen per cent., while the bread is selling at Damascus at six and a half piastres the *rotolo*, which is dearer considerably than it is now in England.

The favourable features in the Pacha's government may be briefly related. The most prominent is the greater degree of activity, order, and responsibility, in the executive system than formerly,—though directed, as I have described, to very injurious effects on the country. Religious prejudices in any class receive very little support from, and are discountenanced by, him. The influence of the Mekamé, or ecclesiastical tribunals, has been much abridged, and justice in private cases more equally administered than formerly by the public divans, established in the principal towns. I do not think that the routes are now more secure than they were, owing to the insurrections which his measures have been continually exciting in different parts; and I believe that

murders and robberies are now more frequent from the distressed and excited state of the country. European and native travellers are much less exposed than formerly to insults from the people; but the bigotry and gross misconduct of the soldiers in Syria, for the last three years, have been a subject of strong complaint throughout the country, and repeated representation to the European Governments. During the last two years, lands, which were neglected in some particular parts, have been brought under the plough by constraint and promises on the part of the Government. To a great extent, however, the good effect has been counteracted by evils in the forced attempt to produce it, and I am convinced that a large part of the new land has been worked at a great loss. The cultivated frontier on the desert side is now much more protected from the incursions of the Arabs, and the Walad Ali and Gelas tribes, which are allowed to frequent the pastures in that line, are held responsible for their proceedings. Notwithstanding, detachments of the hostile tribes sometimes carry off cattle from within a short distance of Damascus, and a small

caravan which had evaded an arrangement with the tribes, was last year followed across the desert, and forcibly carried away from a village within eight hours of it. The caravans on the Aleppo route have been attacked and pillaged. The towns of Palmyra, Soukne, and Karieteen, were last year invested for some days, and in a state of siege from several bodies of the Anazies. In the desert the Pacha's authority is wholly disregarded, and his Government has not in any degree facilitated the commercial communication by that route. The tribute for passage to the tribes, now paid by the caravans on each camel, is much higher than formerly, and the rate of transport is considerably increased.

The following is a comparison of the payments made formerly, and at present, by Suddet, which is a town not on a caravan route, and, being much advanced in the desert, was more subject formerly than others to the Arabs. In other respects the villages on that line have derived some particular benefits, and some disadvantages, in regard to the Arabs, from the change of government.

SUDDET.

FORMERLY.	Piastres.	NOW.	Piastres.	
Miri to Government .	12,000	Miri . .	15,800	increased.
Karatch	5,500	Karatch .	5,500	
To the Arabs for Koue, or Brotherhood . }	10,000	Ferde . .	7,500	
	27,500		28,800	

There are a few other points of this character which I might relate, but they are unimportant, and the mixture of evil so balances the good as to render their relation unnecessary.

The roads, bridges, khans, and public buildings and conveniences, are still as neglected as they were. No public hospitals nor schools (except for the military) have been established, nor any written code of laws introduced. The whole country seems devoted to the sole purpose of furnishing men and means for the army; and the following statement of the public receipts and expenditure of Syria for 1835, which is the most favourable comparative return that can be made for the Pacha, as, in the following year, the increase of prices was excessive — will show how its revenue is being exhausted for that purpose, and prove the correctness of my opinion of the advantages he might have rendered to the country,

and derived to the government, from a different system.

SYRIA.

Receipts.	Purses.	Expenditure.	Purses.
Government of Acre, or Sidon, as formerly	35,000	Salaries, &c., Aleppo Government . .	3,000
Aleppo.	20,000	Sidon	3,500
Damascus.	35,000	Damascus	7,000
	90,000	Expences of the Hadj .	4,000
Taken from the Arabs that year, in flocks, &c.	5,000	Payment to the Porte for the Country .	6,000
	95,000		23,500

	Balance to the Pacha on the Civil Government of the Country .		71,500
Quartered on Syria.	Expences of 25 regiments, at a general rate of 3,000 each . .	75,000	
	,, Irregulars	10,000	
			85,000

It thus appears that the revenue left a balance to the Pacha, which more than three times exceeded all the expences of the civil government of the country, and of the tribute paid for it to the Porte; but the heavy charge of the troops left a deficiency on the total account. As, however, nearly the whole of the Egyptian army was then quartered on Syria, and its extent was a charge entirely arising from the peculiarity of his position and designs towards the Porte, and from the

measures he has taken for sustaining them, and as there were several sources of income in his speculations and financial operations which do not enter into the public accounts, while they include all the appointments throughout the country (and many of them are on a very liberal scale), it is evident from this return that Syria might have been rendered by a good administration a very valuable acquisition.

I have avoided, in describing the character and effect of the Pacha's government, all isolated cases, and all circumstances of personal character; referring to the broad evidences of public interests in the financial, fiscal, agricultural, and commercial divisions of the administration, and to the indirect, but general, demands upon them, and on the productive powers and population of the country.

I will conclude these details with an illustration which will apply to all classes and interests, in the comparative prices of provisions at Damascus, and common materials of native industry and work, previous to and during the following three years of the Pacha's government.

Prices of Provisions, &c.	Before the Concession.	Subsequent to the Concession.			
	1833	1834	1835	1836	
Oil	3 30/40	4 15/40	8	10	
Wheat	3	4	4 30/40	5 10/40	{ In 1837 12 piastres.
Rice	3 20/40	3 10/40	5	6 10/40	
Mutton	3 20/40	3 30/40	6	6	
Lamb	3	2 20/40	5		
Oil of Linseed	4	4 30/40			
Oil of Apricots	5	4 20/40	9	12	
Wood	11 20/40	10	15	18	
Charcoal	24	25 20/40	30	100	
Butter	7 30/40	7	10	18	
Salt	1 5/40	2 5/40	1 20/40	3 30/40	
Soap	4 30/40	5 10/40	6 20/40	9 30/40	
Bean Peas	3 10/40	2 20/40	4 20/40	6	
Candles	5	4 30/40	8	14	
Beeswax Candles	16	16	24	44	
Sugar	10 10/40	8 20/40	9 20/40	18	
,, Egypt	9	10 10/40	10	19	
Honey	5 20/40	7	8	10 20/40	
Fish	3 34/40	4 30/40	6	12	
Beans	3 6/40	4 30/40	5	4 10/40	
Molasses of Grapes	1 20/40	1 25/40	1 30/40	2	
Flour	3 30/40	5	6	9 30/40	
Grapes	20	26	37 20/40	37 30/40	
Broad Beans, or Foule		2	3 20/40	4 30/40	
Dried Apricots		4	4 20/40	3 10/40	
Cotton		850	1,000	1,200	
Wool		500	800	1,400	

These Prices are in Piastres.

The Seasons of 1834. 35, and 36, were very favourable for the Corn crops; and 1833 was otherwise.

Prices of Manufactures and Materials of Native Industry and Use, &c.

		1833.	1836.
Manufactures.	Cottoni	6 20/40	10 per piece.
	Allogee	6	8 30/40 ,,
	Kraishee	5 30/40	9 1/4 ,,

	1833.	1836.
Cochineal	200	. . 275 per rotal.
Silk	200	. . 300 ,,
Cotton Twist . .	30	. . 48 ,,
Manufactured Brass	24	. . 46 ,,
Manufactured Iron	7	. . 12 ,,
Silver	2	. . $2\frac{3}{10}$ per dirrahm.
Gold Dust . . .	50	. . 60 per onitcal.
Lime	16	. . 42 per cantar.
Bricks, per 100 . .	2	. . $7\frac{1}{2}$
Nails ,, . .	1	. . $2\frac{10}{40}$

Wood has increased about double.

The talents of the Pacha must be acknowledged, and several enlightened traits of mind and sentiment, and improvement of measures, must be ascribed to him; but much of that which strikes the eye would appear, on investigation, to be but the embodying of Turkish principles in European forms, and legalizing evil by systematizing the power which inflicts it; and, after every concession due to such improvements as he may have introduced, and to the extraordinary energy and ability by which he has guided his career, there ought to be but one opinion on his political position — that it is a serious evil to the country, and to all the public interests depending on it.

I have now described the state of Syria under the Pacha of Egypt's government. It is quite

obvious that the country, and all the interests of foreign commerce connected with it, are suffering seriously by his designs against the Porte. It is unnecessary to comment further than I have on the imprudence of that settlement which has supported him, for the last four years, in those designs. It has not realized the anticipated objects of its institution. The Pacha is again going to put the question of independence to a violent issue; the Porte is prepared to resist; and the European governments are having their attention drawn to the subject, and to the parts they may take in it. It is now, therefore, of serious importance to consider the political bearings of the question about to be tried, and to come to some resolve on our interests in its results, and the course that England should determine on pursuing.

However indistinct, and affected by various subtle influences, may be the course of practical diplomacy, the national interests of one state in its general relations with another are obvious and few; and it is in reference to those interests which are of the first consideration to a government, and apart from any speculative opinions on the

domestic effects that might result from Mehemet Ali being placed in a different situation to that he is now in, that I shall limit my remarks.

The Turkish empire, in its present geographical limits—from the Eastern seas, at the points of Aden and Bussora, to the shores of the Bosphorus and Black Sea—forms a line of political and territorial demarcation between Asia and the principal states of Europe; having the Euphrates on one part, and the Nile and Red Sea on another, as facilitating approaches to the maritime communication of the two continents.

Two objects now broadly mark the general relations of the chief states of Europe with the Ottoman empire; the prevention of territorial aggrandizement on her by Russia, and of the introduction, through the Turkish waters of the Bosphorus, of Russian influence in the Mediterranean and southern Europe.

One other object, however, in addition to these, is, or ought to be, peculiar to the interests of England as an Oriental and European power; namely, the maintenance of Turkey as the separating line between Europe and Asia; and it is chiefly in reference to this object that the present

state of its domestic affairs claims from us a serious and peculiar attention.

However weak and inefficient may be the influence of the Porte's authority over its remote Eastern provinces on that line, they now form a recognized part of its empire, and no violation or invasion of them by a European state could now take place, without involving that state in the interests and jealousies which now unite all other powers to the Ottoman government. Hence the general relations of Europe to that government co-operate, at present, with the peculiar interests of England in the maintenance of that line; and, though our influence, and the individuality of our power in the Indian seas and in central Asia, are geographically more approachable to France and Russia, through Eastern Turkey, than by any other line, yet they are now inaccessible to Europe altogether from causes of international circumstance, of the very same nature as those which now exclude Russia from the Mediterranean, though possessed of every natural facility for entering it from her ports on the Black Sea.

The design of Mehemet Ali is to sever the political unity of that demarcating line, and form

two states of it instead of one. That design would therefore totally change the present relations of that region towards Europe and ourselves, in the particular respect I have considered; and would also introduce upon it new influences and circumstances of foreign policy, that would progressively extend towards Asia many modifications in the international relations of Europe.

To England therefore, above all other states in Europe, the prospect of such a change is a subject of the highest importance.

It is obvious that the direct consequence of Mehemet Ali's independence would be inimical to our interest in the integrity of the dominions it would separate; and I think that, on examining dispassionately every bearing of its results, our policy will be found to be in all respects decidedly opposed to it.

Let us first look at the proposed advantages it can be said to offer us.

To sanction the breaking up of an empire, the creation of a new state from it, and the serious disvadvantages it would produce in our position, and to open on us a new sphere of embarrassing

relations and interests, merely because such a project is designed by, and would be favourable to the personal desire of, one individual of great talent, energy, and cunning—or to make the motive of such a change a speculative anticipation of the civilizing and productive influence, on those countries, of the government of a man so advanced in years as Mehemet Ali; and whose provinces now offer so unfavourable an illustration of the public spirit of his system,—would be absurd.—And yet I believe that these are the grounds upon which most people are favourable to the prospect of his independence,—recalling to mind Montesquieu's remark that "il y a des choses que tout le monde dit, parce qu'elles ont été dites une fois."

It may be suggested that we now make Egypt a line of communication with India, and that we receive every aid in doing so from the Pacha; —but we should equally execute that object under the Sultan's authority, and, in fact, the same measure has been for years carried on by the Austrian government, and all Europe has been availing herself of it, in the German post through European Turkey, between Vienna and

Constantinople. It cannot, however, be seriously proposed to make an independent monarchy of Egypt, and break up the Turkish empire, for the purpose of facilitating our Indian mails.

The present communication by Egypt is attended with the disadvantages of political and commercial intelligence from India being diffused through France, &c., seven or eight days sooner than the arrival of the Eastern mails in England; of a quarantine being imposed on passengers from the East, and some anxiety and risk attending their passage through a country which is subject to plague and cholera; and, also, that our communication with India by that route is not solely dependant on ourselves, and is exposed to all the vicissitudes of our political relations with the Mediterranean. These disadvantages would be obviated by a steam communication direct with India by the Cape, though it might be a few days later. A company, I believe, is formed, and a bill in progress through Parliament, for that line; and, as the late trials of Western navigation prove the practicability of the design, and on many considerations of commercial and political expediency it may acquire public attention and sup-

port, it is not improbable that the Egyptian route with India may ere long be altogether abandoned.

It has been said that Mehemet Ali would be a check to the progress of Russia, and that he would be a barrier to the extension eastward of the French acquisitions in Africa.

The disaffected state of Syria; the disunited materials of which the Egyptian army is now composed; its inefficiency to maintain the garrisons and preserve a hostile frontier of two or three thousand miles, and to have a large disposable force for foreign invasion; and the very serious situation in which it was placed even by the Nablous insurgents, and the losses it has just sustained in its hitherto ineffectual attempt to suppress the insurrection to which it has driven the provinces of Hauran — would certainly not justify our attaching much importance to the power or co-operation of the Pacha against Russia; even if the question were not, as it is, purely hypothetical, and untenable on other considerations; — while, in application of it to his supposed independence, it should be remembered, that the territories of another, and an independent,

power would intervene between the Russian and Egyptian frontiers, even if the latter were allowed to extend to Adana, which he now governs; and it is most probable that in any general war, or break up of the political relations of Europe, that would engage those parts in its alliance, (and to such events only would the hypothesis apply), we should gain nothing by the support of Egypt against Russia, that we should not lose in the coalition of Turkey with her.

With respect to France, it may not have been considered that there are about two thousand miles of territory between Egypt and the most advanced possession of France in Africa: two large Turkish provinces, and a very sufficient space of desert. I very much doubt if from that region France could acquire a co-operation of native support to any designs so far eastward, and I think there are much more grounds (as will appear) for apprehending the extension or establishment of French influence in Egypt, were that an independent state, than if it were to remain a province, and incorporated with the general relations of the Turkish Empire.

These are the only points on which I have ever

heard the independence of Mehemet Ali advocated, and surely they would not be seriously entertained by England as grounds for supporting it.

Let us now draw our consideration to the other side of the question. By the independence of Mehemet Ali, the unity of the object in the integrity of the Ottoman territory would be broken; and the present system of foreign relations with it would undergo an entire change. Another state, of a European and Asiatic character, would be introduced on the map of political interests. It is not to be supposed that the Porte would recognize the dismemberment of its territories without a prolonged and determined struggle to prevent it. Fresh and continued miseries must therefore be inflicted on the unfortunate countries of the conflict; and that strength, which the Porte is now progressively acquiring, and which it is our best interest to promote, would be weakened by another contest. Supposing, too, that the Sultan should fail, and that Mehemet Ali, aware of his inability to advance as before against Constantinople, should remain on the defensive, and beat off all attacks, while he proclaimed him-

self an independent sovereign; still there is no anticipating the course or limit of such a state of things, or the consequences that may arise from them in the various foreign interests that would be engaged; while the effect must certainly be injurious to civilization and humanity, as Mehemet Ali must, on one side, maintain the position he would assume at any sacrifice to the country, and the Turkish territories, on the other, would be ruined by the repeated preparations for attacking him. In the case of Greece all Europe was united by a common sympathy of religion, humanity, interest, and association, in rescuing that country from the long series of horrors it was subject to; but in this case Europe would be divided by conflicting views, and no circumstances can be contemplated, that would unite them in recognizing Mehemet Ali, or constraining the Porte to do so; so that, if he be suffered to plunge again into rebellion, we must be prepared to look on for years to a course of events repugnant to civilization and humanity.

Supposing, however, that, after years of strife and desolation, he were to maintain his position, and that, from causes now wholly unforeseen,

his independence were to be recognized by Europe and the Porte. If his government were to embrace his present range of territory, a new acquisition would undoubtedly be sought, if not acquired, in the course of the general struggle, in Baghdad and Bussora — for possessing which he has now every facility, as his authority extends below Dair on the Euphrates. It is perfectly well known that that province of Mesopotamia forms a part of his plan of empire, and there is a particular ground for suspecting that he has been encouraged to it by the suggestions of France.

Here then would be a new subject of discord and of ambition; and, as we should be opposed to such an acquisition, our policy would from that circumstance, as well as in general counteraction to that of Russia, be inclined to the Sultan and against the Pacha; while his would consequently take an opposite alliance, and thus we should have lent ourselves to the creation of a power whose designs and relations would be inimical to our own. Apart, however, from this particular cause of disunion, his independence would necessarily produce a change of relations and policy between Europe and those parts. Possessing territories

so situated between Europe and Asia, his alliance would soon enter into the particular views of European states, and, as a power resting on the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and Persian Gulph, —at once maritime, commercial, and military—he would, on the one side, enter into the European system, and, on the other, introduce a new influence into the Indian Seas and Asiatic relations, where (as it is of the deepest importance for us to remember) our influence at present reigns unique and undisturbed, though solely from political and geographical combinations, of whose permanency this very subject is the agitating question. We ourselves should regard with jealousy and solicitude the position of such a power, and neither itself nor Europe would be ignorant of its importance.

It would inevitably be the cause of introducing new and complex circumstances that would be embarrassing to our interests, and, while at present we have Russia only to watch and contend with in Asia, we should then have Russia, Turkey, Egypt, and France, in new positions towards us; and every general question with England, or coalition on continental differences, would find,

in the new European channel of relation with the East, some salient point of design on the policy of Asiatic Britain.

The change too, which such an event would produce in the Mediterranean, and on the European relations generally (apart from Eastern interests), requires the most serious consideration, and involves chances which nothing but the clearest advantages, or the most inevitable necessity, should incline us to permit. France would probably unite herself to Egypt—Russia to the Porte; England would, in any choice, lose as much on one side as she would acquire in influence on the other; and on one or the other an assailable point in her interests would be opened.

If Mehemet Ali's Government were limited to Egypt, what prospect of permanency could it have, with a miserable population of less than two millions of obtuse peasants, against the powerful monarchy on its immediate frontier, from which it has been so unjustifiably severed? Egypt would then become a dependent state on France; it would be a field, like Greece, of intrigue and misunderstanding for Europe; and,

so far from acting against Russia or France, its very independence would furnish facility to a powerful state to act on some imaginary or provoked cause of rupture, and it would, in all probability, fall in the end a prey to France, or some other European power, from which it could not be wrested without a general war.

Can England, I repeat, be disposed to open such scenes and consequences, to gratify the personal ambition of one old man; whose fast declining years the heavy imprecations of the countries he is ruining would accelerate in their course to the grave; and whose object is one of clear, selfish, and indefensible treason against his sovereign, and of embarrassment to Europe?

If England claim merit for preserving in peace the national relations to each other of the European States, how can she countenance that design which would rekindle war and misery, or continue it, as it now really exists, in the domestic relations of an unoffending people? or how can she, whose ministers have so lately denounced the crime of treason in her own provinces, encourage it in the subject of a foreign and a friendly power, who has not one plea of public wrongs or interests

for its attempt? There is no motive of state expediency which can be suggested to us, for sacrificing the higher dictates of international justice, honour, and humanity, in supporting Mehemet Ali's design of independence. We can gain nothing by it on the most hypothetical chance, while the most serious risks and obvious evils would be incurred; and such a support would be as foolish in motive as it would be vicious in principle.

Turkey is no longer in that state when, less than a century ago, no hope appeared of improvement in her institutions. By the present Sultan a great revolution has been effected in the moral and political elements of that country, and national prejudices and impediments have been removed for the introduction of European principles and institutions.

It is not my design to eulogize, and I would avoid all personal remarks, but when I consider what that sovereign has done in those respects (amidst much that doubtless has remained neglected) — when I see His embassies at every European court, and the spirit of liberality and imitation which He is desirous of imparting to His country, and is evincing in His own relations

with the states of Europe—and when I consider that His birth and education have been in a sphere whose tendency was unfavourable to the cultivation of those elevated qualities He has displayed,—I cannot but think that the prospects of civilization in that country may be as safely, as they would be more rightfully, confided to His care than to that of Mehemet Ali; that He deserves the respect and sympathies of Europe; and that it is due to Him, as a sovereign and an ally, that her governments should in the present crisis give Him their full support. If those parts of Turkey which are now directly subject to the Sultan also present to us, like Syria and Egypt, scenes of oppression (and *like* them they certainly do not); that excuse of political necessity for its cause, which is offered vainly as a palliation for the aggressive acts of the Pacha, must apply as a justification for the defensive measures of the Sultan.

So long as this question is allowed to remain open, the progress of moral and administrative improvement in Turkey will be checked, that country will be impoverished, and Europe be disturbed. It is to the position which Mehemet Ali

has been allowed to assume, that the influence of Russia at Constantinople is only to be ascribed. The relations of England with the Porte are essentially of a more intimate and co-operative character than those of any other state; for they are founded on mutual interests, and without any antagonist objects. Had we acted with the decision of Russia, and even as invited by her to do, in this question with Mehemet Ali, she never would have taken the place she has; while, on the other side, we have acquired nothing, and are totally without influence or acknowledgment from Egypt.

For nearly twelve months did the Pacha treat our representations with neglect, and delay, in the face of Europe, the advance of the Euphrates expedition, though an undertaking sanctioned by the British Parliament, and one to which he had been understood to pledge his support. Appeals for our commercial rights were, over and over again, made to Egypt from Syria, but without avail, till the British Government applied to Constantinople for their recognition. The personal privileges—on which the native respect for Europeans and their preservation from the tyranny

of the authorities, as well as their security, comfort, and property as settlers and merchants in those parts, so much depend — have been systematically reduced and invaded, without redress; and the most petty excuses or complaints advanced in justification. British subjects have been kept under arrest, contrary to our treaties; and, when I left Alexandria, there was one there from Syria, whose just pecuniary claims for wages, on the Government in Egypt, had been for months neglected, though his right was admitted by his own authorities; and he was then living as a pauper upon the allowance granted by our Government to distressed British subjects. The Consular residences have been forcibly entered, and that at Alexandria, during the Consul's absence, was publicly surrounded by troops; and a gentleman, who resided as a British merchant there, felt himself compelled to leave the country rather than compromise the British name by delivering up to punishment, and perhaps to death, a female Christian servant of his, against whom no crime had been averred or proved. These, and many other cases, are evidences (whatever excuses may be made) of our want of influence in Egypt, and of how little we

have gained on that side, to compensate for the ascendancy of Russia on the other.

Mehemet Ali has received every indulgence and consideration, from England and Europe, that could be due to his talents and station. Four years ago, his ambitious designs disturbed their relations, and caused much anxiety to their cabinets. The increased power then committed to him he has abused, and is now about to direct it once more against the rights of his sovereign. We held back on the former occasion, till matters began to assume so complex and serious an aspect that we were compelled to hastily engage in them, and bring them to some arrangement on any terms. The same influences are still connected with the subject. It is only putting off and deepening the evil, to continue vacillating in purpose, and, under the idea of preserving peace, and in the face of insurrection and preparation for domestic war, to keep these affairs in their present state. It is quite clear that we must now come to some definite resolve on the course we should pursue. That resolve, in my opinion, should be to preserve inviolate the integrity of the Ottoman territories in the East, and to promote, by all

legitimate means, the political destitution of Mehemet Ali—as a man whose design is irrevocably opposed to that object.

At present it has been resolved, I believe, to oppose Mehemet Ali's design of independence. I will not form any conjectures on the course he may pursue, or offer an opinion on that which we might take; but, however regulated our measures must be by events and circumstances, I cannot but earnestly impress upon consideration the important facts, that so long as Mehemet Ali occupies his present position, all the active elements of the evil, with every unfavourable tendency of their direction to our policy and interests, and to the tranquillity of Europe and the domestic welfare and national reorganization of Turkey, will remain as they now are, and have been since the settlement of Kutiah, generating plans and means for fresh irruption,—that, while that state of things exists, Russia must and will predominate in that influence at the Porte which she derives from her sound and consistent policy in these affairs, and the advantages which have been conceded to her,—that the Pasha, conscious of his utter inability to acquire independence while the

European powers are united in opposing it, will take every means, as I have no doubt he now seeks, to make some diversion among them in his favour, —that, however opposed Russia may be to the independence of Mehemet Ali, and united with perfect good faith in that object to the Porte, she may not view as unfavourable to herself the existence of a domestic evil which represses the reorganization of Turkey—though I believe that she has in no degree lent herself to its support;— while, without seeking to create unjust suspicions, we should not disregard many striking circumstances under which France appears in these affairs:—the strong popular sentiment existing in that country regarding its former occupation of Egypt,—its vicinity to her posts and influence,— the new policy of colonial settlement, into which she is casting herself, and the peculiar relations in which it has, and may still further place her with the Porte, — the reproaches of perfidy to secret understanding, openly expressed against her by Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim, on the failure of his former irruption,—the jealous observation she evinced, through her special agent at Baghdad, on the Euphrates expedition,—the

statements I have received from an unquestionable source in the East, of her tampering lately, through her officers, with the Emir Beshir and ecclesiastical authorities of Aleppo; these circumstances—the very relation in which Egypt was described to France in a public letter of Admiral Roussin to Mehemet Ali, on the interference at Kutiah, and the influence which she acquires in Syria as the recognised protectress of the Latin religious establishments among the people there, and which she extends through her agents to a professed degree over the native Roman Catholic institutions, —the position of her subjects in many of the chief public departments in Egypt,—the introduction of her language into its schools, and, especially, the remarkably influential station occupied by Suleyman Pasha, (a French renegade adventurer,) who is not only second in command to Ibrahim of all the Egyptian troops in Syria, but, by an extraordinary oversight and sanction of the European authorities in Egypt, was given the supreme direction, under Mehemet Ali, of all the European affairs in Syria, and in regard to which the native authorities were made subject to his orders—all these circumstances may not present

any absolute and tangible ground of accusation, but they show the existence of an influence, a means of influence, and an under current of interest by France in those parts, which I do not think we have sufficiently attended to, or seen sufficiently the expediency of watching and counteracting by a due support of our own means of influence in that country; and though, amidst these circumstances, the designs of France may be perfectly loyal in international faith, yet—as it is clear that, while the domestic state of Turkey and the prospects of Mehemet Ali remain in their present state of unsettledness and dependance on European influence, all these anxieties and conflicting currents of policy must continue open, and, in the event of any change in the present relations of Europe, might assume very serious combinations and developments — it is therefore much to be desired, on every consideration, that, as the Pasha has again placed the whole subject in a position which calls for another general interference, it may be so directed, but with due regard to leading principles, that those affairs be brought to a practical, just, and permanent establishment.

I believe that, if Turkey were now rid of this great and pressing question, it would rapidly advance in civilization, intelligence, and prosperity. A great change has taken place in its spirit, and that of its institutions. The influence, power, wealth, and arts of Europe, and the arbitration it has exercised on the political destiny of the Turks, have dispelled the former stupifying notion of their proud superiority. They are now too far advanced to recede, and a great many impediments of local institution and power, which would have retarded the natural progress of civilization, and only served as securities against an oppressive system of government, have been removed. The natural resources of the country in its productions and industry are very great; and their cultivation for commercial interchange would enlarge the intercourse with Europe, and the influence of its example. And though, in all these respects, much more may be anticipated than would be realized, there can be no doubt that the present question between Mehemèt Ali and the Sultan is unfavourable to the progress and influence of civilization, administrative improvement, national wealth, and industry, in that region; and that they

would be best promoted by that settlement which would leave the least strife and uncertainty in its consequences.

I cannot but think that all things are working in that country to a great moral change, and that its mind is being prepared for the reception of long lost influences of happiness and truth. It was the country of my first relation to the public service; the extension, which has been effected there, of British commercial interests, was a duty confided to me by the Earl of Aberdeen, when Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs,—to whom also the country is indebted, in regard to those parts, for the enlargement of our commerce in Northern Persia, through the Port of Trebezonde; and to him I now express, on the first occasion, that I have ever had beyond that of private tribute, my grateful acknowledgments for an introduction to the public service, under a personal confidence and official patronage of which I shall always be proud. Nor I am sure will my tribute be deemed less ingenuous, if, disregarding all political differences, I associate it with my warm acknowledgments to the personal friendship of Lord Glenelg, who first encouraged my solicitude for our national interests in that region.

I was the first to raise, as an emblem of national power and friendly relations, the British flag at Damascus; and I have spent years there in the closest intimacy of personal confidence and social relation with its people. I have left behind me, I believe, on the native sentiments in that city and throughout the country; on those countrymen whose interests I was sent to protect; and on the Europeans generally (for such assurances, at least, all classes have addressed to me), impressions, that will long remain in honour to our country and gratifying to myself. And at this distance from Syria, and when a great crisis is impending on the fate of its inhabitants, and our own interests and those of India are closely connected with the question, I may be excused for referring to these associations with that people, while I devoutly pray for their welfare, and that the judgment of those on whose high influence it is dependent may be guided rightly in its direction.

I have now concluded my sketch. There are many peculiarities in the philosophy of public mind and institution in those parts, and in popular

sentiment and custom, and the history and state of the religious sects and political classes of Syria, which, in reference to their present condition and the combination of their future developments with European influences, might with much interest have been embodied in this paper; and the position, state, and martial character, of the great Arab tribes of the Syrian Desert are features in the political interests and developing prospects of those regions which, though not hitherto noticed, are well worthy of consideration. But my sketch has already far exceeded the limits I anticipated at its commencement.

* For the statements and conclusions I have made, I am, of course, willingly responsible; but in other respects, however much I could desire that, in tribute to your request, which first incited me to the task, it were better executed and more worthy of your acceptance, and of the place you wish to assign it, yet, as I have had, during its execution, many disturbing claims on my attention, and have not voluntarily approached—for it were too much to say—entered, the Temple of Literature, I am entitled, I hope, to deprecate too severe a criticism on the fashion of this offering.

You will, I am sure, my dear Lord Lindsay, accept this little sketch in the spirit in which it is presented—a tribute of regard to your wishes and friendship, and with a heartfelt assurance of my attachment and respect for you.

J. W. FARREN.

5th July, 1838.

NOTES.

Note 19, Page 7.

" Recepte singuliere pour apprester la chair
à gents qui vont en voyage lointaing.

" Nous chargeasmes aussi un chameau de chair preparée pour le voyage. ainsi qu'il s'ensuit. L'on tua grand nombre de moutons, qu'on fit bouillir dehachez en pieces. En apres l'on separa la chair des os, qu'on tailla à petits morceaux, gros comme le bout du poulce, puis fut boullue en de la gresse jusques à la consomption de la humidité aqueuse qui estoit dedens, avec des oignons cuicts. Cela faict, fut salée, epicée, puis mise en barils. Ceste viande est bonne à garder long-temps. Car encore qu'on l'ait portée quinze journées, en la rechauffant, et y adjoustant un oignon, il semble que ce soit une fricassée fraischement faite du jour mesme, qui nous sembla fort bonne viande, estants es deserts."—*Belon, Observations*, &c. c. 53, fol. 214, verso.

Note 20, Page 12.

——————— " A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses."
Comus.

Milton, as has been well remarked by Warton, probably borrowed this idea from the popular narrative of Marco Polo:—speaking of the " hungry desert," (as it is called) of the Mongols, he says,—" it is asserted as a well-known fact, that this desert is the abode of many evil spirits, which amuse travellers to their destruction, with most extraordinary illusions. If, during the

day-time, any persons remain behind on the road, until the caravan has passed a hill, and is no longer in sight, they unexpectedly hear themselves called to by their names, and in a tone of voice to which they are accustomed. Supposing the call to proceed from their companions, they are led away by it from the direct road, and not knowing in what direction to advance, are left to perish. In the night-time they are persuaded they hear the march of a large cavalcade on one side or other of the road, and concluding the noise to be that of the footsteps of their party, they direct theirs to the quarter from whence it seems to proceed; but upon the breaking of day, find they have been misled, and drawn into a situation of danger. Sometimes, likewise, during the day, these spirits assume the appearance of their travelling companions, who address them by name, and endeavour to conduct them out of the proper road. It is said, also, that some persons, in their course across the desert, have seen what appeared to them to be a body of armed men advancing towards them, and, apprehensive of being attacked and plundered, have taken to flight. Losing by this means the right path, and ignorant of the direction they should take to regain it, they have perished, miserably of hunger. Marvellous, indeed, and almost passing belief, are the stories related of these spirits of the desert, which are said at times to fill the air with the sounds of all kinds of musical instruments, and also of drums and the clash of arms; obliging the travellers to close their line of march, and to proceed in more compact order."—*Book* 1, c. 35, p. 159, *Marsden's edition.*

It will be seen, from the following passage of Vincent le Blanc, that a similar belief prevails in the Arabian desert; the Bedouins are always uneasy if the traveller loiters at a distance from his caravan.

"From thence" (the Dead Sea), "we took our way through the open desert, marching in rank and file.—Upon our march, we were from hand to hand advertised that some one of our company was missing, that strayed from the rest; 'twas the companion of an Arabian merchant, very sad for the loss of his friend: part of the caravan made a halt, and four Moors were sent in quest of him, and a reward of a hundred ducats was in hand paid them, but they brought back no tidings of him; and 'tis uncertain whether he was swallowed up in the sands, or whether he met his death by any other misfortune, as it often happens, by the relation of a merchant then in our company, who told us that, two years before, traversing the same journey, a camarade of his, going a little aside from the company, saw three men, who called him by his name, and one of them, to his thinking, favoured very much his companion, and as he was about to follow them, his real companion calling him to come back to his company, he found himself deceived by the others, and thus was saved. And all travellers in these parts hold that in the deserts there are many such phantasms and goblins seen, that strive to seduce the

travellers, and cause them to perish with hunger and despair." —*World Surveyed*, p. 11.

For one who, like the writer of this note, has *once* felt, though but for a few moments, what it is to lose his way and feel himself alone in the desert, it is not difficult to realize the feelings of the unfortunate merchant alluded to.

Many of these superstitions have probably arisen from those optical phenomena common in the desert; others, doubtless, from the excited, and, as it were, spiritualised tone the imagination naturally assumes in scenes presenting so little sympathy with the ordinary feelings of humanity;—as an instance of this power of fancy, I may mention that, when crossing Wady Araba, in momentary expectation of encountering the Jellaheens, Mr. Ramsay, a man of remarkably strong sight, and by no means disposed to superstitious credulity, distinctly saw a party of horse moving among the sand-hills; and, though we met none, and afterwards learnt that the enemy had already passed up the valley, I do not believe he was ever able to divest himself of the impression.

Note 21, Page 14.

The Gherashi, or Korashy, originally from the Hedjaz, are a branch of the illustrious tribe of Koreish, from whom Mahommed sprung. He was very kind to the monks of Sinai, and Pietro della Valle records a tradition that he was once the camel-driver of the Convent.

Note 22, Page 14.—Nouebe.

"The narrow plain, which rises here from the sea to the mountain, is covered with sand and loose stones. Ayd told me that in summer, when the wind is strong, a hollow sound is sometimes heard here, as if coming from the upper country. The Arabs say that the spirit of Moses then descends from Mount Sinai, and, in flying across the sea, bids farewell to his beloved mountains."—*Burckhardt's Travels in Syria*, p. 517.

Note 23, Page 14.

Procopius, like ourselves, restricts the appellation Red Sea to the gulf within the straits of Babelmandel, distinguishing the Elanitic arm, or gulf of Akaba, as the Sinus Arabicus, called so, he says, "because the region between Aila and the territory of Gaza was formerly named Arabia, the king of the Arabs in elder times holding his court in the city Petra."—*De bello Persico*, lib. 1, cap. 19.—*Script. Byzant.*, t. 1, p. 262.

Note 24, Page 27.

"There sit they chatting most of the day, and sippe of a drinke

called Coffa, (of the berry that it is made of,) in little china dishes, as hot as they can suffer it: blacke as soote, and tasting not much unlike it—why not that black broth which was in use amongst the Lacedemonians?"—*Sandys' Travels*, p. 66.

Note 25, Page 31.

The *As Scharat* of Abulfeda, or Mount Seir of Scripture, is, I conceive, the Μελαινὴ ὄρη, or Black Mountains, of Ptolomy, who extends them from the promontory of Phara, now Ras Mohammed, to Judea.* The word *Seir* or *Sihor* means black in Hebrew.

"The Arabian Gulf," Mr. Wilkinson informs us, was "called by the Egyptians the Sea of Shari,"—may not the Shorii or Shari of Beit-Wellee be the inhabitants of Mount Seir?

Note 26, Page 36.

"Cette contrée était entierement plantée d'oliviers féconds, qui formaient une épaisse forêt et couvraient de leur ombre toute la surface de la terre: leur produit servait aux habitans du pays, comme il avait servi à leurs ancêtres, à se procurer toutes les choses nécessaires à la vie; cette ressource enlevée, ils devaient se trouver dépourvus de tout moyen de subsistance," &c.—*See William of Tyre's Histoire des Croisades, livre* 16; *tom.* 2, p. 458.—*Guizot's Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France.*

He places Wady Mousa in the third Arabia, or Syria de Sobal, commonly called Terra de Montreal; Petra was in those days mistaken for Carac, or Korek, the Mons Regalis of Godfrey.

Bakoui, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, speaks of "beaucoup d'oliviers," in Ouadi Mousa.—*Notices des MSS* &c.

Note 27, Page 39.—Petra.

From Bostra and Petra, the northern and southern capitals of Arabia Provincia, having begun to compute their years from the date of their subjection to Rome, it is probable that the architectural magnificence of both cities is to be ascribed to Trajan, who reduced the country in the seventh or eighth year of his reign. Du Cange remarked this 150 years ago—long before Petra had been recognised in Wady Mousa.—See his notes to the *Chronicon Paschale, Script. Byz.* tom. 5. p. 453.

But the importance of Petra, as the central point of commerce, "to which all the Arabians tended from the three sides of their vast peninsula," and from which "the trade seems to have been again branched out in every direction to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, through Arsinoe, Gaza, Tyre, Jerusalem, Damascus, and a variety

* Brocardus, in the thirteenth century, says there are two Mount Seirs, that to which the name is now restricted, and Pharan.

of subordinate routes that all terminated on the Mediterranean" —dates from the most remote antiquity.—*Vincent's Periplus.*

The Al Rakim of Abulfeda, with its "houses cut in the live rock," is rightly identified by Schultens with the Αριμμη of Josephus, and Petra of the desert. The word 'Rekem,' however, which occurs in Numbers, xxxi., 8, and in Joshua, xiii., 21, is not the name of the city, as Bochart and Vincent suppose, but that of one of the five Midianite kings subdued by Moses, and tributary, it would appear from a comparison of the passages, to Sihon king of the Amorites.

Rekem, according to Calmet, signifies, in Hebrew, "painting or embroidery of several colours or shades;" does not this refer to the rainbow-like tints of the rocks at Petra?*

Edrisi, in the twelfth century, gives the following description of Petra, or, as he calls it, Hagiar.—"At vero Hagiar distat à Vadi-Aliqora,† stat. 1; estque arx pulchrè sita inter montes, in quibus commorabatur familia Thomud; suntque in illis domus excisae in petrâ; atque hi montes vocantur ab habitatoribus Hagiar et earum partium, Alathaleb. (Id est, saxa. *Marg.*) Isti verò montes, quamvis aspicienti à longe videantur conjuncti, tamen cùm is, qui illùc pergit, accedit ad ipsos, et in medio eorum se constituit, deprehendit singulas partes per se existere, ea ut unaquaeque ambiri possit, neque una alteram tangat, aut una cum alterâ commisceatur: et est ibi modò puteus Thomud. Circumdant Hagiar undique montes et arenae, quorum cacumina nemo valet sine maximo labore ac difficultate conscendere."—*Geogr. Nub.* p. 110.

For the very best commentary on the history of Petra, I need hardly refer to a book so well known and so universally valued as Dr. Keith's Evidence of Prophecy.

The familia Thomud, or Beni Thamoud, of Edrisi, descendants of a prince of that name, nephew of Arphaxad — the original inhabitants of Hagiar or Petra,‡ and to whom her magnificent excavations are attributed by tradition, were cut off, in consequence of their impiety, by a judgment of God similar to that which exterminated the children of Aad. These two tribes, of gigantic stature, and of race distinct from the three great houses of Yoktan, Ishmael, and Esau, figure in the Arabian history much as the Titans and Giants do in the Grecian. For the

* Baldensel describes the desert between Palestine and Mount Sinai as inhabited by an "infinita multitudo Arabum, qui dicuntur alio nomine Ridilbim:" to which Canisius affixes the marginal query, "An Rathalalhaga ap. Thevetum huc pertinet?"—Sandys says that Petra is called by the Arabs Rathalulah.—Ptolomy, in his description of Arabia Petraea, places the Raitheni παρα την ορεινην της ευδαιμονος Αραβιας.

† Aliquora, the Alcoura of other Arab geographers, (not to be confounded with the El Coura, or plain of Moab,) is the Ghor or Wady Araba, the prolongation of the valley of the Jordan.

‡ They settled there after their expulsion from Yemen by the Hamyarites

destruction of the Aadites see the first book of Thalaba; that of the Thamudites, in which, as in many of the Arab legends, it is difficult to say whether the sublimity of the outline, or the absurdity of the details, predominate, will be found in the Bibliothéque Orientale of D'Herbelot, on the authority of a paraphrast on the Koran.

Note 28, Page 47.—Gebel Asufar.

The name of these mountains reminds one of that by which the Edomites were distinguished among the Arabs, Beni Asfar.

"Il faut remarquer qu'à cause qu' Esau est surnommé par les Hebreux Edom, qui signifie Roux ou Blond, les Arabes appellent toute la posterité d' Esau, ou au moins de Roum son fils, Banou ou Beni Asfar, les enfans du Roux ou du Blond."—*D'Herbelot.*

Roum, according to the Oriental historians, was ancestor of all the Greek and Roman Emperors.

The princes of the Beni Asfar are repeatedly spoken of in the same breath with Chosroe and Cæsar, in the romance of Aftar:—"I will slay him, were he even in the chambers of Chaosroe or the Roman Emperor, or under the protection of the Kings of the tribe of Asfar."—vol 2, p. 68.

This patronymic is now, I believe, confined to the Russians.

Note 29, Page 51.

Both Mandeville and Baldensel mention Beersheba, having crossed the desert direct from Mount Sinai to Hebron—a journey of thirteen days. "That town of Bersabee, founded," says Sir John, by "Bersabee, the wif of Sire Urye the knighte," "was wont to ben a fulle faire town and a delytable of Christen men; and yet there ben some of their churches."—*Voiage*, p. 79. Baldensel uses nearly the same words,—"quondam fuit villa competens, pulchras habuit ecclesias, quarum adhuc aliquae perseverant; pulcher valdè locus est, et delectabilis atque sanus."—*ap. Canisii Lectiones Ant.*, tom. 4, p. 345.

Breydenbach mentions "the city of Abraham" as lying to the left of his road from Hebron to Gaza.* A noted hospital was maintained there by the Saracens, who supplied all, without distinction of sect or nation, that asked their charity, with bread, oil, and broth. Every day, he says, 1200 loaves were baked for the poor, and the annual expenditure of the establishment amounted to 24,000 ducats. †

This accurate and pleasing traveller crossed the desert from Gaza to Sinai by a route undescribed--so far as I am aware--by any other writer, and which I here subjoin abridged from his 'Itinerary.'

* Elsewhere he says that "Bersabee, now called Gallyn, is four leagues distant from Gaza, and like Gaza, more than a day's journey from Hebron."

† That "he acted as his father had done in keeping up the establishments for guests, in protecting the timid and the helpless, and in clothing the widowed and the naked," is the commendation of Khaled in the romance of 'Antar.'

"Aug. 24, 1483. Quitted Jerusalem at vespers, and slept at Bethlehem, where we remained two days.

Aug. 27.—to Hebron.

Aug. 28. Starting before light, travelled the whole day till after sunset, when we found shelter in a large solitary house. Here the mountains end, and a tolerably fruitful and pleasant plain begins. Past on the road a castle named after Saint Samuel, to the left of which is the city of Abraham, &c.

Aug. 29. Reached Gazera (Gaza) a little after noon. Passed many cisterns to-day; the Saracens draw up the water with great exertion and offer it to pilgrims for the love of God.

We were detained several days at Gaza, a city twice as large and of twice the circumference of Jerusalem, but inferior to it in the structure of its edifices.

Sept. 10. Quitting Gaza, slept at Lebhem, a village a mile distant, where a large, deep, but dry well is shown as the night's resting-place of the Virgin and her son on their flight into Egypt. We now entered the great Southern desert.

Sept. 11. Across a gravelly plain—horizon unbounded, except to the West by the Great Sea—and encamped on a spot called in Arabic Cawatha, and in Latin Cades.

It was on this day that we came to the real desert, where man never dwelt, nor the son of man abode: a land that you can neither plough nor sow—no city, village, or hamlet—not a house—not a cottage visible as you proceed—no fields, no vineyards, no gardens or trees of any description, but a land scorched, burnt up, by the heat of the sun, utterly sterile and unfruitful—abundant only in torrents, hills, and mountains, which bear the stamp of horror and the image of death. We often saw vast clouds rising over the desert like smoke, but soon found them to consist merely of dust and the finest sand, caught up by the wind. These sands are always shifting; where to-day the path is clear, to-morrow you will find a little mountain in its place. Thus slowly step by step advancing we reached on

Sept. 12, a place called Gayan, where we pitched our tents in the dry bed of a torrent.

On the 13th, came to a great torrent-bed in the mountains, called Wadalar, where we saw quantities of coloquintida.

On the 14th, entered a solitude, still more desolate than that we crossed yesterday and the day before—no men, cattle, or birds, (except ostriches) to be seen: thence—between lofty and sterile mountains, "non nisi limpidissimis et abruptissimis petris coagulata," and named, from their ruggedness, Gebel Helel—to a sandy spot called Magare.

On the morrow, crossing another very rugged desert, and much colder than usual in the East, halted in a flat chalky spot, Mynsheue.

On the 16th, through another broad and rugged district, (said to extend for two months' journey Eastward, and thought by some

to be part of the Torrid Zone, and to be prolonged as far as Paradise,) to Alherock.

Sept. 17th, to Mesmar, at the foot of a lofty mountain, (apparently artificial), named Caleb.

Sept. 18, Ground covered with depositions of salt—halted in a dry torrent-bed.

Sept. 19, Reached those mountains from which you get the first sight of Horeb and Sinai, still four days distant, to the left, and on the right the Red Sea. The road here so rocky and precipitous that we were obliged to dismount and go on foot. Rested in some adjacent caves for a day and a night. No water, trees, or shrubs.

Sept. 20th, rising with the dawn, entered rugged mountains of mingled red and black, shining in the sun as if anointed with oil; the air quite perfumed with the blossoms of the Spina-Christi tree. Here we saw a beast larger than a camel, which our guides told us was an unicorn.* Towards evening halted at Scholie.

Henceforth, in all our difficulties and fatigues, we had this constant consolation that the star (called) of St. Catherine, brighter than any of the other constellations, rose every night after twelve in the South, and hovering over Mount Sinai till the morning, pointed out our way.

At sunset on the 21st, we encamped in Abulherock, a great plain shut in on every side by lofty mountains, and in which Moses is said to have kept the flock of Jethro; a hollow in the rock, commanding a view of the whole plain, was shewn to us as the place where he sat and slept.

On the 22d, getting up very early in the morning, we entered the inner wilds of the desert by a narrow pass which led us into a large sandy plain—

—the El Raha of modern travellers, which Breydenbach and his companions entered from Wady Sheikh—and here I leave them.

Note 30, Page 52.

Yet the ancient name is not forgotten—Abulfeda calls it Beit Chabrun.

Breydenbach describes Old Hebron as "hodie omnino destructa; et sunt ruine ejus magne valdè, et videtur fuisse satis gloriosa." Four bowshots to the S. E. was New Hebron, built on and around the sepulchral cave of the patriarchs.

* A wood-cut representing the unicorn, crocodile, salamander, *capre da India*, camel, and a baboon (with the legend 'non constat de nomine') holding it by the bridle, will be found on the verso of Breydenbach's map of Syria. The wood engravings in this work are extremely curious and often very spirited, and were executed, as we learn incidentally in the text, from the drawings of "Erhardus Rewich de Trajecto inferiori, pictor ille artificiosus et subtilis .... qui omnia loca in hoc opere depicta docta manu effigiavit."

NOTE 31, PAGE 54.

The old pilgrims delight to dwell on the etymologies of Bethlehem and Nazareth:—

"Bethlehem, which is, being interpreted, the House of Bread. Nor is it called so without good cause, for the fruit of life sprung there from the flower of Nazareth—the son, namely, of the living God, Christ Jesus—the bread of angels and the life of the whole world."—*Johannis Wirzburgensis Descriptio Terrae Sanctæ, sec.* 13. *ap. Pezii. Thesaur.* t. 1, part. 3, p. 490.

"Nazareth is als moche as to seye, Flour of the Gardyn; and be gode skylle may it ben clept Flour, for there was norissche the Flour of Lif, that was Crist Jesu."—*Voiage &c., of Sir John Maundevile*, p. 136.

NOTE 32, PAGE 66.—The Ghor.

That the Ghor, or Valley of the Jordan, is prolonged to the Gulf of Akaba, was well known to the Arab geographers, as will appear from the following passage of Ebn Haukul, a writer of the tenth century, quoted by Edrisi:—"Incipit *al Ghaur* a mari Gennesareth, unde protenditur ad Baisanam, hinc ad Zoaram et Jerichuntem usque ad Mare Mortuum, hinc ad Ailam."—*Tabula Syriae*, p. 9. "The district of Ghour . . . commences at the borders of Arden" (the country of the Jordan); "when it passes them, it extends to the boundary of Palestine, and in like manner reaches to Aileh."—*Oriental Geography of Ebn Haukul, translated by Sir W. Ouseley*, p. 41.

The following description of the Ghor is given by John of Wirzberg, in the thirteenth century:—"A montibus Gelboe usque ad lacum Asphaltitis, vallis est illa, per quam labitur Jordanis; et haec vallis vocatur, ut diximus, praegrandis seu campestris, quae ex utraque parte vallatur continuis montibus à Libano usque ad desertum Pharan."—*Descriptio T. S. c.* 5, *ap. Pezii. Thes.* t. 1, p. 3, p. 505.

NOTE 33, PAGE 69.—Burckhardt.

The rough unfinished state in which his journals were left is against it—and their scrupulous minuteness: yet there are many most touching passages scattered through them.

I cannot refrain from transcribing Mr. Legh's account of his interview with Burckhardt in Nubia. Two Arabs had hailed that gentleman from the shore—he demanded what they wanted—"To our great astonishment, we were answered in English, and immediately recognised the voice of our friend Sheikh Ibrahim, whom we had left at Siout in Upper Egypt, extremely well dressed after the Turkish fashion, and in good health and condition. He had now all the exterior of a common Arab, was very thin, and upon the whole his appearance was miserable enough. He told us he had been living for many days with the Sheikhs of the villages through which he had passed on lentils, bread, salt, and

water, and, when he came on board, *could not contain his joy at the prospect of being regaled with animal food.*"*

No one, observes this intelligent traveller, was ever better fitted for such undertakings as Burckhardt was employed upon—"his enterprise, his various attainments in almost every living language, and his talent for observation, are above all praise."

NOTE 34, PAGE 89.—Sea of Galilee.

"Au milieu du Lac est un rocher creusé, dans lequel on croit qu'est le tombeau de Salomon. Le philosophe Lokman a été enterré à Thiberiade."†—*Bakoui.*

Motanebbi‡ has inserted a beautiful compliment to this lovely lake in a poem addressed to his benefactor Ali ben Ibrahim, and inserted, for that reason, by Koehler in the Appendix to Abulfeda's Syria:—

"But for thee, son of Ibrahim! I would not quit the Lake of Tabaria, while the Ghor is warm, and its wave cold.

The water-birds float on its billows, like the riders of black horses, without bridles.

When the winds lash it—you would think you saw two armies, one in flight, the other in pursuit.

The moon sheds her radiance on the Lake, but black groves girdle it round.

It is soft to the touch, like a body—yet without bones; it rejoices in its finny daughters, yet never knew the pains of a mother.

The birds warble on its banks—copious showers irrigate its gardens.

It flashes like a round mirror when the veil that hides it is withdrawn.

Yet this is to its shame—that it is notorious over the whole earth, what vile and cowardly inhabitants defile its territory."

If this poem had been written in the middle of the sixteenth instead of that of the tenth century, the satirical allusion at the close might be explained, in accordance with the prejudices of the age, by the following passage from Belon:—"Les villages sont

* But this is nothing to what he underwent on his journey through Arabia Petræa; see his *Travels in Syria*, p. 438.

† The author of the Tarikh Moutekheb, however, says that the tomb of Lokman was in his time (the fourteenth century) to be seen at Ramlah.

‡ This illustrious poet was born at Cufa in the 303d year of the Hegira, and, after a wandering unsettled life, courted wherever he went, yet rendered miserable by his overweening vanity, was slain by robbers near Bagdad, in 354—A.D. 965.—See *D'Herbelot*, v. 3, p. 737.

Seif Addaulet, the Sultan of Aleppo, appears to have been his chief patron; the court of that monarch, says Carlyle, "was the most polished in the East; the Sultan and his brothers were all eminent for poetical talents, and whoever excelled, either in literature or science, was sure of obtaining their patronage; so that, at a time when not only Europe but great part of Asia was sunk in the profoundest ignorance, the Sultan of Aleppo could boast of such an assemblage of genius at his court as few sovereigns have ever been able to bring together."—*Specimens*, &c. p. 97.

maintenant habitez des Juifs, qui ont nouvellement basty en tous lieux au tour du lac, et pour y avoir inventé des pescheries, l'ont rendu peuplé qui estoit auparavant desert."—*Observations*, &c. c. 90, p. 263.

NOTE 35, PAGE 92.—Bethsaida.

The ruined Khan near the shore, called Khan Mennye, must be the one referred to by Seetzen under the name Beit-Zeide, which he passed soon after crossing the Jordan. See his "Brief Account of the Countries adjoining the Lake of Tiberias," &c. p. 20.—The Beitsida, discovered by Pococke, was two miles west of the Lake.

Most of the old pilgrims record a belief which then prevailed, grounded on our Saviour's denunciation against Chorazin, that it was to be the birth-place of Antichrist.

NOTE 36, PAGE 109.—King Baldwin's Expedition against Jerash.

William of Tyre notices this Expedition as follows in the twelfth book of his History:

"L'année suivante, (1122,) Doldequin (Toghteghin), perfide et impie roi de Damas, conclut un traité avec le prince des Arabes, et prit à son service ses chevaliers. Voyant notre roi fort occupé des affaires des deux pays qu'il avoit à gouverner, et accablé de sollicitudes qui semblaient dépasser ses forces, Doldequin envoya ses légions dans les environs de Tibériade, et fit ravager toute cette contrée. Le roi, en ayant été informé, rassembla aussitôt ses chevaliers dans tout son royaume, et lui-même, selon sa coutume, partit en toute hâte pour Tiberiade. Doldequin, instruit de sa prochaine arrivée, jugeant bien qu'il lui serait impossible de poursuivre son entreprise avec succès, et n'osant se mesurer avec son ennemi, se retira dans l'intérieur de ses états Le roi dirigea sa marche vers le midi avec ses bataillons, et arriva à Gérasa. Cette ville, située dans la tribu de Manasse, à quelques milles du Jourdain, et tout près du mont Galaad, était autrefois l'une des plus nobles cités de la province dite Decapolis. Une portion de la ville avoit été abandonnée depuis long-temps, dans la crainte des invasions ennemies; il en restait encore la partie la mieux fortifiée, dans laquelle Doldequin avait fait élever l'année précédente une citadelle construite à grand frais et bâtie en grandes pierres carrées. Le roi assiegea le fort avec la plus grande vigueur aussitôt qu'il y fut arrivé: quarante soldats, qui y avaient été laissés pour le défendre, furent forcés de le livrer, à condition qu'il leur serait permis de se retirer sains et saufs dans leur pays. Alors le roi mit en délibération dans son conseil s'il vaudroit mieux raser le fort, ou le conserver aux Chrétiens. On reconnut enfin que ceux-ci ne pourraient jamais s'y maintenir sans de grandes dépenses et des fatigues continuelles, et sans se voir constamment en péril, exposés aux attaques de tous les passans,

et l'on résolut en conséquence, à l'unanimité, de détruire la nouvelle forteresse."—*Hist. des Croisades*, tom. 2, p. 221.

Note 37, Page 117.—Amman.

" Aamman, urbs antiqua, quæ jam ante Islamismum destructa est. Saepius ejus mentio fit in annalibus Israelitarum. Est vero jam ingens area ruderibus obsita. Sub illa decurrit fluvius *ax Zerka*, qui religiosorum e Syria Chegjazam petentium occurrit catervis. Urbs ad occidentem hujus rivi et ad Boream *Barkat Ziza* (*s. B. Zaira*) sita est ad mansionem fere inde. Est vero sub ditione *al Balkae*. Supersunt rudera ejus ingentia. In agro ejus sunt terebinthi aliusque generis arbores. Cincta est undique arvis. Solum enim illud est purum et salubre. In Ketab al Athwal Loth dicitur ejus fundamenta jecisse. Secundum al Lobab est urbs el Belkae."—*Abulfedæ Tabula Syriae*, p. 92.

No Barkat Ziza, nor any ' rudera ingentia' save those of Jerash, are to be found in the direction indicated by Abulfeda. Several hours, however, to the *South-East* of Ammon, Colonel Chesney, in 1830, visited " some ruins called Djezia"—where " all he found was a large *birket*, or reservoir, measuring 120 paces in length by 90 broad."—*Robinson's Travels*, vol. 2, p. 179. Can it be that Abulfeda compiled his account of this district from hearsay only, and attributed the name of this obscure spot to Jerash ?

Note 38, Page 122.—Assalt.

• The castle of *as Szalt* was built, according to Abulfeda, by El Melek el Moadham, the captor of St. Louis, and the last of the direct line of Saladin. He was murdered by his Mamalukes, in 1250. Sheikh Dhaher, the celebrated predecessor of Djezzar in the pashalic of Acre, " almost wholly rebuilt it," says Burckhardt, " and resided here several years."

" The city," says Abulfeda, " is populous ; a copious fountain, springing up at the foot of the mountain, runs down into it ; there are many gardens, and great over the whole earth is the fame of its pomegranates."—*Tabula Syriæ*, p. 92.

Note 39, Page 127.—Ajeloon.

Abulfeda speaks of the castle of Ajeloon as *recently* built by Azzodin, otherwise named Osamat, " qui fuit ex majoribus Emiris Sultani Salachoddini," to control the natives of Mount Aouf. It is strongly fortified, he says, and of great fame, and can be seen from Besan. The cultivated part of the mountain is remarkable for its trees and streams, and a soil of extreme fertility—we can attest the truth of his description.—*Tabula Syriæ*, p. 13, and pp. 92-3.

Note 40, Page 133.

Apropos of ladies' costume ; it may not be generally known that bussels and patches are both of Eastern origin. Patches were,

according to Abulghazi Khan, a favourite ornament of the ladies of Tungoose Tartary, and D'Arvieux considers the fashion described as follows, and still of general prevalence among the Arab women, as an approximation to them:—"Elles se font faire de petits points noirs aux côtés de la bouche, du menton, et aux joues, qui leur tiennent lieu de mouches; quand le nombre n'en est pas grand, cela leur est un agrément.—*Memoires*, &c., tom. 2, p. 297. It was reserved for the ladies of England to invest patches with the dignity of party signals; see the *Spectator*, *Number* 81.—Bussels are of Persian origin, being, as Dr. Nott observes in his Notes critical and explanatory on the Odes of Hafiz, "the *refaigh't*, or that kind of bolster which the Persian ladies fixed to the under garment, and which was to produce a certain roundness which they thought becoming."

Note 41, Page 139.

Abulfeda mentions this road in his account of *Scharchhod*, or Salkhud:—"A plagâ ejus orientali porrecta est via regia *ar Raszif*, i. e. aggeribus munita, in Irakam ferens. Tradunt itinera, huic qui insistat eum decem circiter diebus ad Bagdadum pervenire."

The whole district took the name of Strata from the road that passed through it.—See *Procopius de Bello Persico. Script. Byz.* tom. 1, p. 256.

Alamundarus, says he, was singularly skilled in warfare, bold but prudent, and a most faithful adherent to the Persian interest. For fifty years he harassed the Romans, and brought them, so to speak, to their knees. They could not have had a more troublesome enemy. From the borders of Egypt to the banks of the Euphrates, like a bird of prey, he was constantly on the wing—plundering, killing, and carrying away captive the few he *did* spare in expectation of ransom. Had he lived longer, says the Byzantine, he would have depopulated the whole East.

To balance his power, Justinian invested Aretas, chief of the tribe of Gassan, and the natural enemy of Almondar, with the superiority over all the tribes who acknowledged the Roman yoke.

The aspect of the same landscape, as viewed through a blue or a red pane of the window, is not more different than that of human character as contemplated through the medium of friendship or enmity; and yet, in both cases, the features remain unaltered, the tints only vary. Asmaee describes the same moral landscape as Procopius, but with many a green valley and joyous fountain glancing in the summer sun, the very existence of which would not have been suspected under the wintry gloom in which the Byzantine has shrouded it:—

"Monzar was an intelligent man and very regular in administration of justice, and prudent in policy. For this reason Chosroe had appointed him king over the Arabs, and when he

was present in the palace of Chosroe, he enjoyed superior dignities, and he was never styled but as king of the Arabs. And Chosroe used to treat him as a friend, and to eat and drink with him, and when they were busy in conversation Monzar used to describe to him the peculiarities of Mecca and the sacred shrine, and their glory over the Deelimites and the Persians, and used to recite to him the verses of the eloquent men. And Chosroe, in his impartiality, was pleased with him, and enjoyed his society, and loved to dignify him with presents of gold and silver; for the Chosroes of Persia were renowned for their love of justice and impartiality, and abhorred oppression and violence, ruling over mankind with impartiality and generosity.—*Antar*, v. 1, p. 227.

" O great and renowned monarch," said Antar, " be glorified! for no one can ever vaunt himself superior to thy glories. As to liberality, thy hand has grasped it all; as to rain, thy palm bestows it—and thy hand calms every woe. How many hast thou relieved from sorrow, whose pains vanish as soon as thy countenance appears! The armies of battle are thy drawn sword, and, wherever it moves against the foe, it vanquishes. May the glory it desires never fail it, and may the world ever be at thy command! May thy Lord ever grant thee every favour, and mayst thou avert and subdue all thy enemies! May the projects and efforts of man ever fail against thy enterprises, and may glory ever belong to the grasp of the hand and the fingers of King Monzar! He has attained every honour, every virtue, every excellence, every felicity, and universal liberality!"—*Ibid.* p. 313.

And this was the man who, if we may believe Procopius, sacrificed to Venus a son of Aretas, whom he had surprised and taken prisoner!

Monzar's usual title in 'Antar,' is " King of the Arabs, ruler of the tribes of Lakhm and Juzam." Monadherah or Monzar, was the usual name of the Lakhmite kings of Hira, as Hareth or Aretas was that of the Gassanites of Syria. Both families came originally from Yemen, being descended, by different brothers, from Cahlan son of Saba, of the illustrious race of the Hamyarites.

The ancestors of the tribe of Gassan quitted Yemen after the deluge of Irem, and, arriving at Gassan, a well-watered and fertile district on the borders of Syria, drove out the Dhajaame Arabs, who then occupied the spot, and established themselves in their stead. An Aretas is mentioned in the history of St. Paul, and the name is familiar to the reader of Josephus. Their descendants still reigned over the Syrian Arabs, at the birth of Mahommed; most of them were Christians, and held their power under the Roman Emperors, as the Lakhmites held their's under the Chosroes of Persia.* The last of their kings embraced Islamism under the Caliph Omar.

* " At that time," says Asmaee, " Chosroes and Caesar reigned over the whole earth, and the Euphrates divided them. The Emperor ruled over the countries of Europe and the Christian tribes, and Chosroe Nushirvan ruled over the Arabs and the Persians."—*Antar*, vol. 1, p. 302.

A descendant of this illustrious race—himself illustrious for his genius—is numbered among the literati of Spain, as a panegyrist of Saladin.—*D'Herbelot.*

Some, also, of the tribe of Lakhm, settled in the district of Illiberis, the modern Elvira, near Granada.—*Casiri*, t. 2, p. 252.

NOTE 42, PAGE 146.

I cannot trace the route of the army on the modern map of Syria, until it reaches Adrate, the modern Daara, or Edrei.

The 'terra de Roob' is vaguely identified by Baldensel with Upper Galilee and Decapolis. Breydenbach identifies the 'Mons Roob' with Kerek. "Syria of Rohob, or Rehob," says Calmet, "was that part of Syria of which Rehob was the capital, near the northern frontier of the Land of Promise, (Numb. xiii. 21.) on the pass that leads to Emath, or Hamath. It was given to Asher, and lay contiguous to Aphek, in Libanus. Josh. xix. 28—30; xxi. 13.—*Laish, situate at the fountains of Jordan, was in this country, Judg.* i. 31."

The Medan is the name of the plain where one of the branches of the Jordan re-appears, after its subterraneous course from the lake Phiala. "Innumerable multitudes," says an old writer, "meet here at the beginning of summer, with goods of every description for sale." *Eugesippus de distantiis locorum Terrae Sanctae*—compiled in 1150, ap. *Leon. Allatii Symmicta*, p. 109. The Saracens, says Breydenbach, from Aran, (Hauran,) Mesopotamia, Syria, Moab, Ammon, and all the east country, meet round the fountain Phiala, and, pitching their tents of divers colours (beautiful to behold), hold a fair there through the whole summer.—The former of these passages accords best with the words of the Archbishop of Tyre:—"La plaine que l'on appelle Medan, et où les Arabes et les autres peuples orientaux se réunissent tous les ans pour une foire considérable."

Yet this Medan would be strangely out of their way.

NOTE 43, PAGE 152.—Bozrah.

To the argument already alluded to in a note on Petra, Du Cange adds the positive testimony of a medal inscribed Nova Trajana Bostra, in proof of the architectural munificence of that Emperor having been extended to one, at least, of the sister capitals of Arabia Provincia.

William of Tyre writes the name Bussereth; the Assises de Jerusalem, Bethseret; De Saligniac, before 1525, Burseth;—the common pronunciation of the present day is Bussra.

Abulfeda describes the castle as "ædificatum ad instar arcis Damascenæ." He says nothing of the vines for which Bostra

was formerly celebrated, but the dependant town of Salkhud he describes as abounding in them.—*Tabula Syriæ*, pp. 99, and 105.

"Cette ville, au rapport du geographe Persien, a un château tres-fort, une porte de la hauteur de vingt coudées, et un des plus grands bassins ou mare d'eau, qui soit dans tout le Levant."—*D'Herbelot.*

NOTE 44, PAGE 160.—Nedjraun.

The inscription runs as follows:—

Τον δε νεον οἱ τυμβον ανηρ ὠριστος εδειμε
τιρωνος αρτιεπης νἱωνος φιλασολβιος τ.
ὁς ποθ' ἡγεμονος βενεφικιαριος και θθνος
επλετο φοινικον δαλματιος αντα δομοιο
αυλης το προπαροιθε ενευδειν οιῳ απ' αλλων
ὁππαταν αι εθελησιν ὁμοιιου θανατοιο
οφρα νεκυς τ' ανδρεεσσιν αιει ζωοισιν ενειη.*

NOTE 45, PAGE 168.—Palmyra.

Palmyra was discovered, so to speak, by some English merchants, in 1691; it had long been known to the Orientals under the ancient name Tadmor, which it still retains. Bakoui, at the close of the fourteenth century, describes it as "remplie de colonnes de marbre et de statues; on pense que ce sont des genies qui l'ont bâtie pour Salomon." Abulfeda mentions briefly its ancient columns, palms, and figs. Benjamin of Tudela, in 1160, says that two thousand Jews dwelt there, "valiant, and ready prepared for battle,"—"qui cum Christianis et Arabis qui imperio Noraldini parent, bellum gerunt, et vicinis suis, sc. Ismaelitis, suppetias ferunt."

The Arabs, struck possibly by some resemblance in situation, or the abundance of palm-trees, founded another Tadmir, or Tadmor, in Spain, supposed, says Casiri, and with great appearance of truth, to be the present Palma, near the junction of the Xenil and the Guadalquivir, and lying, consequently, nearly in a line between Seville and Cordova; later writers, however, identify it with Ilipula Magna, or Granada.—*Bibl. Arab. Hispana*, t. 1, pp. 372–3.

* Βενεφικιαλιος? — "beneficialis, beneficiarius, apparitor, minister magistratus. *Gloss. Basil.* Βενεφικιαλιοι, ὁι στρατιωται επι θεραπεια των Μαγιστρατων τεταγμενοι."—*Ducange, in voce.*

The city Tadmir, it would appear from Edrisi, gave its name to a dependant province, in which he mentions the towns of Murcia, Oriola, and others.

Bakoui takes notice of the abundance of palm-trees at Anasch, "ville d'Andalousie, près de Tadmir."

Note 46, Page 173.

This appears, from Mr. Wood's account, to have been a sepulchre; it has sadly fallen to ruin since his day.

Note 47, Page 178.

A Cufic inscription is painted on the right of the doorway, entering this tomb.

Note 48, Page 180.

"Nowhere could we discover in the face of the heavens more beauties, nor on the earth fewer, than in our night travels through the deserts of Arabia."—*Wood's Baalbec*, p. 15.

Note 49, Page 187.

Beret ani means "the second village"—it was the second we came to after crossing Antilibanus. Yet the name might well remind us of home, for Mr. Farren informs me that *beret anic* would imply in Arabic 'the land of tin'—tantamount to the Cassiterides of Herodotus; and he is inclined to think that the name Νησοι Βεδλαννικαι is derived from it.

Note 50, Page 204.—Baalbec.

"Beyond the borders of Demesck," says Ebn Haukul, in the tenth century, "is Baalbec, situated on an eminence. Here are the gates of palaces, sculptured in marble, and lofty columns, also of marble; in the whole region of Syria there is not a more stupendous or considerable edifice than this."

The temple of Baalbec was built, according to popular superstition, by Solomon, for the reception of Belkeis, Queen of Sheba—others say, for that of his Egyptian bride, the daughter of Pharaoh. Asmodeus—the Asmugh div of the Persians, was the architect, if we may believe Benjamin of Tudela;—the Sabian or Fire-worshippers, according to an Arab writer cited by Abulfeda, held it in high reference as the work of their ancestors.

Baalbec is often mentioned in the chronicles of the crusaders,

and is always identified by William of Tyre with Heliopolis. Warfare and earthquakes have both contributed to its present state of ruin.

Baumgarten visited Baldach, as he calls it — the country of Baldach, the friend of Job — in 1507, but his chief admiration was attracted by the huge stone that lies in the quarry near the town, "resembling for bigness a tower or a hill;" near it, he says, stand "three pillars, not unlike those that are to be seen in St. Mark's place in Venice;"—these have disappeared. "Not far from thence is the Castle Baldach — the rows of pillars are admirable, being stones of a huge bigness; the building is very high and stately, but all gone to ruin, yet even what is left shews there has been there something very great and noble."

Belon's account of Baalbec is very succinct; he mentions, however, the granite columns of the Sheikh's tomb, to the west of the town, which escaped the notice of most subsequent travellers: —"Approchants de Balbec, trouvasmes un sepulchre en la campagne, soustenu de gros pilliers courts et ronds faits de la pierre Thebaique, dont le faiste estoit une voute de grosses pierres dessus, qui se termine en poincte." Most of the inhabitants at that time were Jews.

We owe the first accurate account of Baalbec to Monconys, who visited it in 1647, and, with a more discerning eye than honest Maundrell (whose fidelity deserves the praise of every one who has cognised the dependance of the two courts and thenine larger pillars had the opportunity of verifying his descriptions,) immediately re- on one unfinished design; announcing, moreover, the existence of the dedicatory inscription to the great Gods of Heliopolis, and of that in the gallery under the platform, imperfectly given by Maundrell.—See his *Voyages* &c, pp. 347, seq.,— a curious medley of valuable and worthless information.

La Roque spent a fortnight at Baalbec, in 1688, — his account is exaggerated, but furnishes many curious particulars. Maundrell's is meagre, — Pococke's in 1738, good — but all verbal descriptions have been superseded by Wood's folio, 1757, which leaves nothing to be desired on the subject of Baalbec.

NOTE 51, PAGE 204.

"Nous y trouvames en deux jours les quatre saisons de l'année. Car au pied de la montagne il y fait une chaleur tres vehemente; à moitié de sa hauteur l'air y est temperé, comme au printemps et en automne; et au sommet l'on n'y void que des neiges et des glaçons, vrais images de l'hyver."—*Voyage d' Italie et du Levant, de Messrs. Fermanel, Fauvel*, &c. *en* 1630: *Rouen, du.* 1670, p. 209.

NOTE 52, PAGE 204.

I transcribe the following passage from Belon's travels, in the

hope of directing the attention of some future traveller to the ruins mentioned by him:—Starting from Baalbec on his road to Homs, in the evening, "nous trouvasmes une plateforme, faite de pierre de grosse étoffe de massonnerrie, située sur le pendant d'un coustau, ayant vingt et cinq pas de longueur, et quinze de largeur, spacieuse par le dedans, dont les murailles ne sont gueres hautes, toutefois sont de desmesurée espaisseur. Arrivez le soir en un village nommé Lubon, nous trouvasmes un edifice antique, fait par les Romains, qui est encor tout entier, de grosses pierres massives de deux toises de largeur. Ce village est bien ombragé d'ormeaux et noyers, et est arrosé d'un ruisseau qui descend de la montagne. Au partir de là nous vinsmes gagner une plaine. Quand nous fusmes un peu advancez, commençasmes à monter une colline &c." Beyond it, after repelling an attack of the Arabs, "nous passasmes nostre chemin, et ne cheminasmes gueres que ne vinsslons en une grande plaine, qui est semblable à celle de Damas, en laquelle l'eau est conduite par petits ruisselets, en sorte que tout le territoire est rendu fertile." This plain was thickly covered with villages. Presently, losing sight of Lebanon, they began crossing mountains, "lesquelles s'eslargissants de costé et d'autre entourent une grande campagne en laquelle nous descendismes au pais de Cilicie"—or Homs.

I am permitted to insert the following interesting extract from a letter of Mr Farren:—

"The 'Megaret el Rahab,' which you see in the map, signifies 'the caverns of the monks,' and I think it must be the spot I passed, on ascending the valley of the Bekaa Northwards, (though it is not so called there), at the point where Antilebanon begins to decline, and the vale, by gentle undulations, expands itself into the great plain of Homs. The caves are on the Western bank of the Orontes, and most of them resemble ancient tombs. Not far from them is the small town or village of Hurmel, which is covered with fragments of antiquity.

"On the Eastern side of the stream, and within half an hour of its bank, stands a curious monument, which, placed on a most commanding situation, is visible for hours in the distance. It is a square building, of solid masonry, and without aperture or chambers. It rests on a pedestal of steps, and is surmounted by a pyramid or cone. The faces of the square are ornamented with pilasters (Doric, I think,) and on a broad entablature are sculptured, in bold relief, the figures of dogs, boars, gazelles, and various implements of the chase. It may have been dedicated to Diana, or commemorative of a great hunting match. It is very remarkable that the faces of this monument are covered with small marks, cut on the stones,—hieroglyphics I cannot call them—they are too numerous to be accidental, and I was convinced that they were not from the mere process of chiselling the stones.

"Hurmel is very inaccurately placed in Arrowsmith's map,

with Corry's corrections, the one I had. It is on the West, and not on the Eastern side of the valley; nor does Antilebanon run parallel to the other range up into Northern Syria, but, (nearly in a line with this monument,) its elevations subside into the valley, which, as I have mentioned, expands round it into that of Homs, and stretches out to the desert."

Note 53, Page 206.

El Hakim, according to Egyptian tradition, was a wise astrologer and mighty magician, and built a mosque and an observatory on Mount Mokattam, East of Cairo — to the latter of which he was in the custom of retiring to make his talismans, "an art in which he was very skilful. The Egyptians say that he could go in and out into all the caves under ground, where he knew the treasures of the ancient kings and lords of Egypt to be hid, and this he could make use of them when he pleased; and that by the power of Magic and the extraordinary skill that he had in that art.

"According to the example of those great men, a little before his death, he buried his own treasures, and put a Crocodile made by the talismanical art to keep them.

"In this Mountain, and near this mosque he caused several caves to be digged, wide and large in the rock, so as to pass from one into the other; in the furthermost he caused a pond to be made to keep water in, cut in the rock; in it is a crocodile that begins to fly at one as soon as a man enters in. Moreover, in the bottom of the water, is to be seen a door which leads to other caves under ground, where the records of Egypt declare that his treasures are hid. No man can imagine from whence this water can come, for the cave is upon a high mountain which is very dry always, and in this place is no spring; and it is not known what this crocodile is, and how he may be nourished, during so many ages. To take this treasure, you must know how to undo this talisman, that is, one must take away the water, and the life of the crocodile; for both are the effects of magic, which depend upon the art of the Talismans."—*Vansleb's Present State of Egypt*, p. 170-1.

The Bibliotheque Royale at Paris ought to be very rich in the magical lore of the Arabians, for Vansleb, a devout believer in their supernatural powers, tells us that "amongst other rare Manuscripts," he had been very diligent in collecting and sending to Paris "the ancientest and best authors of the Arabians which might give some light and knowledge of this noble science. I may say that I have emptied Egypt of them, with an intent that if I was ever admitted to the service of him who had given me his commission, I might have the time and the means to discover and unease the admirable secrets of this science, and to unfold the enigmas under which it lies hid; and by the same means to discover of what consequence those manuscripts are, though

they are despised by some that understand not neither their price nor use."

Note 54, Page 207 —Fakr-ed-din.

Fermanel and his friends give an interesting account of their interview with this remarkable man, in 1630, at Beirout. He was very partial to that town, they say, "à cause qu'il y arrive quantité de navires de la Chrestienté; s'y rend fort familier avec les marchands Chrestiens, jusques à venir jouer avec eux. Nous ne voulusmes pas manquer à luy faire la reverence, et luy faire present d'une veste de drap: il nous receut courtoisement, nous faisant disner avec luy, où nous fusmes traitez comme en la Chrestienté, y ayant tables, linges, chaires, et la viande, quoy que grossière, bien accommodée. Ce prince avoit soixante et dix ans, mais neantmoins il se portoit bien, estant encore dispos et habile à toutes sortes d'exercises: il estoit de moyenne stature, de couleur basanée, les cheveux tous blancs, et les sourcils si grands qu'ils luy couvroient presque la veue. Nous ne pouvions assez admirer comment il mangeoit, car il en prenoit plus que quatre de nos autres. Au reste c'estoit un homme plein d'esprit, versé en plusieurs sciences, grand herboriste, philosophe, et astrologue, et n'entendoit que trop de la Magie naturelle. Il estoit estimé pour un des plus habiles hommes de la Turquie. Il traittoit bien ses subjets: les Chrestiens n'y sont aucunement subjets aux avanies, et y vivent avec autant de liberté que dans leur pais naturel; le voyage que ce Prince a fait en la Chrestienté, ayant demeuré l'espace de quatre ans à Florence, a beaucoup servy à polir ses mœurs et son esprit, et à rendre sa domination ainsi douce."—*Voyaye en Italie et du Levant* &c. p. 326-7.

The river Kishon, according to M. Fermanel, divided Fakr-ed-din's country from that of the Emir Turabeye, of whom D'Arvieux has given so interesting an account, and whose dominion extended over part of Samaria and Lower Galilee, and the whole coast from Carmel to Jaffa;—Nablous, Jerusalem, and Judea belonged to the Emir Fâroux. The ancestors of these Princes ruled over Palestine at the time of Sultan Selim's conquest, and were confirmed by him in their authority on engaging to pay him a regular tribute.

Note 55, Page 209.

This episode in the history of the Saracen conquest is related as follows by Ockley, after Al Wakidi:—

"Deir Abi'l Kodos lies between Tripoli and Harran. There lived in that place a Priest eminent for his singular learning, piety, and austerity of life, to such a degree that all sorts of persons, young and old, rich and poor, used to frequent his house, to ask his blessing, and to receive his instructions. There was no

person, of what rank or quality soever, but thought themselves happy if they had his prayers; and whenever any young couple amongst the nobility and persons of the highest rank were married, they were carried to him to receive his blessing. Every Easter there used to be a great fair kept at his house, where they sold rich silks and satins, plate and jewels, and costly furniture of all sorts.

"Abu Obeidah, now possessed of Damascus, was in doubt whither to go next. One while he had thoughts of turning to Jerusalem; another, to Antioch. Whilst he was thus deliberating, a Christian, that was under the Saracen's protection, informed him of this great fair, which was about thirty miles distant from Damascus. When he understood that there never used to be any guards at the fair, the hopes of an easy conquest and large spoil encouraged him to undertake it. He looked round about upon the Musslemans, and asked which of them would undertake to command the forces he should send upon this expedition; and at the same time cast his eye upon Caled, but was ashamed to command him, that had been his General so lately. Caled understood his meaning; but his being laid aside stuck a little in his stomach, so that he would not proffer his service. At last Abd'ollah Ebn Jaafar, (whose mother was, after his father Jaafar was killed in the wars, married to Abubeker,) offered himself. Abu Obeidah accepted him cheerfully, and gave him a standard and five hundred horse. There was never a man of them but what had been in several battles. The Christian, who had first informed them of this fair, was their guide. And whilst they staid to rest themselves in their march, he went before to take a view of the fair. When he came back, he brought a very discouraging account; for there had never been such a fair before. He told them, that there was a most prodigious number of people, abundance of clergy, officers, courtiers, and soldiers. The occasion of which was, that the Prefect of Tripoli had married his daughter to a great man, and they had brought the young Lady to this reverend Priest, to receive the Communion at his hands. He added that, taking them altogether, Greeks, Armenians, Copties, Jews, and Christians, there could be no fewer than ten thousand people, besides five thousand horse, which were the lady's guard. Abd'ollah asked his friends what they thought of it? They told him that it was the best way to go back again, and not to be accessary to their own destruction. To which he answered, 'that he was afraid, if he should do so, God would be angry with him, and reckon him amongst the number of those who are backward in his service; and so he should be miserable. I am not,' said he, 'willing to go back before I fight, and if any one will help me, God reward him: if not, I shall not be angry with him.' The rest of the Saracens, hearing this, were ashamed to flinch from him, and told him he might do as he pleased, they were ready at his command.

"'Now,' says Abd'ollah to the guide, 'come along with us,

and you shall see what the Companions of the Apostle of God are able to perform.' 'Not I,' answered the guide, 'go yourselves; I have nothing to say to you.' Abd'ollah persuaded him, with a great many good words, to bear them company till they came within sight of the fair. Having conducted them as far as he thought fit, he bade them stay there, and lie close till morning.

"In the morning they consulted which way to attack them to the best advantage. Omar ebn Rebiyah thought it most advisable to stay till the people had opened their wares, and the fair was begun, and then fall upon them when they were all employed. This advice of his was approved by all.

"Abd'ollah divided his men into five troops, and ordered them to charge in five different places, and not regard the spoil, nor taking prisoners, but put all to the sword.

"When they came near the monastery, the Christians stood as thick as possible. The reverend father had begun his sermon, and they thronged on all sides to hear him with a great deal of attention. The young Lady was in the house, and her guard stood round about it, with a great many of the nobility and officers richly cloathed. When Abd'ollah saw this number of people, he was not in the least discouraged, but turned himself about to the Saracens, and said, 'The Apostle of God has said, that Paradise is under the shadow of swords; either we shall succeed, and then we shall have all the plunder, or else die, and so the next way to Paradise!' The words were no sooner out of his mouth, but he fell upon them, and made a bloody slaughter.

"When the Christians heard the Saracens make such a noise, and cry out 'Allah Acbar!' they were amazed and confou ded, imagining that the whole Saracen army had come from Damascus, and fallen upon them; which put them at first into a most terrible consternation. But when they had taken time to consider and look about themselves a little, and saw that there was but an handful of men, they took courage, and hemmed them in round on every side, so that Abd'ollah and his party were like a white spot in a black camel's skin."

Meanwhile, news had reached Abu Obeidah of the stress in which his friends found themselves, and the gallant Caled, forgetting his late grievance, and exclaiming that, if Omar had given the command of the army to a child, he would have obeyed him —much more one whom he respected as having embraced Islamism before himself—leapt on his horse, summoned his men, "and away they flew with all possible speed." And if we consider the circumstances, they had need make as much haste as they did; for that small number of Saracens which had made the first attack, was quite drowned and overwhelmed in that great multitude of Christians, and there was scarce any of them but what had more wounds than one. In short, they were at their last gasp, and had nothing left to comfort them but Paradise.

"Fighting in this desperate condition, about sun-set, they saw

the dust fly and horsemen coming full speed, which did rather abate than add to their courage; they imagining at first that they might be Christians. At last Caled appeared, fierce as a lion, with his colours flying in his hand, and made up to Abd'ollah, who with much ado had borne up his standard all this while, and was now quite spent.

"But, as soon as they heard Caled's voice, and saw the Mahometan banner, the sinking drooping Saracens, who were scarce able to hold their swords, as if they had had new blood and spirits infused into them, took fresh courage, and all together rent the skies with 'Allah Acbar!' Then Abd'ollah charged the guard which was round the monastery on the one side, and Derar Ebn'ol Azwar on the other. The Prefect of Tripoli himself was engaged with Derar, and was too hard for him, got him down, and lay upon him; at which time Derar secretly drew a knife, which he used to carry about him against such occasions, and stabbed him. Then he mounted the Prefect's horse, and cried out 'Allah Acbar!'

"Whilst Derar was engaged with the prefect, Abd'ollah Ebn Jaafar had taken possession of the house, but meddled with nothing in it till Caled came back, who had gone in pursuit of those Christians he had beaten, and followed them to a river which was between them and Tripoli. The Greeks, as soon as they came to the river, took the water. Caled pursued them no farther, but when he came back he found the Saracens in the monastery. They seized all the spoil, silks, cloaths, household stuff, fruits, and provision, that were in the fair, and all the hangings, money, and plate in the house, and took the young lady, the Governor's daughter, and forty maids that waited upon her. So they loaded all their jewels, wealth, and furniture, upon horses, mules, and asses, and returned to Damascus, having left nothing behind them in the house but the old Religious.

"Whilst the Saracens were driving away the spoil, Caled called out to the old Priest in the house, who would not vouchsafe an answer. When he called a second time; 'What would you have,' said the Priest, 'get you gone about your business, and assure yourself that God's vengeance will light upon your head for spilling the blood of so many Christians.' 'How can that be,' said Caled, 'when God has commanded us to fight with you and kill you? and if the Apostle of God, of blessed memory, had not commanded us to let such men as you are alone, you should not have escaped any more than the rest, but I would have put you to a most cruel death.' The poor religious held his peace at this, and answered him never a word."—*Hist. of the Saracens*, vol. I., pp. 138 sqq.

I grieve to add that the captive bride was never ransomed. She lived in Abd'allah's harem for at least forty-five years, at the expiration of which time she was transferred to that [illegible]

Caliph Yezid, at the request of the latter. Her charms must have been as perennial as Helen's.

Note 56, Page 209.

The people of Bethulia, near Jerusalem, a place celebrated for a vigorous stand made there by the Christians, are considered by themselves and the surrounding country to be of foreign origin, and to speak a dialect, which is said to resemble the Maltese.—*Information from Mr. Farren.*

Note 57, Page 215.—Cedars of Lebanon.

Furer, in 1565, speaks vaguely of "about twenty-five cedars." Rauwolff, in 1575, found "twenty-four, that stood round about in a circle, and two others the branches whereof are quite decayed with age." What follows is remarkable — "I also went about in this place to look out for some young ones, but could find none at all." It appears, therefore, that none of the secondary growth are three hundred years old.—*Ray's Collection*, vol. 2, p. 191.

Radziwil, in 1583, Biddulph, about the commencement of the sixteenth century, De Breves, in 1605, and Lithgow, in 1612, found the same number, twenty-four. All these travellers protest against the prevailing superstition that it was impossible to count them correctly, an idea accounted for as follows by the narrator of De Breves' journey:—"Quant au nombre de ceux qui restent au lieu susdit, que plusieurs veulent estre mysterieux et estrange, escrivans n'avoir jamais esté trouvé au vray, j'en ay conté vingt quatre par deux fois, et plusieurs de nostre compagnie autant, quelques uns aussi moins, et d'autres plus; mais en cette varieté et difference n'y a point de miracle; l'erreur vient de ce qu' aucuns de ces arbres estans secs et denuez de feuilles, aucuns jettans du pied deux ou trois troncs, et aucuns autres jeunes naissans de la racine des vieux, il y en a qui content ceuxcy, d'autres les obmettent, — aucuns de plusieurs troncs n'en font qu'un arbre, d'autres en font plusieurs,—aucuns laissent les secs, d'autres les nombrent, et par ainsi se trouve peu de convenance aux rapports qu'on en fait . . . . Au reste, je n'en ay veu que vingt quatre, s'entend de vieux pleins de vie et de verdeur."—*Relation des Voyages*, &c., p. 55.

Fermanel, in 1630, found twenty-two, and one lately fallen, having been accidentally set fire to by some shepherds. Roger, who quitted Palestine in 1634, after five years' residence, mentions twenty-two, and two others, "de même antiquité, qui sont à terre sans feuilles et sans fruit, neantmoins sans corruption." One [illegible] of the fallen trees is reckoned by D'Arvieux in his enumeration of twenty-three, to be seen there in 1660. La Roque, in 1688, found twenty: Maundrell, in 1696, only sixteen, one of which had been blown down shortly before Pococke's visit, in 1738. Three more have perished during the last century.

It is gratifying to reflect that great care is now taken of these 'remnants of the giants.' The trees are accounted sacred, and the Patriarch performs a solemn yearly mass under their shade on the feast of the Transfiguration.

NOTE 58, PAGE 220.—Convent of Canubin.

"Nous apprîmes d'eux qu'entre plusieurs monasteres qu'il y avoit autrefois sur le Liban, on en comptoit trois principaux, du nombre desquels étoit Canubin, lequel contenoit seul trois cens religieux; et parce que c'est l'unique des anciens qui subsiste encore aujourd'hui avec un nombre considerable de moines, et qu'il est d'ailleurs le chef de tout l'ordre Ecclesiastique et religieux de la nation Maronite, le nom de Canubin lui a ete donné du mot grec latinisé Cœnobium, comme qui diroit le Monastere par excellence." *La Roque, Voyage de Syrie et du M. Liban*, t. 1, p. 56.

"Ce dit monastère de Canubin fut basty par Saladin, lors qu'il prit ce pays, à cause du bon accueil qu'il avoit receu du superieur, y passant inconnu."—*Monconys, Voyages*, p. 554.

Twenty thousand monks, according to La Roque, once inhabited the convents and hermitages dependant upon Canubin.

Among many pleasing tributes to the hospitality and worth of the patriarchs and monks of Canubin, I select the following from the narrative of De Breves' travels in the Levant, in 1605, on his return from Constantinople, where he had resided above twenty years as political representative of France:—

"Ils n'ont aucun revenu que leurs bras, et font profession de pauvreté, non de mendicité: aux intervalles de leurs devotions, ils travaillent tous, non par divertissement, comme nos religieux, mais de necessité, pour se nourrir, et pour faire charité aux pauvres: les uns cultivent la terre afin d'en tirer les grains, herbages, et legumes; les autres font des nattes et cofins de feuilles de palmiers, pour vendre, comme Sainct Hierome remarque es Vies des Peres; les autres nourrissent les vers à soye et s'occupent à d'autres exercises: bref, leur vie est active et contemplative ensemble; jamais ne mangent chair ni poisson, ains vivent seulement de racines, d'herbages, de legumes, et de fruits, dont ces montagnes sont assez fertiles.

"Dans ledit convent, qui est la residence ordinaire du Patriarche, il a pour tout logis une chambre meublée d'une chaire de bois, d'une tablette, où sont quelques livres, et de deux ou trois petits tapis estendus sur le plancher, qui à la mode [illegible] luy sert de table et de lit: neantmoins parmy cette indigence, il est aymé et reveré de son peuple, comme un dumy-dieu [illegible] de la candeur et sainteté de sa vie."

De Breves found four prelates, two archbishops, and two bishops in attendance on the Patriarch — "non reluisans d'or et de pierreries, comme les nostres, mais bien de saincté et de bonne vie, et au reste couverts seulement de leurs pauvres habits ordinaires."

"Apres disné, à cause de la beauté de ces montagnes, nous allasmes nous promener, et par le chemin les uns prirent plaisir à voir ces hautes montagnes, les autres admirerent la quantité des ruisseaux, et les beaux jardinages remplis de belles fleurs.

"Nous nous trouvasmes, sans y penser, au dessous du convent, dans le fond d'un vallon, qui d'en haut ne se peut regarder sans l'éblouissement, paroissant comme un noir abysme effroyable, tant pour sa profondeur, qu'à cause du bruit du fleuve qui coule à travers: nous y demeurasmes peu, car le soleil s'abbaissant nous contraignit aussi de nous retirer et remonter au convent en diligence, où ayans soupé, nous nous couchasmes sur les terraces, au clair de la Lune.

"Le lendemain à la pointe du jour, nous partismes pour aller voir les Cedres; en compagnie du Patriarche, et de l'Evesque Georges, qui par honneur convoyerent Monsieur de Breves; et, parvenus pres d'un grand village, situé sur une belle et fertile coste, entre des vallons bien cultivés, nous rencontrasmes le Seigneur du lieu, suivy de deux arquebusiers, qui nous attendoit au passage, ayant fait apporter quantité de vivres sur le chemin, pain, vin, agnaux, chevreuils, volailles, le tout dressé à terre joignant une claire fontaine à l'ombre de huict ou dix oliviers. Nous repeusmes là sur l'herbe, puis tirasmes outre, et peu de temps apres, traversans un autre village de Maronites, le Seigneur de ce lieu se joignit aussi avec quatre arquebusiers, pour nous faire escorte contre les Arabes: nous vismes par les rues les femmes et les filles, assemblées en troupes, faire de grandes acclamations de joye, fredonnant de la langue contre les dents, et à ce bruit tout le peuple sortit des maisons, courir en foule autour dudit Patriarche, pour recevoir sa benediction, les uns luy baisoient les pieds, les autres les mains ou la robe, et ceux qui n'en pouvoient approcher se contentaient de baiser ceux qui l'avoient touché; et par la campagne encore, de tant loin que les paysans l'appercevoient, quittans les charrues, les houes, les troupeaux, venoient à perte d'haleine luy faire la reverence,— tant est grand le respect que ce peuple porte à ses Prelats."

NOTE 59, PAGE 225.—Mar Elisha.

La Roque gives a charming account of the Convent of Mar Elisha, inhabited by monks of the order of Mount Carmel:—

"Si nous fûmes contens et même touchés de voir durant la nuit l'interieur de cette solitude, nous ne fûmes pas moins satisfaits d'en considerer les dehors pendant le jour. On peut dire que c'est un des plus beaux endroits du Liban, sur tout par

cette prodigieuse abondance d'eau qui sort de diverses ouvertures des rochers aux environs, en deçà et en delà du fleuve, laquelle forme des napes, des cascades, et de petits torrens qui se précipitent dans le vallon, et grossissent le fleuve. Cela, joint à l'agréable verdure des arbres et des bocages, forme un spectacle charmant durant le jour, et la nuit on est penetré, pour ainsi dire, d'une douce terreur par le bruit de ces eaux qui ne tarissent jamais.

"Mais le plus bel ornement de cette retraite est la sainte vie qu'y menent les religieux Carmes. On peut dire que c'est parmy eux qu'on trouve encore cet esprit de mortification et de détachement des choses de la terre qu'on admiroit autrefois dans les Anachoretes de l'Orient. Rien n'est plus édifiant que la conversation de ces bons Hermites." — *Voyage en Syrie*, &c., p. 76-7-8.

The memory of De Chasteuil, a Provençal gentleman — the friend of Peiresc, and universally admired for his acquirements, especially in Oriental learning, but who broke away from all the fascinations of society and friendship to bury himself, in the flower of his age, in the wilds of Lebanon—was long and fondly cherished in the sacred valley, but especially among the recluses of Mar Elisha, with whom he spent the last few years of his life, dying in the odour of sanctity, A.D. 1644, prematurely worn out by the fasts and penances to which he subjected himself. The Maronites almost adored him, and in La Roque's time he was never mentioned by any other name than that of the Happy One.

According to the Oriental Christians, the Sethites, or "Sons of God," set the first example of the monastic life by retiring to Mount Hermon, in the hope of regaining Paradise by the sanctity and purity of their lives; despairing, at last, of this, and weary of celibacy, they descended to the plains, and intermarrying with "the daughters of men"—their kinsmen of the race of Cain, begot the Giants.—*D'Herbelot.*

Note 60, Page 231.

See the 21st book of William of Tyre; speaking of King Baldwin, he says, "Il traversa les champs de Sidon, gravit les montagnes qui séparent notre pays de celui des ennemis, et arriva en un lieu ou l'on trouve presque tous les biens de ce monde, un sol fertile, de bèlles sources, et que l'on nomme [illegible]; il descendit de là dans la vallée dite de Baccar, et arriva [illegible] une terre qui distille le lait et le miel, comme on lit dans les anciens historiens. . . . . Anciennement, c'est à dire au temps des rois d'Israel, il était appelé la forêt du Liban, parce que la vallée qui

le forme se prolonge en effet jusqu'au pied du Liban. Il possède un sol fertile, des eaux tres-salubres, et se recommande en outre par l' abondance de sa population, par la grande quantité des villages qu'on y rencontre, et par la douceur extrême de sa temperature. On montre dans la partie la plus basse de ce vallon une ville, aujourd'hui encore entourée de fortes murailles, où l'on trouve beaucoup d'antiques édifices qui attestent sa noblesse, et que l'on nomme de son nom moderne Amégarre. Ceux qui étudient l'antiquité pensent que c'est la ville de Palmyre. . . . . Arrivés dans ce pays, les nôtres se mirent à le parcourir librement, sans que personne s'y opposât, et livrèrent tout aux flammes. Les habitans s' étaient retirés dans les montagnes; il n' y avait pas de chemin pour aller les y chercher, et en partant, dès qu'ils furent instruits de la prochaine arrivée des nôtres, ils avaient conduit la plus grande partie de leur gros et menu bétail dans les marais situés au milieu de la vallée, et qui fournissaient des pâturages très abondans. Pendant ce temps le comte de Tripoli, ayant passé, comme il avait été convenu, à travers les champs de Biblios et auprès du château fort nommé Manethere, entra tout-à-coup sur le territoire d'Heliopolis, et les nôtres apprirent bientôt qu'il était avec les siens dans la même vallée, brulant tout sur son passage. Les premiers marchèrent à la rencontre du comte dès qu' ils furent informés de son approche; celui-ci ne desiroit pas moins les retrouver, et ils se réunirent à peu près au milieu de la vallée." &c.—*Histoire des Croisades*, &c. t. 3, p. 326–7.

"Inter Szaida et Maschgharam, quae est ex amænissimis illius regionis oppidis, secundum Al Azizi, vallis est, cui arbores et rivi plurimum decoris conciliant, ad 24 milliaria, procurrens. Maschghara vero ab urbe Khamed dictâ, quae olim princeps fuit illarum regionum, distat 6 milliaribus. Ab hac ad vicum qui vocatur Aain al Gjarri," (Ain al Garri, alibi), "sunt 18 milliaria, et totidem ab hoc ad Damascum."—*Abulfedae Tabula Syriæ*, p. 93.

Ain al Garri is the Amegarra* of William of Tyre, now called Handjiar, near Medjdel; we passed it on the left, crossing the Bekaa on our return to Damascus. Abulfeda says, that in it are "monumenta magno saxo caesa." I am informed by Mr. Farren, that traces of the walls are still visible, but the materials have been carried off to build adjacent villages.

NOTE 61, PAGE 234.

Since this was written, Mr. Farren has ceased to occupy this

* Probably mistranscribed and misprinted for Ainegarra, in the original manuscript.

important post; or rather the office of Consul General has been done away. Residents and travellers—all who are interested in Syria—will rue this. But the poor Indian Musselmans, whose rights, as British subjects, Mr. F. asserted and established, to the astonishment of the Turks, and their own inconceivable delight and happiness—will rue it most, should the tyrants of the country again oppress them, and no one stand up as their friend.

Note 62, Page 234.—Beyrout.

Baumgarten has drawn a sweet picture of Beyrout:—

"The same day we went out of the city to take a view of the situation of the town, and the ground about it; we entertained ourselves with the charming pleasantness of these fields; we saw many olive-yards and almond-trees just in their bloom, the land very fruitful and well-watered, abounding with pomegranate-trees, and trees of many other kinds, which at that time were full of fruit. This prospect afforded us a great deal of pleasure, and was the object of our admiration. For at the same time that in our country the ground is covered all over with hoar-frost, the rivers frozen up, and the woods hardly able to sustain the weight of snow that is ready to break down all their boughs,—here is a charming spring, the brooks sweetly gliding, and making a murmuring noise as they flow, adorned on both sides with grass and flowers, the trees so loaden with fruit, that they often sink and fall to the ground under their burden. And, which was still more wonderful, the mountains within our view were at the same time all covered with snow."—*Book* 3, c. 9.

Fakr-ed-din's palace, described by Maundrell, is still to be seen at Beyrout, but has lately been turned into a barrack by Ibrahim Pasha.

Willibrand of Oldenborg, Canon of Hildesheim, nephew of Willibrand, Count of Harlemunt, and a pilgrim to the Holy Land in 1211—describes the Castle of Beyrout as very strong, defended on one side by the sea and the precipice, and on the other by a ditch, overlooked by two strong walls flanked by towers, in one of which, recently built, an apartment had been constructed of such beauty that he deplores his inability to do it justice in description.

The pavement was a mosaic, most delicately imitating water agitated by the breeze; the walls were lined with marble slabs; while, depicted on the vaulted roof, (the result of the friendly emulation of the Syrians, Saracens, and Greeks, in their respective arts,) might be seen the clouds careering through the sky, zephyrs puffing and blowing, and the sun measuring out the months, weeks, days, hours, and minutes of the year by his course through the zodiac.

In the centre of the hall was a marble cistern, paved with a mosaic of flowers of every hue, so smoothly united and polished

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